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THE SWAN THEATRE IN 1596

[From Mr. Sidney Lee's *Life of Shakespeare*]

SCENES FROM OLD PLAYBOOKS

ARRANGED AS AN
INTRODUCTION TO SHAKESPEARE

BY

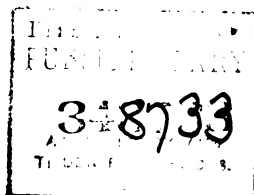
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WITH A REPRODUCTION OF THE SWAN THEATRE

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PREFACE

THIS book is an attempt to solve in practical form some of the difficulties involved in a first reading of Shakespeare. The historical plays, which are comparatively simple for a beginner, and the comedies, with their vivid picture of contemporary life, were obviously the sources upon which to draw; in most cases a sequence of scenes has been given. To lighten the difficulty presented by the language, phrases, lines, and sentences have been lopped freely whenever this could be done without positive ruin to the context; and occasionally the easier of two readings has been deliberately adopted. The book has been edited solely with an eye to young readers.

The only notes are stage-notes, and these have been lavishly supplied; their helpfulness in a school edition seems as yet to be imperfectly recognized. They come from many sources. Some are traditional, as Falstaff's by-play with his shield (p. 223), or the exquisite suggestion for Thisby's suicide, taken from Edward Sharpham's play, *The Fleire*, 1607, sig. E verso—'Faith, like Thisbe in the play, a' has almost killed himself with the scabbard.' The scenes from *The Merchant of Venice* owe some incidental touches to Mr. R. G. Moulton's brilliant study of the plot in his *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist*; in the trial scene I have used the suggestions of the distinguished actor, Edwin Booth, as recorded by Dr. Furness; for Shylock throughout I have drawn freely on my own memories of Sir Henry Irving's great impersonation. To my friend and old colleague, the Rev. F. A. Hibbert, Head Master of Denstone College, I owe warm thanks for the loan of his privately annotated acting-copies. A play of Shakespeare is performed at Denstone yearly, and my experience as a stage-manager there has contributed not a little to the making of this book. I desire to place on record my debt to the boys of my old company; they taught me much, whatever I taught or failed to teach them.

For further help than is given by stage-notes, there is the glossary, and, above all, there is, or there should be, the

teacher. With the extracts from *Cymbeline*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Much Ado*, and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the charming narrative in Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare* may be read with advantage; with the historical pieces, Holinshed and North's *Plutarch*. An attempt is made in the Introduction to show the dramatic significance of the sources.

Lastly, I am under the deepest obligation to Mr. Sidney Lee, and to his publishers, Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., for permission to reproduce from the illustrated edition of Mr. Lee's *Life of William Shakespeare* the old sketch of the Swan Theatre which reappears as the frontispiece of this book. The original is preserved in the University Library at Utrecht, and Mr. Lee's reproduction of it is more accurate in detail than earlier presentations. What use I have made of the privilege will be seen from the Introduction; those who use this book will be grateful to the distinguished scholar who has enabled them to see the old theatre instead of merely reading about it.

P. S.

ST. OLAVE'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL,
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CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	I
i. A Shakespearian Play	I
ii. Shakespeare's Theatre	7
I. CARATACH AND HENGO, from Fletcher's <i>Bonduca</i>	17
i. The Lesson of Victory (Act i, Sc. i)	17
ii. A Capture (Act ii, Sc. iii)	21
iii. A Roman Leader (Act iii, Sc. ii)	22
iv. Defeat (Act iii, Sc. v)	23
v. The Fugitives (Act iv, Sc. ii)	24
vi. Honour to a Fallen Foe (Act v, Sc. i)	28
vii. The Trap (Act v, Scenes iii and v)	30
II. A KING'S DEFIANCE, from Shakespeare's <i>Cymbeline</i> (Act iii, Sc. i)	35
III. HUBERT AND ARTHUR, from Shakespeare's <i>King John</i> (Act iv, Sc. i)	37
IV. THE FALL OF EDWARD THE SECOND, from Marlowe's <i>Edward II</i>	41
i. The Capture (Act iv, Sc. vi)	41
ii. The Deposition (Act v, Sc. i)	43
iii. The End (Act v, Sc. v)	47
V. THE DYING PROPHECY, from Shakespeare's <i>Richard II</i> (Act ii, Sc. i)	49
VI. KING HENRY THE FIFTH, from Shakespeare's <i>Henry IV</i> and <i>Henry V</i>	51
i. The Wearing of a Crown (<i>Henry IV</i> , Part II, Act iv, Scenes iv and v)	51
ii. The New King (ib., Act v, Sc. ii)	59
Chorus i. The Poet's Prelude (<i>Henry V</i> , Prologue)	63
Chorus ii. Conspiracy (ib., Chorus, Act ii)	64
iii. Conspiracy Unmasked (ib., Act ii, Sc. ii)	65
Chorus iii. The Voyage to France (ib., Chorus, Act iii)	70
iv. The Attack on Harfleur (ib., Act iii, Sc. i)	71
Chorus iv. The Eve of Battle (ib., Chorus, Act iv)	72
v. In Camp at Agincourt (ib., Act iv, Sc. i)	73
vi. A King of Men (ib., Act iv, Sc. iii)	78
vii. The Close of Battle (ib., Act iv, Scenes v and vii)	81
Chorus v. The Home-coming (ib., Chorus, Act v)	83

	PAGE
VII. RED AND WHITE ROSE, from Shakespeare's <i>Henry VI</i> , Part I, Act ii, Sc. iv	84
VIII. THE DREAM OF CLARENCE, from Shakespeare's <i>Richard III</i> (Act i, Sc. iv)	88
IX. THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER, from Heywood's <i>Edward IV</i> (Part II, Act iii, Sc. v)	90
X. THE EVE OF BOSWORTH, from Shakespeare's <i>Richard III</i> (Act v, Sc. iii)	91
XI. PERKIN WARBECK, from Ford's <i>Perkin War-</i> <i>beck</i>	95
i. A Royal Welcome (Act ii, Sc. i)	95
ii. The Departure from Scotland (Act iv, Sc. iii)	98
iii. Face to Face (Act v, Sc. ii)	99
iv. Faithful unto Death (Act v, Sc. iii)	102
XII. THE FALL OF WOLSEY, from <i>Henry VIII</i> , Act iii, Sc. ii, by Fletcher ?	108
XIII. BRUTUS AND CAESAR, from Shakespeare's <i>Julius Caesar</i>	118
i. In Even Scale (Act i, Sc. ii)	118
ii. The Turn of the Balance (Act ii, Sc. i).	122
iii. The Murder of Caesar (Act iii, Sc. i)	124
iv. Caesar's Funeral (Act iii, Sc. ii)	132
v. A Quarrel (Act iv, Sc. iii)	139
vi. The Death of Brutus (Act v, Sc. v)	143
XIV. A NOBLE REVENGE, from <i>The Custom of the</i> <i>Country</i> , Act ii, Sc. iv, by Massinger	146
XV. ANTONIO AND SHYLOCK, from Shakespeare's <i>Merchant of Venice</i>	150
i. The Second Arrow (Act i, Sc. i)	150
ii. The Merry Bond (Act i, Sc. iii)	152
iii. Loss upon Loss (Act iii, Sc. i)	156
iv. Bassanio's Triumph (Act iii, Sc. ii)	159
v. Forfeit (Act iii, Sc. iii).	165
vi. The Trial (Act iv, Sc. i)	166
vii. The Comedy of the Rings (Act v, Sc. i)	178
XVI. TANNER AND KING, from Heywood's <i>Ed-</i> <i>ward IV</i> , Part I	184
i. A Royal Guest (Act iii, Sc. ii)	184
ii. The Return Visit (Act v, Sc. v)	188

CONTENTS

vii

	PAGE
XVII. A CONSTABLE OF THE OLDEN TIME, from Shakespeare's <i>Much Ado about Nothing</i> .	191
i. Charging the Watch (Act iii, Sc. iii) . . .	191
ii. An Official Report (Act iii, Sc. v) . . .	193
iii. The Examination (Act iv, Sc. ii) . . .	195
XVIII. A VERY TRAGICAL COMEDY, from Shake- speare's <i>A Midsummer Night's Dream</i> .	198
i. The Company (Act i, Sc. ii) . . .	198
ii. The Rehearsal (Act iii, Sc. i) . . .	201
iii. The Court Performance (Act v, Sc. i) . . .	204
XIX. SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, from Shakespeare's <i>King Henry IV</i> , Part I . . .	213
i. The Start (Act ii, Sc. i) . . .	213
ii. Stand and Deliver (Act ii, Sc. ii) . . .	216
iii. A Plague of all Cowards! and the Power of Instinct (Act ii, Sc. iv) . . .	219
XX. AN ELIZABETHAN GRAMMAR SCHOOL, from Marston's <i>What you Will</i> (Act ii, Sc. ii) .	223
A NOTE ON THE VERSE	227
GLOSSARY	229
INDEX OF NAMES	246

INTRODUCTION

I. A SHAKESPEARIAN PLAY

WHAT is a play, and how is it different from a story? A story is written for you to read, a play to be acted on the stage; and these scenes from old plays will show you the difference. You will find out still more clearly if you ever try to write a scene yourself. You have often, I suppose, written accounts of great things which have been done in English history: if it was the story of a battle, you have explained who fought it and where, who won and how, and perhaps you have said why it was fought; and if that day one man on either side—but especially on the English—played a noble part, standing up against great odds, or rallying his side when it seemed likely to lose, or dying for his country, you took care to write a full account of his brave deeds. Now a battle on the stage is very hard to manage; even Shakespeare, great as he was, felt that; but let us suppose that you tried to make a battle scene—something, that is, which you and the class could act if you dressed up like the real people. You would have to make two sets of men meet, talk, move about, and fight quite naturally, and, at the same time, in a way which would interest the people in your theatre. You would have a hero, of course, and you would make him the great man in the fight; and we should be so interested in him that we should forget about the other soldiers, and watch him all the time as if the battle was only where we saw his sword flash or his white plume wave. But if you carried the scene through, and there was great applause when the curtain fell, even this would not be enough. We should want to know more about your hero than you could tell us in one scene, however good it was: we should ask, ‘Who is this man? What brought him to the battle?’ and (if he did not die there), ‘Did he behave as bravely

afterwards ?' To satisfy our curiosity about him you would have to begin at the beginning and go on to the end ; and then you would find, when you had made the extra scenes, that you had written a play.

First, you would make up your mind what sort of a man you meant your hero to be ; then you would work out the story (or plot, as we call it in a play) so as to suit him. Out of all the things which he ever did you would pick only those which best showed what he was like ; each of these would make one scene. You would take care to fit all these scenes together so that they followed one another quite easily ; and in this way you would tell us what we wanted to know about your hero.

You may imagine, then, when one so great as Shakespeare makes a play about a hero, how wonderful the writing is. You can begin to read Shakespeare and get some idea of him by taking the scenes in this book. Many of them are from his plays about people in history—and you will know about some of these already. Then there are scenes from his comedies, or amusing plays—which will help you to see how he could write in quite another way ; you will soon make friends with Dogberry and Falstaff. And because in the time of Queen Elizabeth and James I many other good writers besides Shakespeare were making plays, a few of their scenes are put in too. Remember, all through this book there are only small parts of plays ; but you can easily go to a book which has all Shakespeare in, if you wish to know more about him. Nothing is given here from the greatest of all his plays.

Let us look at the pieces which come from history. These are either English or Roman, and we know the history books which Shakespeare read. For English history he went to the *Chronicles* of Raphael Holinshed, published in the reign of Elizabeth ; Shakespeare used the second edition, printed in 1587. For Roman history he went to an old Greek writer who wrote the *Lives* of famous Greeks and Romans ; Shakespeare had an English translation by Sir Thomas North, published in 1579. It is very interesting to look at these old books now and see how Shakespeare used them ; he got from them the facts for his plots, but he worked these out in his own way, so that he makes all these dead people seem

alive again and as real to us as the men and women whom we see to-day.

We will take a passage from old Holinshed and see what Shakespeare did with it. Look at the fine scene (VI, scene 2 in this book) in which King Henry IV is seized with sudden illness, and his son, thinking him dead, takes away the crown; when he has gone, the old King wakes and misses it. Holinshed tells us that the King in this last sickness caused the crown (as some write) to be set on a pillow at his bed's head; and suddenly his pangs so sore troubled him that he lay as though his life had departed from him. Such as were about him, thinking verily that he had died, covered his face with a linen cloth. The Prince his son, being told hereof, entered the chamber, took away the crown, and departed. The father, being suddenly revived, quick perceived the loss of his crown; and, having knowledge that the Prince his son had taken it away, caused him to come before him, requiring of him what he meant so to misuse himself. The Prince with a good audacity answered, "Sir, to mine and all men's judgements you seemed dead in this world; wherefore I, as your next heir, took that as mine own, and not as yours." "Well, fair son," said the King with a great sigh, "what right I had to it, God knoweth." "Well," said the Prince, "if you die king, I will have the garland, and trust to keep it with the sword against all mine enemies, as you have done." Then said the King, "I commit all to God; and remember you to do well." With that he turned himself in his bed, and shortly after departed to God in a chamber of the abbots of Westminster called Jerusalem, the twentieth day of March, in the year 1413, and in the year of his age forty-six, when he had reigned thirteen years, five months, and odd days, in great perplexity and little pleasure.

In the play all is life; you feel as if you heard the Prince and King talking. But you do not feel that in reading Holinshed. He is just a quiet, businesslike old gentleman, who tells his tale pleasantly and is very particular about the truth. When he winds up with the date, he is very careful about the 'odd days'; he worked out the sum. And how cautiously he tells us about the crown being left on the King's pillow: 'as some write', he says, evidently not quite sure about it himself. But

Shakespeare felt no doubt. Clear before his eyes there was the old King, ill and weak and weary, and troubled by his conscience. He had taken the crown wrongly, he is afraid that others may take it ; he wishes to keep it by him, to see and touch it even if he cannot wear it. Holinshed says that the courtiers thought the King dead, covered up his face, and went at once to his son with the news ; the Prince then came and took away the crown. Shakespeare changes this very finely. If the King was in his last sickness, why was the Prince away ? In the play the illness comes on suddenly, and the Prince—so one of his brothers thinks—is out hunting. He enters cheerfully after his sport, jests a little at the sight of his brother's tearful face, and is shocked to find his father dangerously ill. He takes his place at the bedside at once. Notice another point : the chronicler tells us that the King had reigned ' in great perplexity and little pleasure '. How does the poet make us *feel* that this is true ? The first thing which the Prince thinks about, as he watches the white, suffering face, is the ' troublesome bedfellow ', the ' golden care ' lying on the pillow close by as if in mockery. We must see the face as he did if we are to feel that ; so Shakespeare left out the linen cloth. And that was not his only reason. Why does the Prince think that the crown belongs to him ? He notices suddenly a tiny feather resting on the King's lip ; it does not stir—he must be dead ! It is then that the Prince takes away the crown. When Warwick finds him later in the next room, he is on his knees in deep grief. There is a fine change too when the Prince returns to ask his father's forgiveness. Shakespeare has worked out the hints for their talk as he found them in Holinshed, but he has added an idea of his own. In the play the King does much more than ask the Prince ' what he meant so to misuse himself '. It is not only his son's unkindness that troubles him ; he has a deeper grief when he thinks of England. The Prince's wild life has made him—so his father thinks—unfit to reign ; and when he is king the country will fall back into the old bad ways and be shamed and ruined. But the Prince answers that he has already, while grieving at the thought of losing his father, vowed a ' noble change '. This is very different from the selfish way in which they both behave in the

chronicle—the King eyeing and fingering his crown like a miser, the Prince taking it without even a look at his dead father's face. The play makes us understand them and feel for them, for Shakespeare has put into them his own great love for England. It gives the sad King one moment of happiness before he dies; it is like a ray of sunshine on his deathbed.

'Yes,' you will say, 'it is very fine; but if the Prince did not really see that feather, what right had Shakespeare to say that he did?' He had a poet's right; he imagined it. As he wrote that scene, he acted it over in his own mind; and it is just such touches as that little feather which make it real for us. A poet may invent as many of them as he likes so long as they fit the character. For the character is the main thing; he must fix on that first, and he must keep to it. If he takes a character from history, he must have a true idea about him and show us what sort of man he was; then he can do as he likes with the smaller points. If he interests us, we shall not mind. If it suits him, he can put into one scene what happened at more than one time and place. In Shakespeare's play of *Richard II* there is a sitting of Parliament, and it does in that one meeting what really happened at three different meetings. There is good reason for this: it is the scene in which Richard gives up his crown to his conqueror Henry. Seen only once in a stately procession and filling the stage as long as it remains there, the Parliament interests us; it is a fine background for the two great figures, and so it has something royal about it. But if it trooped in three times, that grand effect would be lost, and we should yawn and be glad to see the last of it. Shakespeare, who was an actor as well as a poet, knew this and took care to interest us.

Let us see how Shakespeare deals with character. We will take the case of Henry V after he became king and carried out the 'noble change' which he promised to his father. No other play of Shakespeare's makes us feel so finely his faith and pride in England. 'That battle of Agincourt', said a great writer, Thomas Carlyle, 'strikes me as one of the most perfect things in its sort we anywhere have of Shakespeare's. The description of the two hosts—the worn-out, jaded English—the dread hour, big with destiny, when the battle shall begin—and

then that deathless valour, "Ye good yeomen, whose bones were made in England!" There is a noble patriotism in it. . . . There is a sound in it like the ring of steel.' The reason is, not only that Shakespeare was one of the great poets of the world, but also that he lived at a great time in our history. England had faced a terrible danger, but the courage of her leaders and the loyal hearts of her people had saved her. So the king in the play is much more than the Henry whom we read of in history books : he is the highest and most heroic Englishman that the poet was able to draw, and he leads his people to victory because he puts his own great spirit into theirs. Shakespeare thought of his own time when he wrote the play, and there were men in England then whose lives and deeds would help the people in the theatre to understand it. When they heard King Henry say before the battle,

For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother,

they would understand how a king and a man in the ranks could be comrades if they thought of Philip Sidney dying on the field of Zutphen and passing on to a wounded soldier the cup of water which he needed himself. And for a 'band of brothers' they had only to look to the seamen of the time, men like Drake who sailed into the Pacific, which Spain thought closed to Englishmen; Frobisher and Davis whose names are on the map where they pushed their way into the Arctic ice; Richard Grenville who fought the great fight of the one ship against the fifty-three; Lord Howard of Effingham who destroyed the proud fleet of Spain. Men like these stirred the nation with a belief that Englishmen could go anywhere and do anything, and they honoured the deeds of their fathers all the more because they had proud memories of their own. Henry V's famous victory specially touched them; perhaps that was because of Shakespeare's play. The greatest war-song of the time was written only a few years later; it was Michael Drayton's *Ballad of Agincourt*. And in 1599, the year when *Henry V* was acted, Thomas Heywood's play of *Edward IV* was published; and it shows us quite by accident what people thought on the subject. In a scene which is given in this book (XVI, scene 1), the King goes disguised to the house

of a tanner at Tamworth, who has asked him to supper, thinking that he is the King's butler. Kings like to do this—it is their idea of fun; and the jolly tanner, among other things which he does to entertain his guest, takes part in a song with his daughter and his servant. 'Agincourt, Agincourt!' the three voices ring out, 'know ye not Agincourt?' and even more than the great verse of Shakespeare that homely scene helps us to feel the spirit of the time. You do not get fine writing in a comedy, especially when it is about simple people, and here is a comic writer who thought that song the most natural thing to hear in an English cottage. But Heywood, though he is interesting and amusing, is not a great poet. When Shakespeare tells us of Agincourt, it is as if England herself were speaking to us, and the words will stir the blood of Englishmen as long as our race endures. The famous Duke of Marlborough learned from Shakespeare's plays all the history he knew. We expect our generals to read more history than that; but the Duke had a great lesson-book and the noblest of all teachers.

II. SHAKESPEARE'S THEATRE

It is not enough to read Shakespeare; you must see him acted. Only in that way will you really understand how great he was. Plays are put on the stage now at great cost, and the scenery is very beautiful. If you go to *The Merchant of Venice* or *Julius Caesar*, you will have before you pictures, as true as the stage-painter can make them, of Venice with its seaways and Rome with its marble palaces and temples. In Shakespeare's day the theatre was simpler; the same scene would have done equally well, one day for Venice, and the next for Rome or London. The only difference would be that a board would be hung up to tell you what town it was. The great Sir Philip Sidney laughs at this, and asks 'What child is there that, coming to a play, and seeing "Thebes" written in great letters upon an old door, doth believe that it is Thebes?' The answer is that, as the piece went on, the power of a great poet, helped by the playing of a good actor, would make us believe anything: we should forget about the 'old door', keep a sharp eye upon

the actors, and think of the play itself, not of the way it was staged.

If we had been living in seventeenth-century London, and wished to see a play, we should first of all have looked in the morning at one of the posts on which managers set their bills. When Duke Theseus wants a play at court some papers, or bills, are put into his hands, and he reads one of them—

A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus
And his love Thisbe ; very tragical mirth.
(XVIII, iii. 17, 18.)

Shakespeare is here making fun of the way in which plays were advertised. Sometimes a title-page reads as if it were one of these bills. In the year 1600 a famous play of Shakespeare was published; with this title—'The excellent history of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreme cruelty of Shylock the Jew towards the said Merchant in cutting a just pound of his flesh. And the obtaining of Portia by the choice of three caskets.' With the date and the name of the theatre put in, that would make a very good bill.

There were not many theatres in London, and they were just outside the City or on the Surrey side of the Thames. A famous one for us was the Globe, built in 1599 on the Bankside in Southwark, where Barclay's brewery is now; many of Shakespeare's pieces were played there, and he acted there himself. Suppose we were going to the Globe. The performance began early in the afternoon. If we were poor, I expect we should have walked over old London Bridge. But it was the fashion to go by water, and then we should have gone down to some 'stairs' or landing-stage, and looked across the river to see if the silk flag was flying from the roof of the theatre; if so, it meant a performance, and we should have engaged a 'waterman'. A number of old sailors got their living by rowing people over to the places of amusement in what is now South London—not only to the theatres, but also to the Bear Garden in Southwark where bears were baited, and the archery ground of Newington Butts. Rich people took 'a pair of oars' (that is, two boatmen), others a sculler (or one man pulling sculls). We should land near the theatre.

As we went in, we should pay the 'gatherer' who stood at the door with his box. The price was not the same everywhere; often it was only a penny, but we read of sixpence as the lowest price, perhaps for a first performance, when the manager put the prices up. We should find ourselves in the 'yard' or 'ground', the cheapest part of the house and open to the sky. It had no seats, and the people stood right up to the stage. They enjoyed themselves with apples, nuts, and bottled ale, and they smoked. They annoyed the actors by cracking the nuts during the play; and sometimes they found another use for the apples than eating them. Vulgar, noisy, excitable—especially on a holiday afternoon when the City apprentices were there—such were the 'groundlings', as they were called; and you can fancy what the poets thought of them. Ben Jonson has a sly cut at them as 'the *understanding* gentlemen of the ground', as if *standing under* the stage was the only way they would ever *understand* anything: that joke would amuse them. Another writer of plays, Thomas Dekker, calls them the 'penny stinkards'; but he did not say that in a play. If he had, all the apples in London would not have been enough to pelt the actors with. There would have been a riot, and if the groundlings had not wrecked the building, they would have given the magistrates, who disliked plays, a good excuse for interfering and saying that the theatre was dangerous and ought to be closed.

If we did not like the 'ground', we could pay more and go into the galleries—the twopenny room—at the top, not very convenient for seeing, or the lower galleries, sixpence or a shilling, or at most half-a-crown. But suppose we had a new suit of silk and velvet and a showy feather and a gold chain, we should like a more striking position than the galleries. In some theatres we could go on the stage and sit there while the performance went on! Entering the theatre by the stage-door and passing through the 'tiring-house' or actors' dressing-room, we should step out on the stage, call for a stool (price sixpence or a shilling) and sit down at the side; then we should take out our pipes and tobacco (three kinds of tobacco, for that was the height of fashion, and two pipes); next we should get a flint and really 'strike' a light, and after all this fuss settle down to criticize, puffing smoke through

our noses rather than our mouths. We could also show off by making a face, spitting and crying 'Filthy!' after a good bit of acting, and finally annoy the poet by walking out before the play was over to prove that we could stand no more of it.

It is time to look at the stage itself. In the year 1596 a Dutchman named John de Witt visited London, made notes of what he saw, and sketched the Swan Theatre on the Bankside, then new, and, he says, the finest in London. We have a copy which one of his friends made of this sketch; it is the frontispiece of this book. The stage comes out into the 'yard' and rests on strong supports of timber. Acting is going on in front. The back part is covered over by a tiled roof resting on two large pillars; this was called 'the heavens' or 'the shadow'. Actors often wore very rich dresses, and this space would be useful if a shower came on suddenly. At the back of all is the 'tiring-house'; it has two doors below, and people are looking out from a five-pillared gallery above. Over the 'heavens' is a kind of attic from the top of which floats the flag of the Swan; at a small door is an actor blowing a trumpet. Below, on either side of the stage, are the entrances to the galleries.¹

Just before a play began, a trumpet was sounded three times; this explains the trumpeter at the top. After the 'third sounding' an actor wearing a black cloak would come in and speak the 'prologue' or first speech. In the sketch, however, a scene is shown: a lady is sitting on a bench, with her waiting-woman behind her, and a man coming to them. We do not know the scene, but we may imagine, from the way in which he is walking, that it is a comedy. The two doors in the background are often mentioned in old plays. They were very useful, on that simple stage, to show that the people entering belonged to different parties. You will see in *A King's Defiance* (the second piece in this book) that the British King, Queen, and Lords enter 'at one door', the Roman Ambassador and his Attendants 'at another'. So in

¹ The Latin words in the picture mean—*planities sive arena*, the ground or yard; *proscenium*, the front part of the stage; *mimorum aedes*, the actors' house; *ingressus*, the entrance to the galleries; *orchestra*, the chief seats; *porticus*, the gallery; and *tectum*, the roof.

Brutus and Caesar (XIII. iv, ll. 3, 4), when Brutus tells Cassius to 'go into the other street and part the numbers', Cassius would go out by the opposite door to that by which he entered, and would take some of the Citizens with him.

But what is the gallery above the doors? It was used for the scenes which are said to take place 'above' or 'aloft'. In the play of *King Henry VI*, Joan of Arc relieves Orleans. She drives off the English soldiers: 'A short alarum, then enter the town with soldiers' (that is, she goes in at one of the doors below). The English general Talbot makes a short speech, and then 'Enter on the walls' Joan with French lords and soldiers. She would reappear in the gallery. In the next act Talbot recovers the lost ground: 'Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy with scaling-ladders.' They put the ladders up at three different points: 'I'll to yond corner,' says Bedford; 'And I to this,' says Burgundy; 'And here will Talbot mount.' They go up, followed by their men; the sentinel gives the alarm; the English raise their war-cry, 'St. George' and 'A Talbot'. And then, 'The French leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter several ways the Bastard of Orleans, Alençon, and Reignier, half ready, and half unready' (that is, some men dressed, others not). Some would drop from the opening, others no doubt come down by the ladders, and others rush through both the doors; giving altogether a very good idea of hopeless confusion. In *Brutus and Caesar* again, when Brutus and Antony 'ascend' or 'go up' and speak from the 'pulpit' (XIII. iv, ll. 11, 62), each actor would pass out from the stage and reappear 'above'.

But where is the curtain? There was no drop-scene in front of the stage, such as we have now, but an inner curtain was used for what they called 'discovered' scenes. In *Henry VIII*, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk come to see the King; the Lord Chamberlain tells them it is 'a most unfit time to disturb him', and leaves them. 'Exit Lord Chamberlain' is the stage-note, 'and the King draws the curtain and sits reading pensively.' Suffolk remarks how sad he looks, and the King, as if, when he pulled the curtain, they had stepped into his private room, storms at them for coming in, and says he

wants to be quiet. Some think that the curtain used for these scenes hung from the front of the 'heavens', others that it was near the back wall.

The space underneath the stage was used, and in most theatres it must have been boarded off. In *Hamlet* the Ghost speaks underground, and Hamlet says: 'You hear this fellow in the cellarage.' Trap-doors were used for ghosts to 'rise' and 'vanish', or when an actor had to disappear, or a grave to be made. In Massinger's play, *Believe as you List*, of which we have the manuscript, there is a note, 'Gascoine and Herbert below, ready to open the trap for Mr. Taylor.'

A change of scene could not be marked by having new scenery. If one act took place in England and the next in France, an actor, called the Chorus, often came in and explained this; the noble Choruses of *King Henry V* are given in this book. At other times the actors themselves tell us where they are. In Robert Greene's play of *George-a-Greene* this is done very funnily. The scene is at Wakefield, and we have a stage-note, 'Enter a Shoemaker, sitting upon the stage at work'; then a man named Jenkin comes in and challenges him to a bout at quarter-staff. This is what they say:—

Jenkin. But darest thou walk to the town's end with me?

Shoemaker. Aye, that I dare do, but stay till I lay in my tools, and I will go with thee to the town's end presently. [*He packs away his tools.*]

Jenkin [*getting frightened*]. I would I knew how to get rid of this fellow.

Shoemaker. Come, sir, will you go to the town's end now, sir?

Jenkin. Aye, sir, come. [*A pause, while they walk to the front.*] Now we are at the town's end, what say you now?

Shoemaker. Marry, come, let us even have a bout.

Just in the same way the death-scene of Julius Caesar (*Brutus and Caesar*, XIII. iii) opens with a procession going along a street (see line 11), and a man is told to 'come to the Capitol'. No time is lost, for in the next line they all are in the Capitol.

Sometimes 'properties', or pieces of stage furniture,

tell us what the scene is. In *Hamlet* a king lies down upon 'a bank of flowers', and that would be a very useful property for the wood where the Fairies live in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. A tree was wanted sometimes; then an actor would climb up, hide in the branches, and, like King Charles in the oak, would overhear the people who walked and talked below. Of course they used simple furniture. Sick or dying people were brought in in a chair (this is how *The Dying Prophet* would appear in V), or even in a bed. 'A bed thrust out' and 'She's drawn out upon a bed' are stage-notes printed in some old plays. Squibs did for lightning, cannon-balls were rolled about to sound like thunder, a drum was beaten to make the rumble of a tempest. We have a play by John Fletcher which was printed without any author's corrections from the copy used by the actors, and we find notes like this: 'Pewter ready for noise' (that means, have it ready behind the scenes); then in the next scene a man who is beside himself with rage is supposed to throw his furniture about and smash it, and we have a stage-note, 'A great noise within', and the actors on the stage wonder what is happening inside the house. You may think all this would make things very hard for the actors. Not if the actors were good, and the audience were willing to imagine things.

All actors had to belong to a company which played in the name of some royal or noble patron. They acted by his warrant and were called his 'servants'. Shakespeare's *Henry V* is said, on the title-page of the first edition, 1600, to be printed 'As it hath been sundry times played by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain his servants'. There was a law against actors, and they could be imprisoned and whipped as vagabonds, but nobody could interfere with noblemen's 'servants'. Another strange thing to us is that women were not allowed to act; women's parts were taken by boys. However well they acted, male Rosalinds and Juliets must have been clumsy substitutes. Shakespeare hints this when he makes Cleopatra, the great Queen of Egypt, say, after her fall, that, if she is taken to Rome as a prisoner, her story will be acted by 'the quick comedians', and then

I shall see

Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness.

Managers used to get boys straight from school (as the Pedant tells us in XX, l. 103), and there was a company of boy actors called 'The Children of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel' or 'The Children of Paul's'. They were supposed to be choir-boys, the choir-master of the Chapel Royal having the right to take boys with good voices and train them as choristers. But he sometimes arranged to claim boys for the Chapel and send them to the theatre. A case of this kind was taken before the Court of the Star-Chamber. Thomas Clifton, the son of a Norfolkshire gentleman, was going to school one morning when a manager of the Blackfriars Theatre stopped him, and 'to the great terror and hurt of him the said Thomas Clifton, did haul, pull, drag, and carry him away' to the playhouse, threatening him with the jail if he did not come; the father called at the theatre, but the manager laughed at him and gave Thomas a paper with his first part in it, promising him a sound thrashing if he did not know it. The Court interfered, however, and Thomas Clifton went back to school.

Some boys did well. One was very clever at old men's parts, and when he died, scarcely thirteen years old, Ben Jonson wrote a pretty poem about him. Shakespeare was not so friendly. The boy actors lowered the profits of his theatre, and he calls them 'little eyases'. That was a name for young hawks which were taken out of the nest to train for sport. When such birds left the nest, Shakespeare probably thought school a very good cage for them.

The Fool or Clown was an important man. People would sometimes ask at the door, before they parted with their money, if the play had a fool in it. Sometimes he put in jokes of his own, to raise a laugh. Once a play about Henry V (not Shakespeare's play, but an earlier one) was being acted at the Bull Tavern, Bishopsgate, and the Clown was Richard Tarleton, who was famous in such parts. The scene came on in which the Prince struck the Lord Chief Justice. An actor was missing, so Tarleton, to oblige the manager, put on the Judge's robes and took the part. The people were amused, and still more so when the Prince gave him a sound box on the ear. As soon as the scene was over, Tarleton slipped back again in his Clown's dress and asked the actors 'What news?' 'O,'

said one, 'hadst thou been here, thou shouldst have seen Prince Hal hit the Judge a terrible box on the ear.' 'What, man !' cried Tarleton, 'strike a judge !' and rubbed his red cheek, saying it certainly was 'terrible', and he was as much pained as if he had been hit himself. Some writers even left gaps for the actors to fill in as they liked. In Heywood's *Edward IV* a comic character gets into trouble, and we read 'Jocky is led to whipping over the stage, speaking some words, but of no importance'. What a chance for Jocky to relieve his feelings !

But Shakespeare objected to this : 'Let those who play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them,' he makes a Prince say who is engaging some actors. And certainly for any man to add 'words of no importance' to the words of Shakespeare is an outrage ; like Jocky, he should be 'led to whipping'. The audience were ready for fun anywhere ; but Shakespeare always chose the moment for giving it. Bully Bottom at court (see XVIII) is a very comic idea, but notice how naturally Shakespeare gets him there. He goes with his brother clowns to act at the Duke's wedding. That is a very different thing from letting him flounder about foolishly in every scene where the lords and ladies of the court come in. The serious plays also were brightened with a little fun. That is what we call 'comic relief', and Shakespeare often uses it ; it amused the people, and then he could do without the antics of the Fool. Do not be surprised if you find comic relief where you would not expect it. In the great play of *Macbeth*, the King of Scotland is murdered at night in Macbeth's castle, and the murder is discovered in the next scene. But that scene begins with a comic speech by a half-drunken Porter, who went to bed very late and is woke up by two nobles knocking at the gate. He comes in sleepily with the keys, grumbles at being disturbed, and says he might as well be porter in hell and keep the gate there for the devil ; then he opens the gate, and, as the noblemen enter, says, 'I pray you, remember the Porter.' Notice that remark about being porter in hell : it is truer than he thinks, for the lord whom he serves is a traitor and a murderer. The groundlings would be amused at the jest, but there is a meaning in it. It is a real and a very powerful part of the murder scenes.

A seventeenth-century playwright had many difficulties. The manager who generally paid badly, the magistrates who might any day close the theatre, the audience who might call for the Clown if they thought the piece too solemn—all made his work harder. But Shakespeare won his way in spite of them, and we read of his plays being popular. Leonard Digges wrote in 1640 :

When Caesar would appear
And on the stage at half-sword parley were
Brutus and Cassius, oh how the audience
Were ravished, with what wonder they went thence.

He tells us, too, of the success of Shakespeare's comedies when other writers' work did not pay the expenses of the performance :

Let but Falstaff come,
Hal, Poins, the rest, you scarce shall have a room,
All is so pestered.

These peeps into Shakespeare's playhouse are delightful. Imagine the crowd flocking in to see *Julius Caesar* or *Henry IV*, and look out gratefully for one playgoer who has had an early dinner that he may come in time ; in a few minutes the trumpeter will come out on the roof, but you have time to glance round the galleries ; from the best seat in the house there looks down upon you the keen and happy face of Master Leonard Digges.

I. CARATACH AND HENGO

BY JOHN FLETCHER

An episode in the wars of the early Britons with the Romans. Queen Bonduca (or Boadicea) is fighting against Suetonius Paulinus. Her bravest and ablest warrior is her brother-in-law Caratach.

SCENE I. THE LESSON OF VICTORY.

Enter Boadicea and her Daughters, her nephew Hengo, Nennius, and soldiers; all rejoicing. Bonduca has a captured eagle, and the soldiers have Roman spoils.

Bonduca. The hardy Romans!—O ye gods of Britain!—
The rust of arms, the blushing shame of soldiers!
Are these the men that conquer by inheritance?
The fortune-makers? [*Caratach enters quietly behind*]

These the Julians,
That with the sun measure the end of nature, 5
Making the world but one Rome and one Caesar?
Shame, how they flee! Caesar's soft soul dwells in 'em,
These Roman girls!—dare they send these to seek us?
Twice we have beat 'em, Nennius, scattered 'em:
A woman beat 'em, Nennius; a weak woman, 10
A woman beat these Romans!

Caratach. So it seems;
A man would shame to talk so.

Bonduca [*turning angrily*]. Who's that?

Caratach [*coming forward*]. I.

Bonduca. Cousin, do you grieve my fortunes?

Caratach. No, Bonduca;
If I grieve, 'tis the bearing of your fortunes;
You put too much wind to your sail. [*Bonduca stamps*
her foot impatiently.] Discretion 15

And hardy valour are the twins of honour,
And, nursed together, make a conqueror;
Divided, but a talker. 'Tis a truth
That Rome has fled before us twice, and routed;
A truth we ought to thank the gods for, lady, 20
And not our tongues.

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Bonduca. My valiant cousin, is it foul to say
What liberty and honour bid us do,
And what the gods allow us ?

Caratach. No, Bonduca ;
So what we say exceed not what we do. 25
You call the Romans 'fearful, fleeing Romans',
And 'Roman girls'—does this become a doer ?

Bonduca. They are no more.

Caratach. Where is your conquest, then ?
Why are your altars crowned with wreaths of flowers ?
The beasts with gilt horns waiting for the fire ? 30
The holy Druids composing songs
Of everlasting life to victory ?
Why are these triumphs, lady ? for a May-game ?
For hunting a poor herd of wretched Romans ?
Is it no more ? Shut up your temples, Britons, 35
And let the husbandman redeem his heifers ;
Put out our holy fires ; no timbrel ring ;
Let's home and sleep. For such great overthrows
A candle burns too bright a sacrifice,
A glow-worm's tail too full a flame. O Nennius, 40
Thou hadst a noble uncle knew a Roman,
And how to speak him, how to give him weight
In both his fortunes !

Bonduca. By the gods, I think
You dote upon these Romans, Caratach.

Caratach. Witness these wounds, I do ; they were
fairly given : 45
I love an enemy. I was born a soldier,
And he that in the head on's troop defies me,
Bending my manly body with his sword,
I make a mistress ; yellow-tress'd Hymen
Ne'er tied a loving virgin with more joy 50
Than I am married to the man that wounds me.
And are not all these Roman ? [*He shows his wounds.*]

Ten struck battles
I sucked these honoured scars from, and all Roman ;
Ten years of bitter nights and heavy marches
(When many a frozen storm sung through my cuirass, 55
And made it doubtful whether that or I
Were the more stubborn metal) have I wrought through,
And still to try these Romans, whom I found
As ready, and as full of that I brought

(Which was not fear or flight), as valiant, 60
 As vigilant, as wise, to do and suffer,
 Ever advanced as forward as the Britons,
 Their sleeps as short, their hopes as high as ours,
 Aye, and as subtle, lady. 'Tis dishonour,
 And, followed, will be impudence, Bonduca, 65
 And grow to no belief, to taint these Romans.
 Have not I seen the Britons——

Bonduca.

What !

Caratach.

Dishearted

Run—run, Bonduca ; not the quick rack swifter !
 A flight drawn home, a round stone from a sling,
 Ne'er made that haste that they have ! By the gods,
 I have seen these Britons that you magnify, 71
 Run as they would have outrun time, and roaring,
 Basely for mercy roaring ! The light shadows
 That in a thought scur o'er the fields of corn,
 Halted on crutches to 'em.

Bonduca.

O ye powers,

75

What scandals do I suffer !

Caratach.

Yes, Bonduca,

I have seen thee run, too ; and thee, Nennius ;
 Yea, run apace, both ; then when Poenius,
 The 'Roman girl', cut through your armed carts
 And drove 'em headlong on ye down the hill ; 80
 Then when he hunted ye, like Britain foxes,
 More by the scent than sight ; then did I see
 These valiant and approvèd men of Britain,
 Like boding owls, creep into tods of ivy,
 And hoot their fears to one another nightly. 85

Nennius. And what did you then, Caratach ?

Caratach.

I fled too ;

But not so fast—your jewel had been lost then,
 Young Hengo there ; he trashed me, Nennius :
 For, when your fears outrun him, then stopped I
 And in the head of all the Roman fury 90
 Took him, and with my tough belt to my back
 I buckled him ; behind him my sure shield ;
 And then I followed. [*Hengo runs to Caratach and clings*
to his arm.] If I say I fought

Five times in bringing off this bud of Britain,
 I lie not, Nennius. Neither had you heard
 Me speak this, or ever seen the child more, 95

But that the son of virtue, Poenius,
 Seeing me steer through all these storms of danger,
 My helm still in my hand (my sword), my prow
 Turned to my foe (my face), he cried out nobly, 100
 'Go, Briton, bear thy lion's whelp off safely;
 Thy manly sword has ransomed thee; grow strong,
 And let me meet thee once again in arms;
 Then, if thou stand'st, thou art mine.' I took his offer,
 And here I am to honour him.

Bonduca. O cousin, 105

From what a flight of honour hast thou checked me!
 What wouldst thou make me, Caratach?

Caratach. See, lady,
 The noble use of others in our losses.
 Does this afflict ye?

Bonduca. Let me think we conquered.

Caratach. Do; but so think as we may be con-
 quered; 110

And where we have found virtue, though in those
 That came to make us slaves, let's cherish it.
 There's not a blow we gave, since Julius landed,
 That was of strength and worth, but, like records,
 They file to after-ages: our registers 115
 The Romans are, for noble deeds of honour;
 And shall we burn their mentions with upbraidings?

Bonduca. No more; I see myself. Thou hast made
 me, cousin,

More than my fortunes durst, for they abused me.
 As thou hast nobly spoken, shall be done; 120
 And Hengo to thy charge I here deliver:
 The Romans shall have worthy wars.

Caratach. They shall:
 And, little sir, when your young bones grow stiffer,
 And when I see ye able in a morning
 To beat a dozen boys, and then to breakfast, 125
 I'll tie ye to a sword.

Hengo. And what then, uncle?

Caratach. Then ye must kill, sir, the next valiant
 Roman
 That calls ye knave.

Hengo. And must I kill but one?

Caratach. A hundred, boy, I hope.

Hengo. I hope, five hundred.

Caratach. That's a noble boy! Come, worthy lady,
Let's to our several charges, and henceforth ¹³¹
Allow an enemy both weight and worth. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. A CAPTURE.

Nennius brings in Judas, a corporal, and four Roman soldiers, guarded, with halters about their necks. Caratach meets them.

Caratach. What are these fellows? What's the crime committed,
That they wear necklaces?

Nennius. They are Roman rogues,
Taken a-foraging.

Caratach. Is that all, Nennius?

Judas. Would I were fairly hanged! This is the devil,
The killcow Caratach.

Caratach. And would you hang 'em? ⁵
Pluck off your halters, fellows.

[*The soldiers throw away the halters.*]

Nennius. Take heed, Caratach,
Taint not your wisdom.

Caratach. Wisdom, Nennius!
Why, who shall fight against us, make our honours,
And give a glorious day into our hands,
If we dispatch our foes thus? What's their offence?
Stealing a loaf or two to keep out hunger, ¹¹
A piece of greasy bacon, or a pudding?
Do these deserve the gallows? They are hungry,
Poor hungry knaves, no meat at home left, starved.
Art thou not hungry?

Judas. Monstrous hungry. ¹⁵

Caratach. He looks like Hunger's self. Get 'em some
victuals
And wine to cheer their hearts; quick. [*Some guards go
out to fetch food and wine.*] Hang up poor pilchers!

Second Soldier. This is the bravest captain—

Nennius. Caratach,
I'll leave them to your will. [*The soldiers cheer.*]

Caratach. I'll answer all, sir.

Enter Hengo.

Sit down, poor knaves. Why, where's this wine and
victuals? ²⁰

Who waits there ?

Servant [within]. Sir, 'tis coming.

Hengo. Who are these, uncle ?

Caratach. They are Romans, boy.
Hengo. Are these they

That vex mine aunt so ? can these fight ? They look
Like empty scabbards all, no mettle in 'em ;
Like men of clouts set to keep crows from orchards : 25
Why, I dare fight with these.

Caratach. That's my good chicken ! [*He turns to the Romans.*] And how do ye ?

How do you feel your stomachs ?

Judas. Wondrous apt, sir ;
As shall appear when time calls.

The Guards bring in food and wine and set out a table.

The Romans fling themselves on it and eat ravenously.

Caratach. That's well ; down with't,
A little grace will serve your turns. Eat softly, 30
You'll choke, ye knaves, else. Give 'em wine.

Judas [speaking with his mouth full]. Not yet, sir :
We're even a little busy.

Hengo. Can that fellow

Do anything but eat ?

If his valour lie in 's teeth, he's the most valiant.

Caratach. I am glad to hear ye talk, sir.

Hengo. Good uncle, tell me, 35

What's the price of a couple of crammed Romans ?

Caratach. Some twenty Britons, boy ; these are good
soldiers.

Hengo. Do not the cowards eat hard too ?

Caratach. No more, boy.

Come, I'll sit with you, too. Sit down by me, boy.

[*Caratach and Hengo sit down.*]

Judas [snatching more food]. Pray, bring your dish, then.

Caratach [laughing]. Hearty knaves ! More meat there.

SCENE III. A ROMAN LEADER.

*Enter Suetonius, the Roman general, and his captains,
Junius, Decius, Petilius, Demetrius, and Macer.*

Sustonius. Draw out apace ; the enemy waits for us.
Are ye all ready ?

Junius. All our troops attend, sir.

Suetonius. To bid you fight is needless; ye are Romans,
The name will fight itself: to tell ye who
You go to fight against, his power and nature, 5
But loss of time; ye know it, know it poor,
And oft have made it so. To tell ye further
His body shows more dreadful than it has done,
Is but to stick more honour on your actions,
Load ye with virtuous names, and to your memories 10
Tie never-dying Time and Fortune constant.
The gods of Rome fight for ye; loud Fame calls ye,
Pitched on the topless Apennine, and blows
To all the underworld, all nations, and the seas,
And unfrequented deserts where the snow dwells; 15
Wakens the ruined monuments; and there,
Where nothing but eternal death and sleep is,
Informs again the dead bones with your virtues.
We have swords, and are the sons of ancient Romans,
Heirs to their endless valours; fight and conquer! 20
Decius and Demetrius. 'Tis done.

Petilius. That man that loves not this day,
And hugs not in his arms the noble danger,
May he die fameless and forgot!

Suetonius. Sufficient.
Up to your troops, and let your drums beat thunder;
March close and sudden, like a tempest: all execu-
tions 25
Done without sparkling of the body; keep your phalanx
Sure-lined and pieced together, your pikes forward,
And so march like a moving fort. Ere this day run,
We shall have ground to add to Rome, well won.

SCENE IV. DEFEAT.

Suetonius' orders are carefully executed, and Caratach plans to attack the Romans in van and rear. Meanwhile Bonduca in her haste and excitement charges their flank and is defeated.

Enter Bonduca and her Daughters, with flying Britons.

Bonduca. Shame! whither fly ye, ye unlucky
Britons?
Leave me? leave your queen desolate?

Enter Caratach with Hengo.

Caratach. Fly, ye buzzards !
Ye have wings enough, ye Fear ! *[A loud shout within.]*
All's lost, all's lost !

Hark how the Romans ring our knells !
[Exeunt Bonduca, Daughters, and Soldiers.]

Hengo. Good uncle,
Let me go too.

Caratach. No, boy ; thy fortune's mine ; 5
I must not leave thee. Get behind me *[he takes Hengo
on his back]* ; shake not ;
I'll breech ye, if ye do, boy.

Enter Petilius, Junius, and Decius.

Come, brave Romans ;
All is not lost yet. Strike home, home ! have at you !
[They fight.]

Poenius. His blows fall like huge sledges on an
anvil.

Decius. I am weary.

Petilius. So am I. *[They cease fighting with him.]*

Caratach. Send more swords to me. *[Exit with Hengo.]*

SCENE V. THE FUGITIVES.

Enter Caratach and Hengo.

Caratach. How does my boy ?

Hengo. I would do well ; my heart's well ;
I do not fear.

Caratach. My good boy !

Hengo. I know, uncle,
We must all die ; my little brother died,
I saw him die, and he died smiling ; sure
There's no great pain in't, uncle ? But, pray, tell me, 5
Whither must we go when we are dead ?

Caratach. Strange questions. *[Aside.]*
Why to the blessed'st place, boy ! ever-sweetness
And happiness dwells there.

Hengo. Will you come to me ?

Caratach. Yes, my sweet boy.

Hengo. Mine aunt too, and my cousins !

Caratach. All, my good child.

Hengo. No Romans, uncle ?

Caratach.

No, boy. 10

Hengo. I should be loath to meet them there.*Caratach.*

No ill men,

That live by violence and strong oppression,
Come thither ; 'tis for those the gods love, good men.

Hengo. Why, then, I care not when I go, for surely
I am persuaded they love me : I never 15
Blasphemed 'em, uncle, nor transgressed my parents ;
I always said my prayers.

Caratach.

Thou shalt go, then,

Indeed thou shalt.

Hengo.

When they please.

Caratach.

That's my good boy !

Art thou not weary, Hengo ?

Hengo.

Weary, uncle ?

I have heard you say you have marched all day in armour.

Caratach. I have, boy.*Hengo.*

Am not I your kinsman ?

Caratach.

Yes. 21

Hengo. And am not I as fully allied untò you
In those brave things as blood ?

Caratach.

Thou art too tender.

Hengo. To go upon my legs ? they were made to bear
me.

I can play twenty mile a day ; I see no reason 25
But, to preserve my country and myself,

I should march forty.

Caratach.

What wouldst thou be, living
To wear a man's strength !

Hengo.

Why, a Caratach,

A Roman-hater, a scourge sent from heaven
To whip these proud thieves from our kingdom. [*A drum*
within.] Hark, 30

Hark, uncle, hark ! I hear a drum.

Enter Judas and Soldiers, scouting.

Judas.

Beat softly,

Softly, I say, they are here. Who dare charge ?

First Soldier.

He

That dares be knocked o' the head : I'll not come near
him.

Judas.

Retire again, and watch then. How he stares !
'Has eyes would kill a dragon. Mark the boy well ; 35

If we could take or kill him!—A plague on ye,
 How fierce ye look!—See, how he broods the boy!
 The devil dwells in's scabbard. Back, I say,
 Apace, apace! 'has found us! [*They retire.*]

Caratach. Do ye hunt us?

Hengo. Uncle, good uncle, see! the thin starved
 rascal, 40

The eating Roman, see where he thrids the thickets!
 Kill him, dear uncle, kill him!

Caratach. Do ye make us foxes?

Here, hold my charging-staff, and keep the place, boy.
 I am at bay, and like a bull I'll bear me.
 Stand, stand, ye rogues, ye squirrels.

[*Exit, in pursuit. A loud cry is heard within.*]

Hengo. Now he pays 'em: 45

Oh, that I had a man's strength.

Judas sneaks in.

Judas. Here's the boy;

Mine own, I thank my fortune.

Hengo [shouting]. Uncle, uncle!

Famine is fallen upon me, uncle!

Judas. Come, sir,

Yield willingly (your uncle's out of hearing),
 I'll tickle your young tail else.

Hengo [standing on the defensive with the staff]. I defy
 thee, 50

Thou mock-made man of mat! charge home, sirrah!
 Hang thee, base slave, thou shak'st.

Judas. [*Aside.*] Upon my conscience,

The boy will beat me: how it looks, how bravely!

How confident the worm is! a scabbed boy

To handle me thus. [*Aloud.*] Yield, or I cut thy
 head off.

Hengo. Thou dar'st not cut my finger; here 'tis,
 touch it. 55

Judas [aside]. The boy speaks sword and buckler.

[*Aloud.*] Prithee, yield, boy;

Come, here's an apple; yield. [*He takes a step forward,
 pretending to have something in his hand.*]

Hengo. By Heaven, he fears me! [*Aside.*]

I'll give you sharper language: when, you coward,
 When come you up?

Judas. If he should beat me [*aside*]

Hengo. When, sir ? 60
I long to kill thee : come, thou canst not 'scape me.

Judas [aside]. Sure, 'tis the devil—a dwarf-devil in a doublet !

Hengo. I have killed a captain, sirrah, a brave captain ;
And, when I have done, I have kicked him, thus.

[*He flies at Judas, and kicks him.*] Look here ;
See how I charge this staff !

Judas [retreating]. Most certain 65
This boy will cut my throat yet.

Two of the Soldiers run in, scared.

First Soldier. Flee, flee ! he kills us !

Second Soldier. He comes, he comes !

Judas. The devil take the hindmost !

[*Judas and the Soldiers run away.*]

Hengo. Run, run, ye rogues, ye precious rogues, ye
rank rogues !

'A comes, 'a comes, 'a comes, 'a comes ! that's he,
boys !—

What a brave cry they make !

Re-enter Caratach with a Soldier's head.

Caratach. How does my chicken ? 70

Hengo. Faith, uncle, grown a soldier, a great soldier ;
For, by the virtue of your charging-staff
And a strange fighting face I put upon 't,
I have outbraved Hunger.

Caratach. That's my boy, my sweet boy !
Come, chicken, let's go seek some place of strength 75
(The country's full of scouts) to rest a while in ;
Thou wilt not else be able to endure
The journey to my country. Fruits and water
Must be your food awhile, boy.

Hengo. Anything ;
I can eat moss, nay, I can live on anger, 80
To vex these Romans. Let's be wary, uncle.

Caratach. I warrant thee, come cheerfully.

Hengo. And boldly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. HONOUR TO A FALLEN FOE.

Poenius, the captain who had nobly spared Caratach, disobeyed the orders of Suetonius to send his troops to what seemed certain death. Suetonius won the battle without him. Unable to face the dishonour, Poenius killed himself.

Caratach is discovered upon a rock in the background, and Hengo by him sleeping.

Caratach. Thus we afflicted Britons climb for safeties,
And, to avoid our dangers, seek destructions.

The boy begins to stir—thy safety made,
Would my soul were in heaven !

Hengo. Oh, noble uncle,
Look out ! I dreamed we were betrayed.

[A soft dead march within.

Caratach. No harm, boy ; 5
'Tis but thy emptiness that breeds these fancies :
Thou shalt have meat anon.

Hengo. A little, uncle,
And I shall hold out bravely. What are those
(Look, uncle, look), those multitudes that march there ?
They come upon us stealing by.

Enter Drusus, Regulus, and Soldiers, with Poenius' hearse, drums, and colours.

Caratach. My sweet chicken, 10
See, they have reached us ; and, as it seems, they bear
Some soldier's body, by their solemn gestures
And sad solemnities ; it well appears too
To be of eminence.

[He shows himself on the rock, and calls to the Soldiers.

Most worthy soldiers,
Let me entreat your knowledge to inform me 15
What noble body that is, which you bear
With such a sad and ceremonious grief ?
Excellent Romans, by your ancient valours,
As ye love fame, resolve me.

First Soldier. 'Tis the body
Of the great captain Poenius, by himself 20
Made cold and spiritless.

Caratach. Oh stay, ye Romans,
By the religion which you owe those gods
That lead ye on to victories ! by those glories

Which made even pride a virtue in ye !

Drusus. Stay. [*The Soldiers halt.*
What's thy will, Caratach ?

Caratach. Set down the body, 25
The body of the noblest of all Romans ;
As ye expect an offering at your graves
From your friends' sorrows, set it down a while,
That with your griefs an enemy may mingle
(A noble enemy that loves a soldier), 30
And lend a tear to virtue : even your foes,
Your ' wild foes ', as you called us, are yet stored
With fair affections, our hearts fresh, our spirits,
Though sometimes stubborn, yet, when virtue dies,
Soft and relenting as a virgin's prayers : 35
Oh, set it down !

Drusus. Set down the body, soldiers.

Caratach. Thou hallowed relic, thou rich diamond
Cut with thine own dust ; thou, for whose wide fame
The world appears too narrow, thus I bow
To thy most honoured ashes—though an enemy, 40
Yet friend to all thy worths. Sleep peaceably ;
Happiness crown thy soul, and in thy earth
Some laurel fix his seat, there grow and flourish,
And make thy grave an everlasting triumph !
Farewell all glorious wars, now thou art gone, 45
And honest arms adieu ! all noble battles
Maintained in thirst of honour, not of blood,
Farewell for ever !

Hengo. Was this Roman, uncle,
So good a man ?

Caratach. Thou never knew'st thy father.

Hengo. He died before I was born.

Caratach. This worthy Roman 50
Was such another piece of endless honour,
Such a brave soul dwelt in him ; their proportions
And faces were not much unlike, boy. [*Hengo weeps.*]
Excellent nature !

See how it works into his eyes ! [*aside*—Mine own boy,
Oh, now thou pleasest me ! weep still, my child, 55
As if thou saw'st me dead ; with such a flux
Or flood of sorrow ; still thou pleasest me.

And, worthy soldiers, pray, receive these pledges,
[*He gives them Hengo's scarf and his own plume.*

These hatchments of our griefs, and grace us so much
To place 'em on his hearse. [*They lay the offerings on the*
body.] Now, if ye please, 60

Bear off the noble burden; raise his pile,
And ever-lovèd, ever-living be
His honoured and most sacred memory!

Drusus. Thou hast done honestly, good Caratach;
And when thou diest, a thousand virtuous Romans 65
Shall sing thy soul to heaven. Now march on,
soldiers. [*Exeunt Romans with a dead march.*

Caratach. Now dry thine eyes, my boy. If but this
day

Thou canst bear out thy faintness, the night coming
I'll fashion our escape.

Hengo.

Pray, fear not me;

Indeed I am very hearty.

Caratach.

Be so still:

70

His mischiefs lessen, that controls all ill.

SCENE VII. THE TRAP.

Caratach has been tracked to his last hiding-place.

*Enter Macer and Judas, creeping through the trees with
meat and a bottle which they take to a rock in the back-
ground.*

Macer. Hang it o' the side o' the rock, as though the
Britons

Stole hither to relieve him: who first ventures
To fetch it off is ours. I cannot see him.

Judas. He lies close in a hole above, I know it,
Gnawing upon his anger. [*A gust of wind blows through
the leaves; he jumps back.*] Ha! no; 'tis not he. 5

Macer. 'Tis but the shaking of the boughs.

Judas.

Plague shake 'em!

I am sure they shake me soundly. There!

Macer.

'Tis nothing.

Judas. Make no noise; if he stir, a deadly tem-
pest

Of huge stones fall upon us. 'Tis done: away, close!
[*Exeunt.*

Caratach comes out on the rock.

Caratach. Sleep still, sleep sweetly, child; 'tis all
thou feed'st on: 10

No gentle Briton near, no valiant charity
To bring thee food? Poor knave, thou art sick,
extreme sick,

Almost grown wild for meat; and yet thy goodness
Will not confess nor show it. All the woods
Are double-lined with soldiers; no way left us 15
To make a noble 'scape. I'll sit down by thee,
And, when thou wak'st, either get meat to save thee,
Or lose my life i' the purchase. Good gods comfort thee!

[He catches sight of the meat, and wakes Hengo.]
Courage, my boy! I have found meat: look, Hengo,
Look where some blessed Briton, to preserve thee, 20
Has hung a little food and drink: cheer up, boy,
Do not forsake me now.

Hengo. O uncle, uncle,
I feel I cannot stay long! yet I'll fetch it,
To keep your noble life. Uncle, I am heart-whole,
And would live.

Caratach. Thou shalt, long I hope.

Hengo. But my head, uncle! 25
Methinks the rock goes round.

[Macer and Judas creep in among the trees.]

Macer [in a low voice]. Mark 'em well, Judas.

Judas. Peace, as you love your life.

Hengo. Do you not hear
The noise of bells?

Caratach. Of bells, boy! 'tis thy fancy.

Hengo. They ring a strange sad knell, a preparation
To some near funeral of state. Nay, weep not, 30
Mine own sweet uncle; you will kill me sooner.

Caratach. Oh, my poor chicken!

Hengo. Fie, faint-hearted uncle!
Come, tie me in your belt, and let me down.

Caratach. I'll go myself, boy.

Hengo. No; as you love me, uncle!
I will not eat it if I do not fetch it! 35
The danger only I desire; pray tie me.

Caratach. I will, and all my care hang o'er thee! Come,
child,
My valiant child!

Hengo. Let me down apace, uncle,
And you shall see how like a daw I'll whip it
From all their policies; for 'tis most certain 40

A Roman train : and you must hold me sure too ;
 You'll spoil all else. When I have brought it, uncle,
 We'll be as merry—

Caratach. Go i' the name of heaven, boy !
 [*He lets Hengo down by his belt.*]

Hengo. Quick, quick, uncle ! I have it. [*Judas shoots
 Hengo with an arrow.*] Oh !

Caratach. What ailest thou ?

Hengo. O my best uncle, I am slain ! 45

Caratach [*marking Judas*]. I see you, and heaven direct
 my hand ! destruction

Go with thy coward soul ! [*He kills Judas with a stone, and
 then draws up Hengo. Macer runs away.*] How
 dost thou, boy ?

O villain, cursèd villain !

Hengo. O uncle, uncle,

Oh, how it pricks me !—am I preserved for this ?—

Extremely pricks me !

Caratach. Coward, rascal coward ! 50

Dogs eat thy flesh !

Hengo. Oh, I bleed hard ! I faint too ; out upon 't,
 How sick I am ! The lean rogue, uncle !

Caratach. Look, boy ;

I have laid him sure enough.

Hengo. Have ye knocked his brains out ?

Caratach. I warrant thee, for stirring more : cheer up,
 child.

Hengo. Hold my sides hard ; stop, stop ; oh, wretched
 fortune, 55

Must we part thus ? Still I grow sicker, uncle.

Caratach. Heaven look upon this noble child !

Hengo. I once hoped

I should have lived to have met these bloody Romans
 At my sword's point, to have revenged my father,
 To have beaten 'em—oh, hold me hard !—but, uncle— 60

Caratach. Thou shalt live still, I hope, boy. [*Taking
 hold of the arrow.*] Shall I draw it ?

Hengo. You draw away my soul then. I would live
 A little longer—spare me, heavens !—but only
 To thank you for your tender love. Good uncle,
 Good, noble uncle, weep not.

Caratach. O my chicken, 65

My dear boy, what shall I lose !

Hengo. Why, a child,
That must have died however ; had this 'scaped me,
Fever or famine—I was born to die, sir.

Caratach. But thus unblown, my boy ?

Hengo. I go the straighter
My journey to the gods. Sure, I shall know ye 70
When ye come, uncle ?

Caratach. Yes, boy.

Hengo. And I hope
We shall enjoy together that great blessedness
You told me of.

Caratach. Most certain, child.

Hengo. I grow cold,
Mine eyes are going.

Caratach. Lift 'em up.

Hengo. Pray for me ;
And, noble uncle, when my bones are ashes, 75
Think of your little nephew. Mercy !

Caratach. Mercy !
You blessed angels, take him !

Hengo. Kiss me : so. [*Caratach kisses him.*
Farewell, farewell. [*He dies.*

Caratach. Farewell the hopes of Britain !
Thou royal graft, farewell for ever ! Time and
Death,

Ye have done your worst. Fortune, now see, now
proudly 80

Pluck off thy veil, and view thy triumph ! look
What thou hast brought this land to ! O fair
flower,

How lovely yet thy ruins show, how sweetly
Even Death embraces thee ! The peace of heaven,
The fellowship of all great souls be with thee ! 85

[*Petilius and Junius by this time have climbed
the rock behind him.*

Ha ! dare ye, Romans ? Ye shall win me bravely.
[*They fight.*

Thou art mine ! [*He strikes Junius down.*]

Junius [*springing to his feet*]. Not yet, sir !

Caratach. Breath ye, ye poor Romans,
And come up all, with all your ancient valours ;
Like a rough wind I'll shake your souls and send
'em——

Enter below Suetonius, Demetrius, Decius, Curius, Regulus, Drusus, and Soldiers.

Suetonius. Yield thee, bold Caratach. By all the gods, 90

As I am soldier, as I envy thee,
I'll use thee like thyself, the valiant Briton.

Petilius. Brave soldier, yield, thou stock of arms and honour,

Thou filler of the world with fame and glory!

Junius. Most worthy man, we'll woo thee, be thy prisoners. 95

Suetonius. Excellent Briton, do me but that honour,
That more to me than conquests, that true happiness,
To be my friend!

Caratach [*pointing to Hengo's body*]. O Romans, see what here is!

Had this boy lived—

Suetonius. For fame's sake, for thy sword's sake,
As thou desir'st to make thy virtues greater! 100
By all that's excellent in man, and honest—

Caratach. I do believe. Ye have had me a brave foe;

Make me a noble friend, and from your goodness
Give this boy honourable earth to lie in.

Suetonius. He shall have fitting funeral.

Caratach. I yield then— 105

Not to your blows, but your brave courtesies.

[*He comes down with Petilius and Junius. Soldiers climb up and take Hengo's body.*]

Petilius. Thus we conduct then to the arms of peace

The wonder of the world.

Suetonius. Thus I embrace thee,

[*The trumpets sound a flourish.*]

And let it be no flattery that I tell thee,
Thou art the only soldier.

Caratach. How to thank ye, 110

I must hereafter find upon your usage.

Suetonius. March on, and through the camp, in every tongue,

The virtues of great Caratach be sung! [*Exeunt, marching.*]

II. A KING'S DEFIANCE

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Cymbeline, King of Britain, summoned to pay tribute to Rome, refuses. Old legends say this of more than one British king. Tennyson, in the 'Idylls of the King', tells it of King Arthur.

Enter, at one door, Cymbeline in royal state, attended by his Queen, Prince Cloten, and Lords ; and at another, the Roman Ambassador, Caius Lucius, and Attendants.

Cymbeline. Now say, what would Augustus Caesar with us ?

Lucius. When Julius Caesar (whose remembrance yet Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues Be theme and hearing ever) was in this Britain And conquered it, Cassibelan, thine uncle 5
(Famous in Caesar's praises no whit less Than in his feats deserving it) for him And his succession granted Rome a tribute, Yearly three thousand pounds ; which by thee lately Is left untendered.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel, 10
Shall be so ever.

Cloten. There be many Caesars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself.

Queen [to Cymbeline]. Remember, sir my liege,
The kings your ancestors, together with
The natural bravery of your isle, which stands 15
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable and roaring waters,
With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of conquest
Caesar made here ; but made not here his brag 20
Of 'Came, and saw, and overcame' : with shame
(The first that ever touched him) he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten ; and his shipping
(Poor ignorant baubles !) on our terrible seas,

Like egg-shells moved upon their surges, cracked 25
 As easily 'gainst our rocks : for joy whereof
 The famed Cassibelan, who was once at point
 (O giglot fortune !) to master Caesar's sword,
 Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
 And Britons strut with courage. 30

Cymbeline [to *Lucius*]. You must know,
 Till the injurious Romans did extort
 This tribute from us, we were free : Caesar's ambition
 Did put the yoke upon 's ; which to shake off,
 Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon 35
 Ourselves to be.

Cloten and Lords. We do.

Cymbeline. Say then to Caesar,
 Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which
 Ordained our laws, whose use the sword of Caesar
 Hath too much mangled ; whose repair and franchise
 Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed, 40
 Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made our
 laws,
 Who was the first of Britain which did put
 His brows within a golden crown, and called
 Himself a king.

Lucius. I am sorry, *Cymbeline*,
 That I am to pronounce Augustus Caesar 45
 (Caesar, that hath moe kings his servants than
 Thyself domestic officers) thine enemy.
 Receive it from me, then :—War and confusion,
 In Caesar's name, pronounce I 'gainst thee : look
 For fury not to be resisted.—Thus defied, 50
 I thank thee for myself.

Cymbeline. Thou art welcome, Caius.
 Thy Caesar knighted me ; my youth I spent
 Much under him ; of him I gathered honour,
 Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect
 That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for 55
 Their liberties, are now in arms ; a precedent
 Which not to read would show the Britons cold :
 So Caesar shall not find them.

Lucius.

Let proof speak.

Cloten. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime
 with us a day or two, or longer : if you seek us after-
 wards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water

girdle : if you beat us out of it, it is yours ; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you ; and there 's an end.

Lucius. So, sir.

65

Cymbeline. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine :

All the remain is, welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

III. HUBERT AND ARTHUR

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

King John, capturing his nephew Arthur, Duke of Brittany, whom the King of France has set up as a rival claimant to the throne, hands him over to the custody of Hubert de Burgh, and then sends orders for his eyes to be put out. The scene is a room in the Castle of Northampton.

Enter Hubert and two Executioners.

Hubert. Heat me these irons hot ; and look thou stand Within the arras : when I strike my foot Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth, And bind the boy which you shall find with me, Fast to the chair : be heedful : hence, and watch. 5

First Executioner. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hubert. Uncleanly scruples ! Fear not you : look to 't.

[*Exeunt the Executioners.*]

Young lad, come forth ; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arthur. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hubert. Good morrow, little prince.

Arthur. As little prince (having so great a title 10 To be more prince) as may be. You are sad.

Hubert. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arthur. Mercy on me !

Methinks no body should be sad but I :
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night, 15
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long ;

And so I would be here, but that I doubt
 My uncle practises more harm to me : 20
 He is afraid of me, and I of him :
 Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son ?
 No, indeed, is 't not ; and I would to heaven
 I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hubert [aside]. If I talk to him, with his innocent
 prate 25

He will awake my mercy which lies dead :
 Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch.

Arthur. Are you sick, Hubert ? you look pale to-day.
 In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
 That I might sit all night and watch with you : 30
 I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hubert [aside]. His words do take possession of my
 bosom.

Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*]

[*Aside.*] How now, foolish rheum !
 Turning despiteous torture out of door !

I must be brief, lest resolution drop 35
 Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.

[*Aloud.*] Can you not read it ? is it not fair writ ?

Arthur. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect :

Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes ?

Hubert. Young boy, I must.

Arthur.

And will you ?

Hubert.

And I will. 40

Arthur. Have you the heart ? When your head did but
 ache,

I knit my handkercher about your brows

(The best I had, a princess wrought it me),

And I did never ask it you again ;

And with my hand at midnight held your head ; 45

And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,

Still and anon cheered up the heavy time,

Saying ' What lack you ? ' and ' Where lies your grief ? '

Or ' What good love may I perform for you ? '

Many a poor man's son would have lain still, 50

And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you ;

But you at your sick service had a prince.

Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,

And call it cunning : do, an if you will :

If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill, 55

Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes ?
These eyes that never did nor never shall
So much as frown on you ?

Hubert. I have sworn to do it ;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arthur. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it !
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot, 61
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears
And quench his fiery indignation

Even in the matter of mine innocence ;
Nay, after that, consume away in rust, 65
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.

Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron ?
An if an angel should have come to me
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes, 69
I would not have believed him. No tongue but Hubert's—

Hubert. Come forth. [*He stamps, and the Executioners enter with a cord and irons.*] Do as I bid you do.

Arthur [*clinging to Hubert*]. Oh, save me, Hubert,
save me ! my eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hubert. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arthur. Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough ?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still. 76

For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound !

Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb ;

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word, 80
Nor look upon the iron angrily :

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,

Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hubert. Go, stand within ; let me alone with him. 84

First Executioner. I am best pleased to be from such
a deed. [*Exeunt Executioners.*]

Arthur. Alas, I then have chid away my friend :
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart.

Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hubert. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arthur. Is there no remedy ? 90

Hubert. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arthur. O heaven, that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,

Any annoyance in that precious sense !
 Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
 Your vile intent must needs seem horrible. 95

Hubert. Is this your promise ? go to, hold your tongue.

Arthur. Let me not hold my tongue, let me not,
 Hubert !

Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
 So I may keep mine eyes : oh, spare mine eyes,
 Though to no use but still to look on you ! 100
 Lo ! by my troth, the instrument is cold,
 And would not harm me.

Hubert. I can heat it, boy.

Arthur. No, in good sooth ; the fire is dead with grief.
 There is no malice in this burning coal ;
 The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out, 105
 And strewed repentant ashes on his head.

Hubert. But with my breath I can revive it, boy

Arthur. All things that you should use to do me
 wrong

Deny their office : only you do lack
 That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends, 110
 Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hubert. Well, see to live ; I will not touch thine eyes
 For all the treasure that thine uncle owes :

Yet am I sworn and I did purpose, boy,
 With this same very iron to burn them out. 115

Arthur. Oh, now you look like Hubert ! all this while
 You were disguised.

Hubert. Peace ; no more. Adieu.

Your uncle must not know but you are dead ;
 I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports :
 And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure, 120
 That Hubert for the wealth of all the world
 Will not offend thee.

Arthur. O heaven ! I thank you, Hubert.

Hubert. Silence ; no more : go closely in with me :
 Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Exeunt.]

IV. THE FALL OF EDWARD THE SECOND

By CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

The Barons summon the King to dismiss his unworthy favourites, especially Spencer, whom he has made Earl of Gloucester and Lord Chamberlain. On his refusing, they make war upon him. Finding their army too strong for him to fight, he tries to escape to Ireland, taking with him Spencer and an Oxford scholar, named Baldock, whom he also favoured. The wind is against them, and they are forced to land in Glamorganshire. They take refuge at the Abbey of Neath.

SCENE I. THE CAPTURE.

Enter the Abbot, Monks, Edward, Spencer, and Baldock.

Abbot. Have you no doubt, my lord, have you no fear ;

As silent and as careful we will be
To keep your royal person safe with us,
Free from suspect and fell invasion
Of such as have your majesty in chase, 5
Yourself and those your chosen company,
As danger of this stormy time requires.

King. Father, thy face should harbour no deceit.
Oh, hadst thou ever been a king, thy heart,
Pierced deeply with the sense of my distress, 10
Could not but take compassion of my state.
Stately and proud in riches and in train
Whilom I was, powerful and full of pomp ;
But what is he whom rule and empery
Have not in life or death made miserable ? 15
Come, Spencer ; Baldock, come, sit down by me,
Make trial now of that philosophy
That in our famous nurseries of arts
Thou suck'dst from Plato and from Aristotle
Father, this life contemplative is heaven ; 20
Oh, that I might this life in quiet lead !
But we, alas, are chased, and you, my friends ;

Your lives and my dishonour they pursue.
 Yet, gentle monks, for treasure, gold, or fee,
 Do not betray us and our company. 25

Monks. Your grace may sit secure, if none but we
 Do wot of your abode.

Spencer. Not one alive, but shrewdly I suspect
 A gloomy fellow in a mead below ;
 'A gave a long look after us, my lord, 30
 And all the land, I know, is up in arms,
 Arms that pursue our lives with deadly hate.

Baldock. We were embarked for Ireland, wretched we,
 With awkward winds and sore tempests driven
 To fall on shore, and here to pine in fear 35
 Of Mortimer and his confederates.

King. Mortimer ! who talks of Mortimer ?
 Who wounds me with the name of Mortimer,
 That bloody man ? [*To the Abbot*] Good father, on
 thy lap

Lay I this head, laden with mickle care. 40
 Oh, might I never ope these eyes again,
 Never again lift up this drooping head,
 Oh, nevermore lift up this dying heart ! [*Falls asleep.*]

Spencer. Look up, my lord. Baldock, this drowsiness
 Betides no good—[*he gives a sudden start*] here even we
 are betrayed ! 45

*Enter, with Welsh hooks, Rice ap Howell, a Mower, the
 Earl of Leicester, and some Soldiers.*

The Mower. Upon my life, these be the men ye seek.

Rice. Fellow, enough. My lord, I pray be short ;
 A fair commission warrants what we do.

Leicester. Alas, see where he sits, and hopes unseen
 To escape their hands that seek to reave his life. 50
Spencer and Baldock, by no other names,
 I do arrest you of high treason here ;
 Stand not on titles, but obey the arrest,
 'Tis in the name of Isabel the Queen.
 My lord, why droop you thus ? 55

King. O day, the last of all my bliss on earth,
 Centre of my misfortune ! O my stars,
 Why do you lour unkindly on a king ?
 Comes Leicester then in Isabella's name
 To take my life, my company, from me ? 60

THE FALL OF EDWARD THE SECOND 42

Here, man, rip up this panting breast of mine,
And take my heart in rescue of my friends.

Rice. Away with them.

Spencer.

It may become thee yet

To let us take our farewell of his grace.

Abbot. My heart with pity strikes at this sight.

A king to bear these white and purple stains.

King. Spencer, sweet Spencer, thus they must we part.

Spencer. We must, my lord, as will the angry heavens.

King. Nay, so will hell and time. Adieu.

The gentle heavens have not in lot in this.

Bollock. My lord, I am in pain to leave my father.

Here humanity in your place we leave our father.

Our loss are great, I fear me in a time.

King. In heaven we may in earth never find us more.

And, Leicester, say what shall become of us.

Leicester. Your majesty must go to Killingworth.

King. What — I a monarch sent with such
honour?

Leicester. There is a little party for your grace.

That waits your pleasure and the day you will.

Rice. As good to go as to stay and be troubled.

King. I little care then — so he is a man.

And in the place of hell choose he will.

For friends with Edward have not been —

As friends have.

And there must the king be taken —

Rice. My lord, is going, and he is gone.

For we shall see them never more.

King. Well, that shall be. Rice, go —

Sweet Spencer, gentle Bollock, bid me adieu.

Hence, respect with me before of an enemy.

Adieu to my wife.

Father, adieu — Leicester, bid me adieu.

And go —

SCENE I. THE CASTLE OF KILLINGWORTH.

The King, now brought to Killingworth by Leicester.

Castle, he has to be taken to Leicester.

Leicester. He has to be taken to Leicester.

There have been some men taken.

Leicester. He has to be taken to Leicester.

Imagine Killingworth —

And that you lay for pleasure here a space,
Not of compulsion or necessity.

King. Leicester, if gentle words might comfort me, 5
Thy speeches long ago had eased my sorrows ;
For kind and loving hast thou always been.
The griefs of private men are soon allayed,
But not of kings. The forest deer, being struck,
Runs to an herb that closeth up the wounds ; 10
But, when the imperial lion's flesh is gored,
He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,
And highly scorning that the lowly earth
Should drink his blood, mounts up to the air.
And so it fares with me, whose dauntless mind 15
The ambitious Mortimer would seek to curb,
And that unnatural queen, false Isabel,
That thus hath pent and mewed me in a prison ;
For such outrageous passions cloy my soul,
As, with the wings of rancour and disdain, 20
Full often am I soaring up to heaven
To plain me to the gods against them both.
But when I call to mind I am a king,
Methinks I should revenge me of my wrongs
That Mortimer and Isabel have done. 25
But what are kings, when regiment is gone,
But perfect shadows in a sunshine day ?
My nobles rule, I bear the name of king ;
I wear the crown, but am controlled by them,
By Mortimer, and my unconstant queen ; 30
Whilst I am lodged within this cave of Care,
Where Sorrow at my elbow still attends
To company my heart with sad laments,
That bleeds within me for this strange exchange.
But tell me, must I now resign my crown, 35
To make usurping Mortimer a king ?

Bishop. Your grace mistakes ; it is for England's
good,

And princely Edward's right, we crave the crown.

King. No, 'tis for Mortimer, not Edward's head ;
For he's a lamb, encompassed by wolves, 40
Which in a moment will abridge his life.
But if proud Mortimer do wear this crown,
Heavens turn it to a blaze of quenchless fire !
Or like the snaky wreath of Tisiphon,

THE FALL OF EDWARD THE SECOND 45

Engirt the temples of his hateful head ; 45
 So shall not England's vine be perished,
 But Edward's name survives, though Edward dies.

Leicester, My lord, why waste you thus the time
 away ?

They stay your answer ; will you yield your crown ?

King. Ah, Leicester, weigh how hardly I can brook 50
 To lose my crown and kingdom without cause ;

To give ambitious Mortimer my right,
 That like a mountain overwhelms my bliss,
 In which extreme my mind here murdered is.
 But what the heavens appoint, I must obey ! 55
 Here take my crown ; the life of Edward too ;

[He takes off the crown.]

Two kings in England cannot reign at once.
 But stay awhile, let me be king till night,
 That I may gaze upon this glittering crown ;
 So shall my eyes receive their last content, 60

My head, the latest honour due to it,
 And jointly both yield up their wished right.
 Continue ever, thou celestial sun ;

Let never silent night possess this clime ;
 Stand still, you watches of the element ; 65

All times and seasons, rest you at a stay,
 That Edward may be still fair England's king !

But day's bright beam doth vanish fast away,
 And needs I must resign my wished crown.

Inhuman creatures, nursed with tigers' milk ! 70
 Why gape you for your sovereign's overthrow ?

My diadem I mean, and guiltless life.

See, monsters, see, I'll wear my crown again.

[He puts on the crown.]

What, fear you not the fury of your king ?
 But, hapless Edward, thou art fondly led ; 75

They pass not for thy frowns, as late they did,
 But seek to make a new-elected king ;

Which fills my mind with strange despairing thoughts,
 Which thoughts are martyrèd with endless torments,

And in this torment comfort find I none, 80
 But that I feel the crown upon my head ;

And therefore let me wear it yet awhile.

Trussel. My lord, the parliament must have present
 news,

And therefore say, will you resign or no ?

King. I'll not resign—not whilst I live ! [The King rageth. 85]
 Traitors, be gone ! join you with Mortimer !
 Elect, conspire, install, do what you will :—
 Their blood and yours shall seal these treacheries !

Bishop. This answer we'll return, and so farewell.

[The Bishop and Trussel make signs to depart.]

Leicester. Call them again, my lord, and speak them fair ; 90

For if they go, the prince shall lose his right.

King. Call thou them back, I have no power to speak.

Leicester [to the Bishop]. My lord, the king is willing to resign.

Bishop [returning]. If he be not, let him choose.

King. Oh, would I might ! but heavens and earth conspire 95

To make me miserable ! Here receive my crown—

Receive it ? no, these innocent hands of mine

Shall not be guilty of so foul a crime.

He of you all that most desires my blood,

And will be called the murderer of a king, 100

Take it. [A pause.] What, are you moved ? pity you me ?

Then send for unrelenting Mortimer,

And Isabel, whose eyes, being turned to steel,

Will sooner sparkle fire than shed a tear.

Yet stay, for rather than I will look on them, 105

Here, here ! [He gives them the crown.] Now, sweet God of heaven,

Make me despise this transitory pomp.

And sit for ay enthronized in heaven !

Come, Death, and with thy fingers close my eyes,

Or if I live, let me forget myself.

Bishop. My lord— 110

King. Call me not lord ; away—out of my sight !—

Ah, pardon me : grief makes me lunatic.—

Let not that Mortimer protect my son ;

More safety is there in a tiger's jaws,

Than his embracements—Bear this to the queen 115

Wet with my tears, and dried again with sighs ;

[He gives a handkerchief.]

THE FALL OF EDWARD THE SECOND 47

If with the sight thereof she be not moved,
 Return it back and dip it in my blood.
 Commend me to my son, and bid him rule
 Better than I. Yet how have I transgressed, 120
 Unless it be with too much clemency?

Trussel. And thus most humbly do we take our leave.

[The Bishop and Trussel depart with the crown.]

King. Farewell; I know the next news that they bring
 Will be my death; and welcome shall it be;
 To wretched men, death is felicity. 125

SCENE III. THE END.

*Finding that the King is kindly treated at Kenilworth,
 Isabella and Mortimer hand him over to two ruffians,
 Matrevis and Gurney, with special orders to ill-treat him.
 Finally, Mortimer sends an assassin named Lightborn
 to kill him.*

*Enter Lightborn to the King, confined in an underground
 dungeon of Berkeley Castle. Lightborn brings in a bed.*

King. Who's there? what light is that? wherefore
 com'st thou?

Lightborn. To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.

King. Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks.
 Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.

Lightborn. To murder *you*, my most gracious lord! 5
 Far is it from my heart to do you harm;
 The Queen sent me to see how you were used,
 For she relents at this your misery. *[Pretends to weep.]*
 And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears
 To see a king in this most piteous state? 10

King. Weep'st thou already? list awhile to me,
 And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,
 Or as Matrevis', hewn from the Caucasus,
 Yet will it melt ere I have done my tale.
 This dungeon where they keep me is the sink 15
 Wherein the filth of all the Castle falls.

Lightborn. O villains!

King. And there in mire and puddle have I stood
 This ten days' space; and lest that I should sleep,
 One plays continually upon a drum.
 They give me bread and water, being a king, 20

So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,
 My mind's distempered, and my body's numbed,
 And whether I have limbs or no I know not.
 Oh, would my blood dropped out from every vein,
 As doth this water from my tattered robes ! 25
 Tell Isabel the Queen, I looked not thus
 When for her sake I ran a tilt in France
 And there unhorsed the Duke of Clerimont.

Lightborn. Oh, speak no more, my lord ; this breaks
 my heart.

Lie on this bed and rest yourself awhile. 30

King. These looks of thine can harbour nought but
 death ;

I see my tragedy written in thy brows.
 Yet stay awhile, forbear thy bloody hand,
 And let me see the stroke before it comes,
 That even then when I shall lose my life 35
 My mind may be more steadfast on my God.

Lightborn. What means your highness to mistrust me
 thus ?

King. What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus ?

Lightborn. These hands were never stained with inno-
 cent blood,

Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's. 40

King. Forgive my thought for having such a thought.
 One jewel have I left, receive thou this. [*He gives it.*
 Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,
 But every joint shakes as I give it thee.

Oh, if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart, 45
 Let this gift change thy mind and save thy soul,
 Know that I am a king—oh, at that name
 I feel a hell of grief ! Where is my crown ?
 Gone, gone, and do I remain alive ?

Lightborn. You're overwatched, my lord ; lie down and
 rest. 50

King. But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep,
 For not these ten days have these eyelids closed ;

[*He lies down ; Lightborn sits by him.*

Now, as I speak, they fall, and yet with fear
 Open again,—Oh, wherefore sits thou here ? 54

Lightborn. If you mistrust me, I'll be gone, my lord.

King. No, no, for if thou mean'st to murder me,
 Thou wilt return again ; and therefore stay.

Lightborn. He sleeps.

King [*starting up*]. Oh, let me not die yet ; stay, oh stay awhile !

Lightborn. How now, my lord !

King. Something still buzzeth in mine ears 60
And tells me, if I sleep, I never wake ;

This fear it is which makes me tremble thus :

And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come ?

Lightborn. To rid thee of thy life. Matrevis, come.

[*Enter Matrevis and Gurney.*]

King. I am too weak and feeble to resist ; 65
Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul !

[*They murder him.*]

V. THE DYING PROPHET

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

John of Gaunt, King Richard the Second's uncle, now at the point of death, speaks his fears for England, which is suffering from the bad government of the King.

Gaunt is brought in in a chair ; his brother, Edmund, Duke of York, and his servants are standing by him. Gaunt has sent for the King.

Gaunt. Will the King come, that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth ?

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your
breath ;

For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. Oh, but they say the tongues of dying men 5
Enforce attention like deep harmony :

Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,

For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.

Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,

My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear. 10

York. No ; it is stopped with other flattering sounds.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity

(So be it new, there's no respect how vile),

That is not quickly buzzed into his ears ?

Then all too late comes counsel to be heard, 15

Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.

Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new inspired,
 And thus, expiring, do foretell of him :
 His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
 For violent fires soon burn out themselves ; 20
 Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
 Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
 This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
 This other Eden, demi-paradise ; 25
 This fortress built by Nature for herself
 Against infection and the hand of war ;
 This happy breed of men, this little world,
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall, 30
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happier lands ;
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
 Feared by their breed and famous by their birth, 35
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
 For Christian service and true chivalry,
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son ;
 This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land, 40
 Dear for her reputation through the world,
 Is now leased out (I die pronouncing it),
 Like to a tenement or pelting farm :
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege 45
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
 With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds :
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
 Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life, 50
 How happy then were my ensuing death !

VI. KING HENRY THE FIFTH

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

SCENE I. THE WEARING OF A CROWN.

King Henry the Fourth is struck down with illness just at the moment when a rebellion against him is crushed and he is free to lead an army to the Holy Land, as he had vowed in order to recover the Sepulchre of Christ from the Turks.

Enter King Henry the Fourth, the Princes Thomas of Clarence and Humphrey of Gloucester, the Earl of Warwick, and Courtiers.

King Henry. Now, lords, if God doth give successful
end

To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our navy is addressed, our power collected, 5
And everything lies level to our wish :

[He sinks into a chair.]

Only, we want a little personal strength ;
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

Warwick. Both which, we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

King. Humphrey, my son of Gloucester, 11
Where is the Prince your brother ?

Prince Humphrey. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord,
at Windsor.

King. And how accompanied ?

Prince Humphrey. I do not know, my lord.

King. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with
him ?

[Clarence comes forward.] 15

Prince Humphrey. No, my good lord ; he is in presence
here.

Clarence. What would my lord and father ?

King. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.
How chance thou art not with the Prince thy brother ?

He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas ; 20
 Thou hast a better place in his affection,
 Than all thy brothers : cherish it, my boy,
 And noble offices thou mayst effect
 Of mediation, after I am dead,
 Between his greatness and thy other brethren : 25
 Therefore omit him not ; blunt not his love,
 Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,
 By seeming cold, or careless of his will ;
 For he is gracious, if he be observed :
 He hath a tear for pity, and a hand 30
 Open as day for melting charity :
 Yet, notwithstanding, being incensed, he 's flint ;
 As humorous as winter, and as sudden
 As flaws congealèd in the spring of day.
 His temper, therefore, must be well observed. 35

Clarence. I shall observe him with all care and love.

King. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas ?

Clarence. He is not there to-day ; he dines in London.

King. And how accompanied ? canst thou tell that ?

Clarence. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

King. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds ; 41
 And he, the noble image of my youth,
 Is overspread with them : therefore my grief
 Stretches itself beyond the hour of death ;
 The blood weeps from my heart when I do shape, 45
 In forms imaginary, the unguided days
 And rotten times that you shall look upon,
 When I am sleeping with my ancestors.

Warwick. My gracious lord, you look beyond him
 quite :

The Prince will, in the perfectness of time, 50
 Cast off his followers ; and their memory
 Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
 By which his grace must mete the lives of others,
 Turning past evils to advantages.

Enter the Earl of Westmoreland.

King. Who 's here ? Westmoreland ? 55

Westmoreland. Health to my sovereign, and new
 happiness

Added to that that I am to deliver ! *[He kneels.*
 Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,

Are brought to the correction of your law ;
 There is not now a rebel's sword unsheathed, 60
 But peace puts forth her olive everywhere :
 The manner how this action hath been borne,
 Here at more leisure may your highness read,
 [He gives a packet.

With every course in his particular.

King. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird, 65
 Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
 The lifting up of day. Look, here's more news.

Enter Harcourt.

Harcourt. From enemies heaven keep your majesty ;
 And, when they stand against you, may they fall
 As those that I am come to tell you of ! 70
 The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Bardolph,
 With a great power of English and of Scots,
 Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown :
 The manner and true order of the fight,
 This packet, please it you, contains at large. 75
 [He kneels and delivers it.

King. And wherefore should these good news make me
 sick ?

Will Fortune never come with both hands full ?
 She either gives a stomach and no food,—
 Such are the poor, in health ; or else a feast,
 And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich, 80
 That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
 I should rejoice now at this happy news ;
 And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy :
 O me ! come near me ; now I am much ill.

[He swoons.

Prince Humphrey. Comfort, your majesty ! 85

Clarence [taking the crown off]. O my royal father !

Westmoreland. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself,
 look up.

Warwick. Be patient, princes ; you do know these fits
 Are with his highness very ordinary.

Stand from him, give him air ; he'll straight be well.

Clarence. No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs :
 The incessant care and labour of his mind 91
 Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,
 So thin that life looks through and will break out.

Clarence. The river hath thrice flowed, no ebb between ;
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles, 95
Say it did so a little time before

That our great grandsire, Edward, sicked and died.

Warwick. Speak lower, princes, for the King recovers.

Prince Humphrey. This apoplexy will, certain, be his end.

King. I pray you take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber : softly, pray. 101

*[The King is moved to another chamber (that is, to the
'Shadow' at the back of the stage) and placed upon a bed.]*
Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends ;

Unless some dull and favourable hand

Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

Warwick. Call for the music in the other room. 105

[Exit one of the Courtiers.]

King. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

[Clarence puts the crown on the pillow.]

Clarence. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

[Music plays without.]

Warwick. Less noise, less noise !

Enter Prince Henry, hurriedly.

Prince Henry. Who saw the Duke of Clarence ?

Clarence. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

Prince Henry. How now ! rain within doors, and none
abroad ! 110

How doth the King ? Heard he the good news yet ?

Prince Humphrey. He altered much upon the hearing
it.

Prince Henry. If he be sick with joy, he will recover
Without physic. 114

Warwick. Not so much noise, my lords :—sweet prince,
speak low ; *[Points to the King : the Prince is
startled at the change.]*

The King your father is disposed to sleep.

Clarence. Let us withdraw into the other room.

Warwick. Will 't please your grace to go along with us ?

Prince Henry. No ; I will sit and watch here by the
King. *[Exeunt all except Prince Henry. The Music
ceases. He sits by the bedside.]*

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow, 120

Being so troublesome a bedfellow ?

O polished perturbation ! golden care !

[He kneels and kisses him.]

[Putting it on his head.

140

[*Exit.*

145

He is not here. 150
Warwick. This door is open ; he is gone this way.
Prince Humphrey. He came not through the chamber
 where we stayed.

King. Where is the crown ? who took it from my pillow ?

Warwick. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

King. The Prince hath ta'en it hence : go, seek him out. 155

Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose

My sleep my death ?

Find him, my Lord of Warwick ; chide him hither.

[*Exit Warwick.*]

This part of his conjoins with my disease,

And helps to end me. See, sons, what things you are !

How quickly nature falls into revolt 161

When gold becomes her object !

Re-enter Warwick.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long

Till his friend sickness hath determined me ?

Warwick. My lord, I found the Prince in the next room,
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks ; 166

With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,

That tyranny, which never quaffed but blood,

Would, by beholding him, have washed his knife

With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither. 170

King. But wherefore did he take away the crown ?

Re-enter Prince Henry with the crown.

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me, Harry.

Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt Warwick and the rest.*]

Prince Henry. I never thought to hear you speak again.

King. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought :
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee. 176

Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,

That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours

Before thy hour be ripe ? O foolish youth !

Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.

Stay but a little ; for my day is dim. 181

Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,

Were thine without offence ; and at my death

Thou hast sealed up my expectation :

Thy life did manifest thou lovedst me not, 185

And thou wilt have me die assured of it.

What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crownèd, not that I am dead. 190
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head:
Only compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees; 195
For now a time is come to mock at form;
Harry the Fifth is crownèd! Up, vanity!
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness! 200
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum!
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
Oh, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

Prince Henry [kneeling]. Oh, pardon me, my liege! but
for my tears, 205

The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestalled this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. [*Giving back the crown.*] There is
your crown;

And He that wears the crown immortally, 210
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more
Than as your honour and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise.
God witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! if I do feign, 216
Oh, let me in my present wildness die,
And never live to show the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead 220
(And dead almost, my liege, to think you were),
I spake unto the crown, as having sense,
And thus upbraided it: 'The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold: 225
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine potable;

But thou most fine, most honoured, most renowned,
Hast eat thy bearer up.' Thus, my most royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head, 230
To try with it—as with an enemy
That had before my face murdered my father—
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride; 235
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal is, 240
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

King. O my son,
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it! 245
Come hither, Harry, [*he rises, and the King embraces him*]
sit thou by my bed;

And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. [*The Prince sits by the King.*]
God knows, my son,

By what by-paths and indirect crooked ways,
I met this crown; and I myself know well 250
How troublesome it sat upon my head:
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seemed in me 255
But as an honour snatched with boisterous hand;
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace; all these bold fears, 260
Thou seest, with peril I have answerèd;
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument: and now my death
Changes the mode; for what in me was purchased,
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort; 265
So thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;

And all my friends, which thou must make thy friends,
 Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out ; 270
 By whose fell working I was first advanced,
 And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
 To be again displaced ; which to avoid,
 I cut them off ; and had a purpose now
 To lead out many to the Holy Land, 275
 Lest rest and lying-still might make them look
 Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
 Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
 With foreign quarrels ; that action, hence borne out,
 May waste the memory of the former days. 280
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
 That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
 How I came by the crown, O God, forgive !
 And grant it may with thee in true peace live !
Prince Henry. My gracious liege, 285
 You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me ;
 Then plain and right must my possession be :
 Which I with more than with a common pain
 'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

SCENE II. THE NEW KING.

Henry had led a wild and lawless life while he was Prince of Wales. Once, when one of his riotous friends was punished for breaking the law, he had struck the Lord Chief Justice in open court and had been sent to prison, there and then, for this outrage. Now that he is king, the nobles expect a sad change for the worse at Court.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, walking sadly ; the Earl of Warwick meets him.

Warwick. How now, my Lord Chief Justice ! whither away ?

Chief Justice. How doth the King ?

Warwick. Exceeding well ; his cares are now all ended.

Chief Justice. I hope not dead.

Warwick. He's walked the way of nature ;
 And to our purposes he lives no more. 5

Chief Justice. I would his majesty had called me with him :

The service that I truly did his life
Hath left me open to all injuries.

Warwick. Indeed, I think the young King loves you not.

Chief Justice. I know he doth not ; and do arm myself
To welcome the condition of the time. 11

Enter the Princes John of Lancaster, Humphrey of Gloucester, Thomas of Clarence, the Earl of Westmoreland, and Courtiers.

Warwick. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry :
Oh, that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen !

How many nobles then should hold their places ! 15

Chief Justice. O God, I fear all will be overturned !

Prince John. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.

Princes Humphrey, Clarence. Good morrow, cousin.

Prince John. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

Warwick. We do remember ; but our argument 20
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

Prince John. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy !

Chief Justice. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier !

Prince Humphrey. Oh, good my lord, you have lost a friend, indeed :

And I dare swear you borrow not that face 25
Of seeming sorrow ; it is sure your own.

Prince John. Though no man be assured what grace to find,

You stand in coldest expectation :

I am the sorrier ; would 'twere otherwise.

Chief Justice. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour, 30

And never shall you see that I will beg.

[*A flourish of trumpets.*]

Warwick. Here comes the Prince.

Enter Henry the Fifth, royally attended, the sword of state borne before him.

Chief Justice. Good morrow, and God save your majesty ! [*All kneel ; the King signs to them to rise.*]

King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think. 35
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear :
This is the English, not the Turkish court ;
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,
For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you : 40
Sorrow so royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the fashion on,
And wear it in my heart ; why then, be sad ;
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all. 45
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assured,
I'll be your father and your brother too ;
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares :
Yet weep that Harry's dead, and so will I ;
But Harry lives that shall convert those tears 50
By number into hours of happiness.

The Princes. We hope no other from your majesty.

King. You all look strangely on me :— [*to the Chief Justice*] and you most :

You are, I think, assured I love you not.

Chief Justice. I am assured, if I be measured rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me. 56

King. No !

How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me ?
What ! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison 60
The immediate heir of England ! Was this easy ?
May this be washed in Lethé, and forgotten ?

Chief Justice. I then did use the person of your father ;
The image of his power lay then in me :
And, in the administration of his law, 65
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgement ; 70
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought ; 75

To pluck down justice from your awful bench ;
 To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
 That guards the peace and safety of your person :
 Nay, more ; to spurn at your most royal image,
 And mock your workings in a second body. 80
 Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours ;
 Be now the father, and propose a son,
 Hear your own dignity so much profaned,
 See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
 Behold yourself so by a son disdained : 85
 And then imagine me taking your part,
 And, in your power, soft silencing your son :
 After this cold considerance, sentence me ;
 And, as you are a king, speak in your state,
 What I have done that misbecame my place, 90
 My person, or my liege's sovereignty. [*He kneels.*
King. You are right, Justice, and you weigh this well :
 Therefore still bear the balance and the sword :
 And I do wish your honours may increase,
 Till you do live to see a son of mine 95
 Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
 So shall I live to speak my father's words :
 ' Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
 That dares do justice on my proper son ;
 And not less happy, having such a son, 100
 That would deliver up his greatness so
 Into the hands of justice.' You did commit me :
 For which, [*raising him*] I do commit into your hand
 The unstained sword that you have used to bear ;

[*Gives the sword.*

With this remembrance—that you use the same 105
 With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit
 As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand.

[*Gascoigne kisses the King's hand.*

You shall be as a father to my youth :
 My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,
 And I will stoop and humble my intents 110
 To your well-practised wise directions.
 And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you ;
 My father is gone wild into his grave,
 For in his tomb lie my affections ;
 And with his spirit sadly I survive, 115
 To mock the expectation of the world,

To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
 Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
 After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
 Hath proudly flowed in vanity, till now : 120
 Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,
 Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
 And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
 Now call we our high court of parliament,
 And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel, 125
 That the great body of our state may go
 In equal rank with the best-governed nation ;
 That war or peace, or both at once, may be
 As things acquainted and familiar to us ;—
 In which you, father [*to the Chief Justice*], shall have
 foremost hand. 130
 And (God consigning to my good intents)
 No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,
 God shorten Harry's happy life one day.
 [*Exeunt, the Chief Justice carrying the sword*
before the King.]

CHORUS I. THE POET'S PRELUDE.

*An actor, called the Chorus, was sometimes used in old plays
 to bridge over the gap between two scenes or acts by ex-
 plaining what had happened in the time between these.*

Oh, for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
 The brightest heaven of invention,
 A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
 And monarchs to behold the swelling scene !
 Then should the warlike Harry, like himself, 5
 Assume the port of Mars ; and at his heels,
 Leashed in like hounds, should famine, sword and fire
 Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
 The flat unraised spirits that have dared
 On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth 10
 So great an object : can this cockpit hold
 The vasty fields of France ? or may we cram
 Within this wooden O the very casques
 That did affright the air at Agincourt ?
 Suppose, within the girdle of these walls 15
 Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
 Whose high upreared and abutting fronts

The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder :
 Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts ;
 Into a thousand parts divide one man, 20
 And make imaginary puissance ;
 Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
 Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth ;
 For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
 Carry them here and there ; jumping o'er times, 25
 Turning the accomplishment of many years
 Into an hour-glass : for the which supply,
 Admit me Chorus to this history ;
 Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
 Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play. 30

CHORUS II. CONSPIRACY.

Now all the youth of England are on fire,
 And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies :
 Now thrive the armorers, and honour's thought
 Reigns solely in the breast of every man.
 They sell the pasture now to buy the horse ; 5
 Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
 With wingèd heels, as English Mercuries.
 The French, advised by good intelligence
 Of this most dreadful preparation,
 Shake in their fear and with pale policy 10
 Seek to divert the English purposes.
 O England ! model to thy inward greatness,
 Like little body with a mighty heart,
 What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
 Were all thy children kind and natural ! 15
 But see thy fault ! France hath in thee found out
 A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
 With treacherous crowns ; and three corrupted men—
 One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second,
 Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third, 20
 Sir Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland—
 Have, for the gilt of France, (O guilt indeed !)
 Confirmed conspiracy with fearful France ;
 And by their hands this grace of kings must die
 (If hell and treason hold their promises), 25
 Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
 The sum is paid ; the traitors are agreed ;
 The King is set from London ; and the scene

Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton ;
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit : 30
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass ; for, if we may,
We'll not offend one stomach with our play.

SCENE III. CONSPIRACY UNMASKED.

The King, while ready at Southampton to sail for France, crushes a plot made against him by the Earl of Cambridge, Lord Scroop, and Sir Thomas Grey.

Enter the Duke of Exeter, uncle to the King, the Duke of Bedford, brother to the King, and the Earl of Westmoreland.

Bedford. 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

Exeter. They shall be apprehended by and by.

Westmoreland. How smooth and even they do bear themselves !

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,

Crowned with faith and constant loyalty. 5

Bedford. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

Exeter. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dulled and cloyed with gracious favours,—
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell 10
His sovereign's life to death and treachery !

Trumpets sound. Enter King Henry, Lord Scroop, the Earl of Cambridge, Sir Thomas Grey, Lords, and Attendants.

King. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of Masham,
And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts :
Think you not, that the powers we bear with us 15
Will cut their passage through the force of France,
Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in head assembled them ?

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best

King. I doubt not that ; [*speaking very deliberately*]
 since we are well persuaded, 20
 We carry not a heart with us from hence
 That grows not in a fair consent with ours ;
 Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish
 Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cambridge. Never was monarch better feared and
 loved 25
 Than is your majesty : there 's not, I think, a subject,
 That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
 Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True : those that were your father's enemies,
 Have steeped their galls in honey, and do serve you 30
 With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

King. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness.

Scroop. So service shall with steelèd sinews toil,
 And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
 To do your grace incessant services. 35

King. We judge no less. Uncle of Exeter,
 Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
 That railed against our person : we consider
 It was excess of wine that set him on ;
 And, on his more advice, we pardon him. 40

Scroop. That 's mercy, but too much security :
 Let him be punished, sovereign, lest example
 Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

King. Oh, let us yet be merciful, my lord.

Cambridge. So may your highness, and yet punish too.

Grey. You show great mercy, if you give him life, 46
 After the taste of much correction.

King. Alas, your too much love and care of me
 Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch !
 If little faults, proceeding on distemper, 50
 Shall not be winked at, how shall we stretch our eye
 When capital crimes, chewed, swallowed, and digested,
 Appear before us ? We'll yet enlarge that man,
 Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care
 And tender preservation of our person, 55
 Would have him punished. And now to our French
 causes :

Who are the late commissioners ?

Cambridge. I one, my lord :
 Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege. 60

Grey. And me, my royal sovereign.

King. Then, Richard, Earl of Cambridge, there is yours ;

There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham ; and, sir knight, Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours ;

[He gives each of them a paper.]

Read them ; and know, I know your worthiness. 65

My Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,

We will aboard to-night. *[The Conspirators read and turn pale.]* Why, how now, gentlemen !

What see you in those papers, that you lose

So much complexion ? Look ye, how they change !

Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you there, 70

That hath so cowarded and chased your blood

Out of appearance ?

Cambridge [kneeling]. I do confess my fault ;

And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey and Scroop [kneeling]. To which we all appeal.

[The other Lords cry out in anger.]

King. The mercy that was quick in us but late, 75

By your own counsel is suppressed and killed :

You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy :

For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,

As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.

See you, my princes and my noble peers, 80

These English monsters ! My Lord of Cambridge here—

You know how apt our love was to accord

To furnish him with all appertinents

Belonging to his honour ; and this man

Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspired, 85

And sworn unto the practices of France,

To kill us here in Hampton : to the which,

This knight, no less for bounty bound to us

Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But oh,

What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop ? thou cruel, 90

Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature !

Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,

That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,

That almost mightst have coined me into gold,—

May it be possible that foreign hire 95

Could out of thee extract one spark of evil

That might annoy my finger ? 'Tis so strange,

That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
 As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.
 Treason and murder ever kept together, 100
 As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose :
 But whatsoever cunning fiend it was
 That wrought upon thee so preposterously
 Hath got the voice in hell for excellence :
 And other devils that suggest by treasons 105
 Do botch and bungle up damnation
 With patches, colours, and with forms being fetched
 From glistening semblances of piety ;
 But he that tempered thee bade thee stand up,
 Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
 Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor. 111
 If that same demon that hath gulled thee thus
 Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
 He might return to vasty Tartar back,
 And tell the legions ' I can never win 115
 A soul so easy as that Englishman's '.
 Oh, how hast thou with jealousy infected
 The sweetness of affiance ! Show men dutiful ?
 Why, so didst thou : seem they grave and learned ?
 Why, so didst thou : come they of noble family ? 120
 Why, so didst thou : seem they religious ?
 Why, so didst thou : or are they spare in diet,
 Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,
 Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood ?
 Such and so finely boulded didst thou seem : 125
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
 To mark the full-fraught man and best indued,
 With some suspicion. I will weep for thee ;
 For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
 Another fall of man.—Their faults are open : 130
 Arrest them to the answer of the law ;
 And God acquit them of their practices !

*[They rise. Exeter disarms them one by one, and
 hands them over to the guard.]*

Exeter. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
 Richard Earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry
 Lord Scroop of Masham. 136

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas
 Grey, knight of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discovered,
And I repent my fault more than my death ; 140
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cambridge. For me, the gold of France did not seduce ;
Although I did admit it as a motive
The sooner to effect what I intended : 145
But God be thankèd for prevention ;
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason, 150
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damnèd enterprise :
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

King. God quit you in his mercy ! Hear your sentence.

You have conspired against our royal person, 155
Joined with an enemy proclaimed, and from his coffers
Received the golden earnest of our death ;
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt, 160
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person seek we no revenge :
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence, 165
Poor miserable wretches, to your death :
The taste whereof, God of his mercy give
You patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences ! Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt the Conspirators, guarded.*]

Now, lords, for France ; the enterprise whereof 170
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war :
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason lurking in our way.
Then forth, dear countrymen : let us deliver 175
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea ; the signs of war advance :
No king of England, if not king of France. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. THE ATTACK ON HARFLEUR.

The wall has been breached by the cannons. The English have assaulted, but been driven back ; the King heads a second charge.

Alarums. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloucester, and soldiers with scaling-ladders.

King. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more ;
Or close the wall up with our English dead !
In peace there 's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility :
But when the blast of war blows in our ears, 5
Then imitate the action of the tiger ;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favoured rage ;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;
Let it pry through the portage of the head, 10
Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully as doth a gallèd rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide ; 15
Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit
To his full height ! On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof !
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders, 20
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your mothers ; now attest
That those whom you called fathers did beget you !
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war ! And you, good yeomen, 25
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture ; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding ; which I doubt not ;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes. 30
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. [*He seizes a banner.*] The game 's
afoot :

Follow your spirit ; and, upon this charge,
 Cry ' God for Harry ! England ! and Saint George ! '
*[Alarum, and cannons go off. The English
 attack the walls.]*

CHORUS IV. THE EVE OF BATTLE.

Now entertain conjecture of a time,
 When creeping murmur and the poring dark
 Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
 From camp to camp through the foul womb of night
 The hum of either army stilly sounds, 5
 That the fixed sentinels almost receive
 The secret whispers of each other's watch :
 Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
 Each battle sees the other's umbered face ;
 Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs 10
 Piercing the night's dull ear ; and from the tents,
 The armorers, accomplishing the knights,
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,
 Give dreadful note of preparation.
 The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll, 15
 And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
 Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
 The confident and over-lusty French
 Do the low-rated English play at dice ;
 And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night 20
 Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
 So tediously away. The poor condemnèd English
 Like sacrifices by their watchful fires
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
 The morning's danger ; and their gesture sad, 25
 Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,
 Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
 So many horrid ghosts. Oh now, who will behold
 The royal Captain of this ruined band,
 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent, 30
 Let him cry ' Praise and glory on his head ! '
 For forth he goes and visits all his host,
 Bids them good morrow with a modest smile,
 And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
 Upon his royal face there is no note 35
 How dread an army hath enrouned him ;
 Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour

Unto the weary and all-watchèd night,
 But freshly looks, and overbears attaint
 With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty ; 40
 That every wretch, pining and pale before,
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks :
 A largess universal like the sun
 His liberal eye doth give to every one.
 And so our scene must to the battle fly ; 45
 Where (oh, for pity !) we shall much disgrace—
 With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
 Right ill disposed in brawl ridiculous—
 The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see ;
 Minding true things by what their mockeries be. 50

SCENE V. IN CAMP AT AGINCOURT.

Enter King Henry and Gloucester, meeting Bedford.

King. Gloucester, 'tis true that we are in great danger ;
 The greater, therefore, should our courage be.
 Good morrow, brother Bedford. God Almighty !
 There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
 Would men observingly distil it out ; 5
 For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
 Which is both healthful, and good husbandry.

Enter Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham :
 A good soft pillow for that good white head
 Were better than a churlish turf of France. 10

Erpingham. Not so, my liege : this lodging likes me better,

Since I may say ' Now lie I like a king '.

King. 'Tis good for men to love their present pains
 Upon example, so the spirit is eased.
 Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brothers both, 15
 Commend me to the princes in our camp ;
 Do my good morrow to them, and, anon,
 Desire them all to my pavilion.

Gloucester. We shall, my liege.

Erpingham. Shall I attend your grace !

King. No, my good knight ; 20
 Go with my brothers to my lords of England :

I and my bosom must debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

Erpingham. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry !

[*Exeunt all but the King.*]

King. God-a-mercy, old heart ! thou speak'st cheerfully.

25

Enter three soldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams. The King wraps himself in the cloak.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder ?

Bates. I think it be : but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Williams. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it. Who goes there ?

[*He challenges the King with his spear.*]

King. A friend.

Williams. Under what captain serve you ?

King. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Williams. A good old commander, and a most kind gentleman : [*They sit round the camp-fire.*] I pray you, what thinks he of our estate ?

King. Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King ?

King. No ; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think the King is but a man as I am : the violet smells to him as it doth to me ; the element shows to him as it doth to me ; all his senses have but human conditions. Therefore, when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are : yet no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will ; but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck ;—and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

King [*rising*]. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the King : I think he would not wish himself anywhere but where he is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone ; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

King. I dare say you love him not so ill, to wish him 60 here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds : methinks I could not die anywhere so contented as in the King's company, his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

Williams. That 's more than we know.

65

Bates. Aye, or more than we should seek after ; for we know enough, if we know we are the King's subjects : if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the crime of it out of us.

Williams. But if the cause be not good, the King 70 himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all ' We died at such a place ' ; some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon 75 the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well that die in a battle. Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King that led them to it.

King. So, if a son, that is by his father sent about 80 merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him :—but this is not so : the King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, nor the father of his son ; for they purpose 85 not their death when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrament of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers : some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of murder ; some have gored the gentle 90 bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God : war is his beadle, war is his vengeance. Therefore, should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote 95 out of his conscience : and dying so, death is to him advantage ; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained : and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free

an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness,
and to teach others how they should prepare. 101

Williams. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill
upon his own head, the King is not to answer it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me ; and
yet I determine to fight lustily for him. 105

King. I myself heard the King say he would not be
ransomed.

Williams. Aye, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully ;
but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and
we ne'er the wiser. [Exeunt Soldiers. 110

King. 'Upon the King ! upon the King !' let us
Our lives, our souls, our debts, our careful wives,
Our children and our sins lay on the King !
We must bear all. O hard condition,
Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath 115
Of every fool ! What infinite heart's-ease
Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy !
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony ?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony ? 120
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers ?
What are thy rents ? what are thy comings-in ?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth !
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form, 125
Creating awe and fear in other men ?
Wherein thou art less happy being feared
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poisoned flattery ? Oh, be sick, great greatness, 130
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure !
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it ? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose,
I am a king that find thee ; and I know 135
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farcèd title running fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp 140
That beats upon the high shore of this world,—
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,

Not all these, laid in bed majestic,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
 Who with a body filled and vacant mind 145
 Gets him to rest, crammed with distressful bread ;
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell ;
 But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
 Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night
 Sleeps in Elysium ; next day, after dawn, 150
 Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse ;
 And follows so the ever-running year
 With profitable labour to his grave :
 And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
 Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep, 155
 Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.

Re-enter Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Erpingham. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your
 absence,

Seek through your camp to find you.

King.

Good old knight,

Collect them all together at my tent :

I'll be before thee.

Erpingham. I shall do 't, my lord. [*Exit.* 160

King [kneeling]. O God of battles ! steel my soldiers'
 hearts ;

Possess them not with fear ; take from them now
 The sense of reckoning, if the opposèd numbers
 Pluck their hearts from them ! Not to-day, O Lord,
 Oh, not to-day, think not upon the fault 165
 My father made in compassing the crown !
 I Richard's body have interrèd new ;
 And on it have bestowed more contrite tears
 Than from it issued forcèd drops of blood :
 Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay, 170
 Who twice a day their withered hands hold up
 Toward heaven, to pardon blood ; and I have built
 Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
 Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do ;
 Though all that I can do is nothing worth, 175
 Since that my penitence comes after all,
 Imploring pardon.

Re-enter Gloucester.

Gloucester. My liege !

King [rising]. My brother Gloucester's voice ? Aye :
 I know thy errand, I will go with thee : 180
 The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. A KING OF MEN.

Enter the English Host ; Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Salisbury, and Westmoreland.

Gloucester. Where is the King ?

Bedford. The King himself is rode to view their battle.

Westmoreland. Of fighting men they have full three-score thousand.

Exeter. There 's five to one ; besides, they all are fresh.

Salisbury. God's arm strike with us ! 'tis a fearful odds.
 God luy' you, princes all ; I'll to my charge : 6

If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,

Then joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,

My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,

And my good kinsman, warriors all, adieu ! 10

Bedford. Farewell, good Salisbury ; and good luck go with thee !

Exeter. Farewell, kind lord, fight valiantly to-day ;
 And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
 For thou art framed of the firm truth of valour.

[Exit Salisbury.]

Bedford. He is as full of valour as of kindness ; 15
 Princely in both.

Enter King Henry behind them.

Westmoreland. Oh, that we now had here
 But one ten thousand of those men in England
 That do no work to-day !

King [coming forward]. What 's he that wishes so ?
 My cousin Westmoreland ? No, my fair cousin :

If we are marked to die, we are enow 20

To do our country loss ; and if to live,

The fewer men, the greater share of honour.

God's will ! I pray thee, wish not one man more.

By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,

Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost ; 25

It yearns me not if men my garments wear ;

Such outward things dwell not in my desires :

But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
 I am the most offending soul alive.
 No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England: 30
 God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour
 As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
 For the best hope I have. Oh, do not wish one more!
 Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
 That he which hath no stomach to this fight, 35
 Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
 And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
 We would not die in that man's company
 That fears his fellowship to die with us.

[Church-bells are heard.]

This day is called the feast of Crispian: 40
 He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
 He that shall live this day, and see old age,
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours, 45
 And say 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian':
 Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,
 And say 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day'.
 Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
 But he'll remember with advantages 50
 What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
 Familiar in his mouth as household words—
 Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester—
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered, 55
 This story shall the good man teach his son;
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered;
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers; 60
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me,
 Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition:
 And gentlemen in England now abed
 Shall think themselves accursed they were not here; 65
 And hold their manhoods cheap while any speaks
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Re-enter Salisbury.

Salisbury. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed :

The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us. 70

King. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

Westmoreland. Perish the man whose mind is backward now !

King. Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz ?

Westmoreland. God's will ! my liege, would you and I alone,

Without more help, could fight this royal battle ! 75

King. Why, now thou hast unwished five thousand men ;

Which likes me better than to wish us one.

You know your places : God be with you all !

Tucket. Enter Montjoy, a French herald.

Montjoy. Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,

If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound, 80
Before thy most assurèd overthrow :

For certainly thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,

The Constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance ; that their souls 85

May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields where, wretches, their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.

King. Who hath sent thee now ?

Montjoy. The Constable of France.

King. I pray thee, bear my former answer back : 90
Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones.

Good God ! why should they mock poor fellows thus ?
The man that once did sell the lion's skin

While the beast lived, was killed with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall, no doubt, 95

Find native graves : upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work :

And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
They shall be famed, though buried in your dunghills.

Let me speak proudly : tell the Constable 100
 We are but warriors for the working-day ;
 Our gayness and our guilt are all besmirched
 With rainy marching in the painful field ;
 There's not a piece of feather in our host
 (Good argument, I hope, we will not fly), 105

[*The Soldiers laugh.*]

And time hath worn us into slovenry :
 But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim ;
 And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
 They'll be in fresher robes ; or they will pluck
 The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads, 110
 And turn them out of service. [*They cheer.*] If they do this
 (As, if God please, they shall), my ransom then
 Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour ;
 Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald :
 They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints ; 115
 Which, if they have as I will leave 'em them,
 Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

Montjoy. I shall, King Harry : and so, fare thee well :
 Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. THE CLOSE OF BATTLE.

Enter in utter rout the Constable of France, the Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon, Lewis the Dauphin, and French Nobles.

Dauphin. Be these the wretches that we played at dice for ?

Orleans. Is this the King we sent to for his ransom ?

Bourbon. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame !

Let us die in honour : once more back again !

Constable. Disorder, that hath spoiled us, friend us now ! 5

Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

Orleans. We are enow yet living in the field

To smother up the English in our throngs,
 If any order might be thought upon.

Bourbon. The devil take order now ! I'll to the throng :
 Let life be short ; else shame will be too long. 11

[*They rush off in tumult. Some of the French rally and take up their position on a hill near.*]

Alarum. Enter King Henry with his Nobles and Soldiers.

King. I was not angry since I came to France
 Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald ;
 Ride thou unto the horsemen on yond hill :
 If they will fight with us, bid them come down, 15
 Or void the field ; they do offend our sight.
 If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
 And make them skirr away as swift as stones
 Enforcèd from the old Assyrian slings :
 Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have, 20
 And not a man of them that we shall take
 Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter Montjoy just as the English Herald turns to go.

Exeter. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Gloucester. His eyes are humbler than they used to be.

King. How now ! what means this, herald ? know'st
 thou not 25

That I have fined these bones of mine for ransom ?
 Com'st thou again for ransom ?

Montjoy. No, great king :

I come to thee for charitable licence,
 That we may wander o'er this bloody field
 To book our dead, and then to bury them ; 30
 To sort our nobles from our common men.
 For many of our princes (woe the while !)
 Lie drowned and soaked in mercenary blood ;
 Their wounded steeds fret fetlock-deep in gore,
 And with wild rage jerk out their armèd heels 35
 At their dead masters. Give us leave, great king,
 To view the field in safety and dispose
 Of their dead bodies !

King. I tell thee truly, herald,
 I know not if the day be ours or no ;
 For yet a many of your horsemen peer 40
 And gallop o'er the field.

Montjoy. The day is yours. [*The English cheer.*]

King. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it !
 What is this castle called that stands hard by ?

Montjoy. They call it Agincourt.

King. Then call we this the field of Agincourt, 54

Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.
 Our heralds go with him : on both our parts
 Bring me just notice of the numbers dead.

[Exeunt Heralds with Montjoy.]

Come, go we in procession to the village :
 And be it death proclaimed through our host 50
 To boast of this or take that praise from God
 Which is his only. Do we all holy rites ;
 Let there be sung 'Non nobis' and 'Te Deum' ;
 The dead with charity enclosed in clay :
 And then to Calais ; and to England then, 55
 Where ne'er from France arrived more happy men.

CHORUS V. THE HOME-COMING.

Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,
 That I may prompt them : and of such as have,
 I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
 Of time, of numbers and due course of things,
 Which cannot in their huge and proper life 5
 Be here presented. Now we bear the King
 Toward Calais : grant him there ; there seen,
 Heave him away upon your wingèd thoughts
 Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach
 Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys, 10
 Whose shouts and claps outvoice the deep-mouthed sea,
 Which, like a mighty whiffler 'fore the King,
 Seems to prepare his way : so let him land,
 And solemnly see him set on to London.
 So swift a pace hath thought, that even now 15
 You may imagine him upon Blackheath ;
 Where that his lords desire him to have borne
 His bruised helmet and his bended sword
 Before him through the city : he forbids it,
 Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride ; 20
 Giving full trophy, signal and ostent
 Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
 In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
 How London doth pour out her citizens !
 The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,— 25
 Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
 With the plebeians swarming at their heels,—
 Go forth, and fetch their conquering Caesar in.

VII. RED AND WHITE ROSE

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

We learn from the play that this famous quarrel occurred on the 29th of January, 1425. The scene was the Temple Garden. Richard Plantagenet, afterwards Duke of York, the father of King Edward IV, is the leader of the Yorkist or White Rose party ; he was killed at the battle of Wakefield. On his side are two nobles, Richard, Earl of Warwick, afterwards famous as 'the King-maker', and a lawyer named Vernon, a member of the Temple. The Lancastrian or Red Rose party is headed by Edmund Beaufort, Earl of Somerset, who is supported by William de la Poole, Earl of Suffolk, and an unnamed lawyer.

Enter the Earls of Somerset, Suffolk, and Warwick ; Richard Plantagenet, Vernon, and another Lawyer.

Plantagenet. Great lords and gentlemen, what means this silence ?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth ?

Suffolk. Within the Temple hall we were too loud ;
The garden here is more convenient.

Plantagenet. Then say at once if I maintained the truth ;

Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error ?

Suffolk. Faith, I have been a truant in the law,
And never yet could frame my will to it ;
And therefore frame the law unto my will.

Somerset. Judge you, my Lord of Warwick, then,
between us.

Warwick. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch ;

Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth ;
Between two blades, which bears the better temper ;
Between two horses, which doth bear him best ;
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye ;
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgement :
But in these nice sharp quilllets of the law,

Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plantagenet. Tut, tut ! here is a mannerly forbearance :
The truth appears so naked on my side, 20
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Somerset. And on my side it is so well apparelled,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plantagenet. Since you are tongue-tied and so loth to
speak, 25

In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts :

Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,

[*He plucks a white rose.*
From off this briar pluck a white rose with me. 30

Somerset [*plucking a red rose*]. Let him that is no
coward nor no flatterer,

But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

Warwick [*plucking a white rose, and taking his place by
Plantagenet*]. I love no colours ; and without all
colour

Of base insinuating flattery 35

I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

Suffolk [*plucking a red rose and joining Somerset*]. I
pluck this red rose with young Somerset,
And say withal I think he held the right.

Vernon. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no
more,

Till you conclude, that he, upon whose side 40

The fewest roses are cropped from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Somerset. Good Master Vernon, it is well objected :
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plantagenet. And I. 45

Vernon [*plucking a white rose*]. Then, for the truth and
plainness of the case,

I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Somerset. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red, 50
And fall on my side so, against your will.

Vernon. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,

Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt

And keep me on the side where still I am.

Somerset. Well, well, come on : who else ? 55

Lawyer [to Somerset]. Unless my study and my books
be false,

The argument you held was wrong in law ;

[He plucks a white rose.]

In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.

Plantagenet. Now, Somerset, where is your argument ?

Somerset. Here, in my scabbard, meditating that 60
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.

Plantagenet. Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit our
roses ;

For pale they look with fear, as witnessing

The truth on our side.

Somerset. No, Plantagenet,

'Tis not for fear, but anger that thy cheeks 65

Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,

And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plantagenet. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset ?

Somerset. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet ?

Plantagenet. Aye, sharp and piercing, to maintain his
truth ; 70

Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Somerset. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding
roses,

That shall maintain what I have said is true,

Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plantagenet. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee, and thy faction, peevish boy. 76

Suffolk. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

Plantagenet. Proud Poole, I will, and scorn both him
and thee.

Suffolk. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

Somerset. Away, away, good William De la Poole ! 80
We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.

Warwick. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him,
Somerset ;

His grandfather was Lionel, Duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward, King of England.

Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root ? 85

Plantagenet. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Somerset. By Him that made me, I'll maintain my words

On any plot of ground in Christendom.
 Was not thy father, Richard Earl of Cambridge, 90
 For treason executed in our late King's days?
 And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
 Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?
 His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
 And, till thou be restored, thou art a yeoman. 95

Plantagenet. My father was attached, not attainted;
 Condemned to die for treason, but no traitor;
 And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
 Were growing time once ripened to my will.
 For your partaker Poole and you yourself, 100
 I'll note you in my book of memory,
 To scourge you for this apprehension:
 Look to it well, and say you are well warned.

Somerset. Aye, thou shalt find us ready for thee still;
 And know us, by these colours, for thy foes; 105
 For these, my friends in spite of thee shall wear.

Plantagenet. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose
 Will I for ever, and my faction, wear,
 Until it wither with me to my grave,
 Or flourish to the height of my degree. 110

Suffolk. Go forward, and be choked with thy ambition!
 And so, farewell until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*]

Somerset. Have with thee, Poole. Farewell, ambitious
 Richard. [*Exit.*]

Plantagenet. How I am braved, and must perforce
 endure it!

Warwick. This blot, that they object against your
 house, 115

Shall be wiped out in the next parliament;
 And if thou be not then created York,
 I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
 Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,
 Against proud Somerset and William Poole, 120
 Will I upon thy party wear this rose:
 And here I prophesy: this brawl to-day,
 Grown to this faction in the Temple garden,
 Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
 A thousand souls to death and deadly night. 125

Plantagenet. Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,

That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Vernon. In your behalf still will I wear the same.

Lawyer. And so will I.

Plantagenet. Thanks, gentle sir.

130

Come, let us four to dinner : I dare say

This quarrel will drink blood another day. [*Exeunt.*]

VIII. THE DREAM OF CLARENCE

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

George, Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV, was confined in the Tower on a charge of treason. The King did not trust him, for he had been false and joined Warwick when Warwick turned Lancastrian. Clarence was murdered during this imprisonment in 1478. Shakespeare follows the story which says this was done by the advice of his other brother, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. In this scene he is represented just before his murder, thinking of those whom he had betrayed. Sir Robert Brakenbury was Lieutenant of the Tower.

Enter Clarence and Brakenbury.

Brakenbury. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day ?

Clarence. Oh, I have passed a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night, 5
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days ;
So full of dismal terror was the time !

Brakenbury. What was your dream, my lord ? I pray
you, tell me.

Clarence. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embarked to cross to Burgundy ; 10
And, in my company, my brother Gloucester ;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches : thence we looked toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster, 15

That had befallen us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloucester stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main. 20
O Lord! methought what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon; 25
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatterèd in the bottom of the sea:
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept 30
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scatterèd by.

Brakenbury. Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep? 35

Clarence. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Stopt in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wandering air;
But smothered it within my panting bulk, 40
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brakenbury. Awaked you not with this sore agony?

Clarence. No, no, my dream was lengthened after life;
Oh, then began the tempest to my soul!
I passed, methought, the melancholy flood, 45
With that sour Ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renownèd Warwick;
Who spake aloud, 'What scourge for perjury 50
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?'
And so he vanished: then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shrieked out aloud,
'Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjured Clarence, 55
That stabbed me in the field by Tewkesbury:
Seize on him, Furies, take him unto torment!'
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends

Environed me, and howlèd in mine ears
 Such hideous cries, that with the very noise 60
 I trembling waked, and, for a season after,
 Could not believe but that I was in hell,
 Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brakenbury. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you ;
 I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it. 65

Clarence. Ah, keeper, keeper, I have done these things,
 That now give evidence against my soul,
 For Edward's sake ; and see how he requites me !
 O God ! if my deep prayers can not appease thee,
 But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds, 70
 Yet execute thy wrath on me alone :

Oh, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children !
 I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me ;
 My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brakenbury. I will, my lord : God give your grace
 good rest. [*Clarence sleeps.* 75

IX. THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER

By THOMAS HEYWOOD

*The boy-king Edward V and his brother Richard, Duke of
 York, are killed in the Tower by the order of Richard III.*

*Enter the two young Princes, Edward and Richard, in
 their gowns and caps, unbuttoned, and untrussed.*

Richard. How does your lordship ?

Edward. Well, good brother Richard.
 How does your self ? You told me your head ached.

Richard. Indeed it does, my lord ; feel with your
 hand

How hot it is. [*Edward lays his hand on his brother's head.*
Edward. Indeed you have caught cold,

With sitting yesternight to hear me read. 5

I pray thee go to bed, sweet Dick, poor little heart.

Richard. You'll give me leave to wait upon your lord-
 ship.

Edward. I had more need, brother, to wait on you,

For you are sick ; and so am not I.

Richard. O Lord ! methinks this going to our bed,
How like it is to going to our grave. 11

Edward. I pray thee, do not speak of graves, sweet
heart.

Indeed thou frightest me.

Richard. Why, my lord brother, did not our tutor
teach us,

That when at night we went unto our bed, 15
We still should think we went unto our grave ?

Edward. Yes, that 's true,

That we should do as every Christian ought,
To be prepared to die at every hour,
But I am heavy.

Richard. Indeed, and so am I. 20

Edward. Then let us say our prayers, and go to bed.

[*They kneel, and solemn music the while within ; the
music ceaseth, and they rise.*]

Richard. God bless us both ; and I desire no more.

Edward. Brother, see here what David says, and so
say I :

Lord ! in thee will I trust, although I die.

[*They go into their bedroom, and are murdered there.*]

X. THE EVE OF BOSWORTH

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

*King Richard III marches to Bosworth Field to fight the
army which Henry, Earl of Richmond, afterwards King
Henry VII, brings against him.*

*Enter King Richard and forces ; the Duke of Norfolk,
Earl of Surrey, and others.*

King Richard. Here pitch our tent, even here in
Bosworth field.

My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad ?

Surrey. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

King. My Lord of Norfolk !

Norfolk. Here, most gracious liege. 4

King. Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha! must we not?

Norfolk. We must both give and take, my loving lord.

King. Up with my tent! here will I lie to-night;

[*Soldiers begin to set up the King's tent.*]

But where to-morrow? Well, all's one for that.

Who hath descried the number of the traitors?

Norfolk. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

King. Why, our battalia trebles that account: 11

Besides, the King's name is a tower of strength,

Which they upon the adverse faction want.

Up with the tent!—Come, noble gentlemen,

Let us survey the vantage of the ground;— 15

Call for some men of sound direction:

Let's lack no discipline, make no delay;

For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day.

He rides out to survey the ground, and returns to his tent, accompanied by the Duke of Norfolk, Sir Richard Ratcliff, Sir William Catesby, and Servants.

King. What is't o'clock?

Catesby. It's supper time, my lord;

It's nine o'clock.

King. I will not sup to-night. 20

Give me some ink and paper.

What, is my beaver easier than it was?

And all my armour laid into my tent?

Catesby. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

King. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge, away;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels. 26

Norfolk. I go, my lord.

King. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Norfolk. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*]

King. Catesby! 30

Catesby. My lord?

King. Send out a pursuivant at arms

To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power

Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall

Into the blind cave of eternal night.

[*To various attendants.*] Fill me a bowl of wine. Give me
a watch. 35

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.

Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.

Ratcliff!

Ratcliff. My lord ?

King. Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord Northumberland ?

Ratcliff. Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

King. So, I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine :
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.
Set it down. Is ink and paper ready ?

Ratcliff. It is, my lord.

King. Bid my guard watch ; leave me. *Ratcliff,*
About the mid of night come to my tent,
And help to arm me. Leave me, I say.

*[Exeunt Ratcliff and Catesby, and the Servants. The
King lies on a couch and sleeps.]*

Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, son to Henry the Sixth.

Ghost. *[To Richard.]* Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow !

Think how thou stab'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewkesbury : despair, therefore, and die !

The Ghost of King Henry the Sixth rises.

Ghost. Think on the Tower, and me : despair, and die,
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair, and die.

The Ghost of Clarence rises.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow !
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betrayed to death !
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword : despair, and die !

The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise.

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower :
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death !
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die !

*[The Ghosts vanish. King Richard starts out of his
dream in terror.]*

King. Give me another horse : bind up my wounds.
Have mercy, Jesu !—Soft ! I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me !
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.

Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
 What do I fear ? myself ? there's none else by. 70
 Richard loves Richard ; that is, I am I.
 Is there a murderer here ? No. Yes, I am :
 My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
 And every tongue brings in a several tale,
 And every tale condemns me for a villain. 75
 Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree ;
 Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree ;
 All several sins, all used in each degree,
 Throng to the bar, crying all ' Guilty ! guilty !'
 I shall despair. There is no creature loves me ; 80
 And if I die, no soul will pity me :
 Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself
 Find in myself no pity to myself ?
 Methought the souls of all that I had murdered
 Came to my tent, and every one did threat 85
 To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliff.

Ratcliff. My lord !

King [*starting*]. Who's there ?

Ratcliff. Ratcliff, my lord ; 'tis I. The early village
cock

Hath twice done salutation to the morn ; 90
 Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

King. O Ratcliff, I have dreamed a fearful dream !
 What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all true ?

Ratcliff. No doubt, my lord.

King. O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—

Ratcliff. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

King. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night 96
 Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
 Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
 Armèd in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
 It is not yet near day. Come, go with me ; 100
 Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
 To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

[Exeunt King Richard and Ratcliff.]

XI. PERKIN WARBECK

By JOHN FORD

Perkin Warbeck, the impostor who claimed to be the murdered Prince Richard, Duke of York, for a time seemed likely to endanger the throne of Henry VII. The play deals with Perkin's rebellion in England, his previous entertainment by James IV of Scotland, and his captivity and death.

SCENE I. A ROYAL WELCOME.

The scene is the Presence Chamber of the Palace at Edinburgh. King James enters in state, attended by the Earls of Huntley and Crawford, Lord Dalyell, and other Noblemen. The Ladies of the Court, including the Countess of Crawford, and Lord Huntley's daughter, Lady Katherine Gordon, and her attendant Jane Douglas, are seated in the gallery above.

King James. The young Duke is at hand. Dalyell,
from us

First greet him, and conduct him on; then Crawford
Shall meet him next, and Huntley last of all
Present him to our arms. [*Exit Dalyell.*] Sound sprightly
music

Whilst majesty encounters majesty.

[*The hoboyes play.* ⁵ *Dalyell brings in Perkin at the door where Crawford entertains him, and, from Crawford, Huntley salutes him and presents him to the King. They embrace; Perkin in state retires some paces back. During this ceremony the Scottish noblemen slightly salute Perkin's followers, his Secretary Stephen Trion, Heron a mercer, Skelton a tailor, Astley a scrivener, and John a-Water, mayor of Cork. The salutations ended, the music ceases.*

Warbeck. Most high, most mighty king! that now
there stands

Before your eyes, in presence of your peers,
 A subject of the rarest kind of pity
 That hath in any age touched noble hearts,
 The vulgar story of a prince's ruin 10
 Hath made it too apparent : Europe knows,
 And all the western world, what persecution
 Hath raged in malice against us, sole heir
 To the great throne of old Plantagenets.
 How from our nursery we have been hurried 15
 Unto the sanctuary, from the sanctuary
 Forced to the prison, from the prison haled
 By cruel hands to the tormentor's fury,
 Is regist'ed already in the volume
 Of all men's tongues : but our misfortunes since 20
 Have ranged a larger progress through strange lands,
 Protected in our innocence by heaven.
 Edward the Fifth, our brother, in his tragedy
 Quenched their hot thirst of blood, whose hire to murder
 Paid them their wages of despair and horror ; 25
 The softness of my childhood smiled upon
 The roughness of their task, and robbed them further
 Of hearts to dare or hands to execute.
 Great king, they spared my life—the butchers spared it—
 Returned the tyrant, my unnatural uncle, 30
 A truth of my dispatch : I was conveyed
 With secrecy and speed to Tournay, fostered
 By obscure means, taught to unlearn myself :
 But, as I grew in years, I grew in sense
 Of fear and of disdain ;—fear of the tyrant 35
 Whose power swayed the throne :—then, when disdain
 Of living so unknown in such a servile
 And abject lowness prompted me to thoughts
 Of recollecting who I was, I shook off
 My bondage and made haste to let my Aunt 40
 Of Burgundy acknowledge me her kinsman,
 Heir to the crown of England, snatched by Henry
 From Richard's head—a thing scarce known i' the world !
King James. My lord, it stands not with your counsel
 now
 To fly upon invectives : if you can 45
 Make this apparent, what you have discoursed,
 In every circumstance, we will not study
 An answer, but are ready in your cause.

Warbeck. You are a wise and just king, by the Powers
 Above reserved beyond all other aids 50
 To plant me in mine own inheritance,
 To marry these two kingdoms in a love
 Never to be divorced while time is time.
 As for the manner, first of my escape,
 Of my conveyance next, of my life since, 55
 The means, the persons who were instruments,
 Great sir, 'tis fit I overpass in silence,
 Reserving the relation to the secrecy
 Of your own princely ear, since it concerns
 Some great ones living yet, and others dead 60
 Whose issue might be questioned. For your bounty,
 Royal magnificence to him that seeks it,
 We vow hereafter to demean ourself
 As if we were your own and natural brother,
 Omitting no occasion in our person 65
 To express a gratitude beyond example.

King James. He must be more than subject who can
 utter

The language of a king, and such is thine.
 Take this for answer : be whate'er thou art,
 Thou never shalt repent that thou hast put 70
 Thy cause and person into my protection.
 Cousin of York, thus once more we embrace thee ;
 Welcome to James of Scotland ! For thy safety,
 Know such as love thee not shall never wrong thee.
 Come, we will taste awhile our court delights, 75
 Dream hence afflictions past, and then proceed
 To high attempts of honour. On, lead on !
 Both thou and thine are ours, and we will guard ye,
 Lead on ! [*Exeunt all but the Ladies above.*]

Countess of Crawford. I have not seen a gentleman
 Of a more brave aspect or goodlier carriage ; 80
 His fortunes move him not. [*To Lady Katherine, noticing
 tears in her eyes.*] Madam, you're passionate.

Lady Katherine. Beshrew me, but his words have
 touched me home,
 As if his cause concerned me. I should pity him
 If a' should prove another than he seems.

SCENE II. THE DEPARTURE FROM SCOTLAND.

Fox, Bishop of Durham, makes peace between James and Henry, so Perkin has to leave Scotland. James has married him to Lady Katherine Gordon.

Enter King James and Perkin, the latter attended by his Wife and his Followers.

King James. Cousin, our bounty, favours, gentleness,
 Our benefits, the hazard of our person,
 Our people's lives, our land, hath evidenced
 How much we have engaged on your behalf :
 How trivial and how dangerous our hopes 5
 Appear, how fruitless our attempts in war,
 How windy—rather, smoky—your assurance
 Of party shows, we might in vain repeat.
 But now obedience to the mother church,
 A father's care upon his country's weal. 10
 The dignity of state, directs our wisdom
 To seal an oath of peace through Christendom,
 To which we are sworn already : it is you
 Must only seek new fortunes in the world
 And find an harbour elsewhere. As I promised 15
 On your arrival, you have met no usage
 Deserves repentance in your being here ;
 But yet I must live master of mine own.
 However, what is necessary for you
 At your departure, I am well content 20
 You be accommodated with, provided
 Delay prove not my enemy.

Warbeck. It shall not,
 Most glorious prince ; the fame of my designs
 Soars higher than report of ease and sloth
 Can aim at. I acknowledge all your favours 25
 Boundless and singular, am only wretched
 In words as well as means to thank the grace
 That flowed so liberally. Two empires firmly
 You're lord of—Scotland, and Duke Richard's heart !
 My claim to mine inheritance shall sooner 30
 Fail than my life to serve you, best of kings !
 And (witness Edward's blood in me !) I am
 More loath to part with such a great example
 Of virtue than all other mere respects.
 But, sir, my last suit is, you will not force 35

From me what you have given, this chaste lady,
Resolved on all extremes.

Lady Katherine. I am your wife.
No human power can or shall divorce
My faith from duty.

Warbeck. Such another treasure
The earth is bankrupt of.

King James. I gave her, cousin, 40
And must avow the gift, will add withal
A furniture becoming her high birth
And unsuspected constancy. Provide
For your attendance; we will part good friends.

[*Exit with Dalyell.*]

Warbeck. The Tudor hath been cunning in his plots;
His Fox of Durham would not fail at last. 46
But what? our cause and courage are our own:
Be men, my friends, and let our cousin-king
See how we follow fate as willingly
As malice follows us. You're all resolved 50
For the west parts of England?

All. Cornwall, Cornwall!

Frion. The inhabitants expect you daily.

Warbeck. Cheerfully
Draw all our ships out of the harbour, friends;
Our time of stay doth seem too long, we must
Prevent intelligence; about it suddenly! 55

All. A prince, a prince, a prince! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. FACE TO FACE.

*Perkin has lost and has fled. The King is at Salisbury,
preparing to march back to London.*

*Enter King Henry, the Earl of Surrey, the King's Chaplain
Urswick, and a Guard of Soldiers.*

King Henry. The counterfeit, King Perkin, is escaped;
Escaped! so let him; he is hedged too fast
Within the circuit of our English pale
To steal out of our ports or leap the walls 4
Which guard our land; the seas are rough, and wider
Than his weak arms can tug with. Surrey, henceforth
The King may reign in quiet; turmoils past,
Like some unquiet dream, have rather busied
Our fancy than affrighted rest of state.

Enter Lord Dawbeney with a Guard, leading in Perkin Warbeck, and his followers Heron, John a-Water, Astley, and Skelton, chained.

Dawbeney. Life to the King, and safety fix his throne !
I here present you, royal sir, a shadow 11
Of majesty, but in effect a substance
Of pity ; a young man in nothing grown
To ripeness but the ambition of your mercy—
Perkin, the Christian world's strange wonder.

King Henry. *Dawbeney,*
We observe no wonder : I behold, 'tis true, 16
An ornament of nature, fine and polished,
A handsome youth indeed, but not admire him.
How came he to thy hands ?

Dawbeney. *From sanctuary*
At Bewley near Southampton, regist'red 20
With these few followers for persons privileged.

King Henry. I must not thank you, sir ; you were
to blame
To infringe the liberty of houses sacred :
Dare we be irreligious ?

Dawbeney. *Gracious lord,*
They voluntarily resigned themselves 25
Without compulsion.

King Henry. *So : 'twas very well,*
'Twas very, very well. Turn now thine eyes,
Young man, upon thyself and thy past actions ;
What revels in combustion through our kingdom
A frenzy of aspiring youth hath danced 30
Till, wanting breath, thy feet of pride have slipt
To break thy neck.

Warbeck. *But not my heart ! my heart*
Will mount till every drop of blood be frozen
By death's perpetual winter : if the sun
Of majesty be darkened, let the sun 35
Of life be hid from me in an eclipse
Lasting and universal. Sir, remember
There was a shooting-in of light when Richmond,
Not aiming at a crown, retired, and gladly,
For comfort to the Duke of Britaine's court. 40
Richard, who swayed the sceptre, was reputed
A tyrant then ; yet then a dawning glimmered

To some few wandering remnants, promising day,
When first they ventured on a frightful shore
At Milford Haven——

Daubeney. Whither speeds his boldness ? 45
Check his rude tongue, great sir.

King Henry. Oh, let him range :
The player's on the stage still, 'tis his part ;
'A does but act. What followed ?

Warbeck. Bosworth Field ;
Where at an instant, to the world's amazement,
A morn to Richmond and a night to Richard 50
Appeared at once. The tale is soon applied ;
Fate, which crowned these attempts when least as-
sured,

Might have befriended others like resolved.

King Henry. A pretty gallant ! Thus your ' Aunt of
Burgundy',

Your ' Duchess Aunt', informed her nephew ; so 55
The lesson, prompted and well conned, was moulded
Into familiar dialogue, oft rehearsed,
Till, learnt by heart, 'tis now received for truth.

Warbeck. Truth in her pure simplicity wants art
To put a feigned blush on.

King Henry. Sirrah, shift 60
Your antic pageantry, and now appear
In your own nature, or you'll taste the danger
Of fooling out of season.

Warbeck. I expect
No less than what severity calls ' justice',
And politicians ' safety' ; let such beg 65
As feed on alms : but if there can be mercy
In a protested enemy, then may it
Descend to these poor creatures whose engagements
To the bettering of their fortunes have incurred
A loss of all ; to them if any charity 70
Flow from some noble orator, in death
I owe the fee of thankfulness.

King Henry. So brave !

Daubeney. Kneel to the King, ye rascals.

Perkin's Followers [kneeling]. Mercy, mercy !

King Henry. Urswick, command the dukeling and
these fellows

To Digby, the Lieutenant of the Tower : 75

With safety let them be conveyed to London.

[*They all rise.*]

It is our pleasure no uncivil outrage,
Taunts, or abuse be suffered to their persons ;
They shall meet fairer law than they deserve.
Time may restore their wits, whom vain ambition 80
Hath many years distracted.

Warbeck. Noble thoughts
Meet freedom in captivity : the Tower !
Our childhood's dreadful nursery !

King Henry. No more.

Urswick. Come, come, you shall have leisure to be-
think ye.

[*Exit, with Perkin and his Followers closely guarded.*]

King Henry. Was ever so much impudence in forgery ? 85
The custom, sure, of being styled a king
Hath fastened in his thought that he is such.

SCENE IV. FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

The scene is Tower Hill. Enter a Constable and Officers, Warbeck, Urswick, Lambert Simnel, like a falconer, a rabble following them.

Constable. Make room there ! keep off, I require ye ;
and none come within twelve foot of his majesty's new
stocks, upon pain of displeasure. [*The crowd are thrust
back.*] Bring forward the malefactor. Friend, you must
to this gear, no remedy ! Open the hole, and in with his 5
legs, just in the middle hole—there—that hole ! [*Warbeck
is put in the stocks.*] Keep off, or I'll commit you all.
[*The crowd laugh.*] Shall not a man in authority be
obeyed ? So, so, there ! 'tis as it should be. Put on
the padlock and give me the key. [*The crowd push round 10
again.*] Off, I say, keep off !

[*The Officers mount guard.*]

Urswick. Yet, Warbeck, clear thy conscience. Thou
hast tasted

King Henry's mercy liberally ; the law
Has forfeited thy life, an equal jury
Have doomed thee to the gallows ; twice most wickedly, 15
Most desperately, hast thou escaped the Tower,
Inveigling to thy party with thy witchcraft
Young Edward, Earl of Warwick, son to Clarence,
Whose head must pay the price of that attempt,

Poor gentleman !—unhappy in his fate 20
 And ruined by thy cunning ! so a mongrel
 May pluck the true stag down. Yet, yet confess
 Thy parentage, for yet the King has mercy.

Simmel. You would be Dick the Fourth, very likely !
 Your pedigree is published, you are known 25
 For Osbeck's son of Tournay, a loose runagate,
 A landloper ; your father was a Jew,
 Turned Christian merely to repair his miseries.
 Where 's now your kingship ?

Warbeck. Baited to my death ?
 Intolerable cruelty ! I laugh at 30
 The Duke of Richmond's practice on my fortunes.
 Possession of a crown ne'er wanted heralds.

Simmel. You will not know me who I am:

Urswick. Lambert Simmel,
 Your predecessor in a dangerous uproar,
 But, on submission, not alone received 35
 To grace, but by the King vouchsafed his service.

Simmel. I would be Earl of Warwick, toiled and
 ruffled

Against my master, leaped to catch the moon,
 Vaunted my name Plantagenet, as you do,
 An earl forsooth ! Whenas in truth I was, 40
 As you are, a mere rascal : yet his majesty,
 A prince composed of sweetness (heaven protect him !),
 Forgave me all my villainies, reprieved
 The sentence of a shameful end, admitted
 My surety of obedience to his service ; 45
 And I am now his falconer, live plenteously,
 Eat from the King's purse, and enjoy the sweetness
 Of liberty and favour, sleep securely.

And is not this now better than to buffet
 The hangman's clutches or to brave the cordage 50
 Of a tough halter which will break your neck ?
 So then the gallant totters. Prithee, Perkin,
 Let my example lead thee, be no longer
 A counterfeit ; confess and hope for pardon.

Warbeck. For pardon ! hold, my heart-strings ! Thou 55
 poor vermin,
 How dar'st thou creep so near me ? Thou an earl !
 Why thou enjoy'st as much of happiness
 As all the swing of slight ambition flew at.

Bread and a slavish ease, with some assurance 59
 From the base beadle's whip, crowned all thy hopes.
 But, sirrah, ran there in thy veins one drop
 Of such a royal blood as flows in mine,
 Thou would'st not change condition to be second
 In England's state without the crown itself.
 Coarse creatures are incapable of excellence : 65

[*Simmel jeers at him.*]

But let the world, as all to whom I am
 This day a spectacle, to time deliver,
 And by tradition fix posterity
 Without another chronicle than truth,
 How constantly my resolution suffered 70
 A martyrdom of majesty !

Simmel. He's past

Recovery, a Bedlam cannot cure him.

Urswick. Away, inform the King of his behaviour.

Simmel. Perkin, beware the rope ; the hangman's
 coming. [*Exit.*]

Urswick. If yet thou hast no pity of thy body, 75
 Pity thy soul.

Enter Katherine, Jane, Dalyell, and the Earl of Oxford.

Jane. Dear lady !

Oxford [*trying to stop her*]. Whither will ye

Without respect of shame ?

Katherine [*turning from him*]. Forbear me, sir,
 And trouble not the current of my duty.

[*She steps up to her husband.*]

Oh, my loved lord ! can any scorn be yours
 In which I have no interest ? Some kind hand 80
 Lend me assistance that I may partake
 The infliction of this penance ; my life's dearest,
 Forgive me, I have stayed too long from tendering
 Attendance on reproach, yet bid me welcome. 84

Warbeck. Great miracle of constancy ! my miseries
 Were never bankrupt of their confidence
 In worst afflictions till this now I feel them.
 Report and thy deserts, thou best of creatures,
 Might to eternity have stood a pattern
 For every virtuous wife, without this conquest. 90
 Thou hast outdone belief ; yet may their ruin
 In after marriages be never pitied,

To whom thy story shall appear a fable.
 Why wouldst thou prove so much unkind to greatness
 To glorify thy vows by such a servitude ? 95
 I cannot weep, but trust me, dear, my heart
 Is liberal of passion. Harry Richmond,
 A woman's faith hath robbed thy fame of triumph.
Oxford. Remember, lady, who you are ; come from
 That impudent impostor.

Katherine. You abuse us, 100
 For, when the holy churchman joined our hands,
 Our vows were real then ; the ceremony
 Was not in apparition, but in act.
 Be what these people term thee, I am certain
 Thou art my husband ; no divorce in heaven 105
 Has been sued out between us ; 'tis injustice
 For any earthly power to divide us.
 Or we will live, or let us die together ;
 There is a cruel mercy.

Warbeck. Spite of tyranny
 We reign in our affections. Blessed woman, 110
 Read in my destiny the wrack of honour ;
 Point out, in my contempt of death, to memory
 Some miserable happiness : since herein,
 Even when I fell, I stood enthroned a monarch
 Of one chaste wife's troth pure and uncorrupted. 115
 Fair angel of perfection, immortality
 Shall raise thy name up to an adoration,
 Court every rich opinion of true merit,
 And saint it in the Calendar of Virtue,
 When I am turned into the selfsame dust 120
 Of which I was first formed.

Oxford. The Lord Ambassador
 Huntley, your father, madam, should a' look on
 Your strange subjection in a gaze so public,
 Would blush on your behalf, and wish his country
 Unleft, for entertainment to such sorrow. 125

Katherine. Why art thou angry, Oxford ? I must be
 More peremptory in my duty. [*To Warbeck.*] Sir,
 Impute it not unto immodesty
 That I presume to press you for a legacy
 Before we part for ever.

Warbeck. Let it be then 130
 My heart, the rich remains of all my fortunes.

Katherine. Confirm it with a kiss, pray.

Warbeck. Oh, with that

I wish to breath my last ; upon thy lips,
Those equal twins of comeliness, I seal 134
The testament of honourable vows. [*She kisses him.*
Whoever be that man that shall unkiss
This sacred print next, may he prove more thrifty
In this world's just applause and more desertful.

Katherine. By this sweet pledge of both our souls,

I swear

To die a faithful widow to thy bed, 140
Not to be forced or won—oh never, never !

Enter Surrey, Dawbeney, Huntley, and Crawford.

Dawbeney. Free the condemnèd person, quickly free
him: [*The Constable takes Warbeck out of the stocks.*

What, has a' yet confessed ?

Urswick.

Nothing to purpose ;

But still a' will be king.

Surrey.

Prepare your journey

To a new kingdom then, unhappy madman, 145
Wilfully foolish ! See, my Lord Ambassador,
Your lady daughter will not leave the counterfeit
In this disgrace of fate.

Huntley.

I never pointed

Thy marriage, girl, but yet, being married,
Enjoy thy duty to a husband freely : 150
Thy griefs are mine, I glory in thy constancy
And must not say I wish that I had missed
Some partage in these trials of a patience.

Katherine. You will forgive me, noble sir ?

Huntley.

Yes, yes ;

In every duty of a wife and daughter 155
I dare not disavow thee. To your husband
(For such you are, sir) I impart a farewell
Of manly pity ; what your life has passed through,
The dangers of your end will make apparent,
And I can add, for comfort to your sufferance, 160
No cordial but the wonder of your frailty
Which keeps so firm a station. We are parted.

Warbeck. We are ; a crown of peace renew thy age,
Most honourable Huntley. Worthy Crawford,
We may embrace ; I never thought thee injury. 165

Crawford. Nor was I ever guilty of neglect
Which might procure such thoughts. I take my leave,
sir.

Warbeck. To you, Lord Dalyell, what ? accept a sigh,
'Tis hearty and in earnest.

Dalyell. I want utterance ; 169
My silence is my farewell.

Katherine [*breaking down*]. Oh—oh !

Jane. Sweet madam,
What do you mean !—My lord, your hand.

Dalyell. Dear lady,
Be pleased that I may wait ye to your lodging.

[*Dalyell and Jane lead Katherine out.*]

*Enter Sheriff and Officers, followed by Skelton, Astley,
Heron, and John a-Water with halters about their necks.*

Oxford. Look ye, behold your followers, appointed
To wait on ye in death.

Warbeck. Why, peers of England,
We'll lead 'em on courageously. I read 175
A triumph over tyranny upon

Their several foreheads. Faint not in the moment
Of victory ! Our ends and Warwick's head,
Innocent Warwick's head (for we are prologue
But to his tragedy) conclude the wonder 180

Of Henry's fears ; and then the glorious race
Of fourteen Kings Plantagenets determines
In this last issue male. [*Warbeck is handed over to the
Sheriff.*] Heaven be obeyed !

Death ? pish, 'tis but a sound, a name of air,
A minute's storm, or not so much ; to tumble 185
From bed to bed, be massacred alive

By some physicians for a month or two,
In hope of freedom from a fever's torments,
Might stagger manhood ; here, the pain is past
Ere sensibly 'tis felt. Be men of spirit ! 190

Spurn coward passion ! So illustrious mention
Shall blaze our names and style us kings o'er Death.

Dawbeney. Away ! impostor beyond precedent !

[*Exeunt.*]

XII. THE FALL OF WOLSEY

By JOHN FLETCHER?

Cardinal Wolsey has lost the favour of King Henry VIII by failing to obtain the King's divorce from Katharine of Aragon. He is sent for by the King just as he hears of the King's love for Anne Boleyn, whose ascendancy he means to thwart. He comes to the ante-chamber in great agitation, and is watched by his enemies, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain, who think the moment a good one for bringing about his overthrow. The King enters, reading a paper on which he comments to himself; Sir Thomas Lovell attends him.

King Henry. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated

To his own portion! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together? [*He turns to the Lords.*] Now,
my lords,

Saw you the Cardinal?

Norfolk [advancing]. My lord, we have 5
Stood here observing him: some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again, 10
Strikes his breast hard, and anon he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

King.

It may well be;
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse, 15
As I required: and wot you what I found
There, on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household, which 20
I find at such proud rate that it outspeaks
Possession of a subject.

Norfolk. It's heaven's will :
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

King. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth, 25
And fixed on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings : but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[He takes his seat, and whispers Lovell, who goes to Wolsey.]

Wolsey [starting as Lovell speaks to him]. Heaven for-
give me !
Ever God bless your highness.

King. Good my lord, 30
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind ; the which
You were now running o'er : you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit : sure in that 35
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wolsey. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time ; a time
To think upon the part of business which
I bear i' the state ; and nature does require 40
Her times of preservation, which perforce
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

King. You have said well.
Wolsey. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well 45
With my well saying !

King. 'Tis well said again ;
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well :
And yet words are no deeds. My father loved you :
He said he did, and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office, 50
I have kept you next my heart ; have not alone
Employed you where high profits might come home,
But pared my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wolsey [aside]. What should this mean ?

Surrey [*aside to the others*]. The Lord increase this business !

King. Have I not made you 55
The prime man of the state ? I pray you, tell me
If what I now pronounce you have found true :
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you ?

Wolsey. My sovereign, I confess your royal graces, 60
Showered on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite ; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours : my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet filed with my abilities : mine own ends 65
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heaped upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks, 70
My prayers to heaven for you, my loyalty,
Which ever has and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

King. Fairly answered ;
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated : the honour of it 75
Does pay the act of it : as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That, as my hand has opened bounty to you,
My heart dropped love, my power rained honour, more
On you than any ; so your hand and heart, 80
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wolsey. I do profess,
That for your highness' good I ever laboured. 85
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul ; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid ; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood, 90
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken :

Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't. [*Giving him two papers.*]

Read o'er this ;

And after, this : and then to breakfast, with 95
What appetite you have.

[*Exit, frowning upon Wolsey: the Nobles throng after him, smiling, and whispering.*]

Wolsey.

What should this mean ?

What sudden anger 's this ? how have I reaped it ?

He parted frowning from me, as if ruin

Leaped from his eyes. So looks the chafèd lion

Upon the daring huntsman that has galled him ; 100

Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper ;

I fear, the story of his anger. [*Opens the paper and reads.*]

'Tis so ;

This paper has undone me : 'tis the account

Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together

For mine own ends ; indeed, to gain the popedom, 105

And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,

Fit for a fool to fall by ! What cross devil

Made me put this main secret in the packet

I sent the King ? Is there no way to cure this ?

No new device to beat this from his brains ? 110

I know 'twill stir him strongly ; yet I know

A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune

Will bring me off again. [*Reads the second paper.*] What's

this ? 'To the Pope ?'

The letter, as I live, with all the business

I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell ! 115

I have touched the highest point of all my greatness ;

And, from that full meridian of my glory,

I haste now to my setting : I shall fall

Like a bright exhalation in the evening,

And no man see me more. 120

Re-enter the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Norfolk. Hear the King's pleasure, Cardinal : who
commands you

To render up the great seal presently

Into our hands ; and to confine yourself

To Asher-house, my Lord of Winchester's,

Till you hear further from his highness.

Wolsey. Stay, 125
Where 's your commission, lords? Words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.

Suffolk. Who dare cross 'em,
Bearing the King's will from his mouth expressly?

Wolsey. Till I find more than will or words to do it
(I mean your malice), know, officious lords, 130
I dare and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded—envy :
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin! 135
Follow your envious courses, men of malice ;
You have Christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal
You ask with such a violence, the King,
Mine and your master, with his own hand gave me ;
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours, 141
During my life ; and to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters-patents : now, who'll take it ?

Surrey. The King, that gave it.

Wolsey. It must be himself, then.

Surrey. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wolsey. Proud lord, thou liest : 145
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.

Surrey. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robbed this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law :
The heads of all thy brother cardinals, 150
With thee and all thy best parts bound together,
Weighed not a hair of his. Plague of your policy !
You sent me deputy for Ireland ;
Far from his succour, from the King, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him ;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity, 156
Absolved him with an axe.

Wolsey. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts : how innocent I was 160
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.

If I loved many words, lord, I should tell you,
 You have as little honesty as honour ;
 I, in the way of loyalty and truth 165
 Toward the King, my ever royal master,
 Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
 And all that love his follies.

Surrey. By my soul,
 Your long coat, priest, protects you ; thou shouldst feel
 My sword i' the life-blood of thee else. My lords, 170
 Can ye endure to hear this arrogance ?
 And from this fellow ? If we live thus tamely,
 To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
 Farewell nobility ; let his grace go forward,
 And dare us with his cap like larks.

Wolsey. All goodness 175
 Is poison to thy stomach.

Surrey. Yes, that goodness
 Of gleaming all the land's wealth into one,
 Into your own hands, Cardinal, by extortion ;
 The goodness of your intercepted packets
 You writ to the Pope, against the King: your goodness,
 Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious. 181
 My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
 As you respect the common good, the state
 Of our despised nobility, our issues,
 Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen, 185
 Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
 Collected from his life. I'll startle you.

Wolsey. How much, methinks, I could despise this
 man,
 But that I am bound in charity against it.

Norfolk. Those articles, my lord, are in the King's hand:
 But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wolsey. So much fairer 191
 And spotless shall mine innocence arise,
 When the King knows my truth.

Surrey. This cannot save you.
 I thank my memory, I yet remember
 Some of these articles, and out they shall. 195
 Now, if you can blush, and cry ' guilty ', Cardinal,
 You'll show a little honesty.

Wolsey. Speak on, sir ;
 I dare your worst objections : if I blush,

It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Surrey. I had rather want those than my head. Have
at you ! 200

First, that, without the King's assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate ; by which power
You maimed the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Norfolk. Then that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus* 205
Was still inscribed ; in which you brought the King
To be your servant.

Suffolk. Then that, without the knowledge
Either of King or Council, when you went
Ambassador to the Emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal. 210
That out of mere ambition, you have caused
Your holy hat to be stamped on the King's coin.

Surrey. Then, that you have sent innumerable sub-
stance

(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience),
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways 215
You have for dignities, to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are,
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Chamberlain. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far ; 'tis virtue : 220
His faults lie open to the laws ; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Surrey. I forgive him.

Suffolk. Lord Cardinal, the King's further pleasure is,
Because all those things you have done of late, 225
By your power legatine, within this kingdom,
Fall in the compass of a *praemunire*,—
That therefore such a writ be sued against you ;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be 230
Out of the King's protection. This is my charge.

Norfolk. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The King shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank
you. 235

So fare you well, my little good lord Cardinal.

[Exeunt all except Wolsey.]

Wolsey. So, farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms, 240
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured, 245
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy 250
Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new opened. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours,
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to, 255
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Enter Cromwell, and stands amazed.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Cromwell. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wolsey. What, amazed 260

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fall'n indeed.

Cromwell. How does your grace?

Wolsey. Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me 265
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The King has cured me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruined pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour: 270
Oh, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden

Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven !

Cromwell. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.

Wolsey. I hope I have : I am able now, methinks
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel), 275
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad ?

Cromwell. The heaviest and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the King.

Wolsey. God bless him !

Cromwell. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wolsey. That's somewhat sudden : 281
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience ; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings, 285
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em.
What more ?

Cromwell. That Cranmer is returned with welcome,
Installed lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Wolsey. That's news indeed !

Cromwell. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the King hath in secrecy long married, 290
This day was viewed in open as his queen,
Going to chapel ; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wolsey. There was the weight that pulled me down.
O Cromwell,

The King has gone beyond me : all my glories 295
In that one woman I have lost for ever :
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell ;
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now 300
To be thy lord and master : seek the King ;
(That sun, I pray, may never set !) I have told him
What and how true thou art : he will advance thee ;
Some little memory of me will stir him
(I know his noble nature), not to let 305
Thy hopeful service perish too : good Cromwell,
Neglect him not ; make use now, and provide

For thine own future safety.

Cromwell. O my lord,
Must I then leave you ? must I needs forgo
So good, so noble, and so true a master ? 310
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The King shall have my service. But my prayers,
For ever and for ever, shall be yours.

Wolsey. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear 315
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention 320
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee ;
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it. 325
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't ?
Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee :
Corruption wins not more than honesty. 331
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King ; 336
And—[*he breaks down : Cromwell supports him*] prithee,
lead me in :

There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny ; 'tis the King's : my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all 340
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell !
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my King, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies

Cromwell. Good sir, have patience.

Wolsey. So I have. Farewell 345
The hopes of court ! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*]

XIII. BRUTUS AND CAESAR

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

SCENE I. IN EVEN SCALE.

Caesar, supreme in Rome and now 'the foremost man of all this world', is king except in name, and the attempt to crown him stirs a republican faction to plot his overthrow. Cassius, as the most active member of the conspiracy, endeavours to win over his brother-in-law Brutus, a man of noble life and character who 'sits high in all the people's hearts', and moreover is dear to Caesar and under the deepest obligations to him.

Caesar, attended by his wife Calpurnia, his friend Mark Antony, and a great retinue, has just passed from the stage to witness the games of a public festival. Brutus lingers behind, and Cassius seizes the moment to put before him the first suggestion of the conspiracy.

Cassius. Will you go see the order of the course?

Brutus. Not I.

Cassius. I pray you, do.

Brutus. I am not gamesome : I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony. 5
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires ;
I'll leave you.

Cassius. Brutus, I do observe you now of late :
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have : 10
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Brutus. *Cassius,*
Be not deceived : if I have veiled my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexèd I am, 15
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviours ;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one), 20

Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cassius. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your
passion ;

By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried 25
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

Brutus. No, Cassius ; for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cassius. 'Tis just :

30

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome 35
(Except immortal Caesar) speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wished that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Brutus. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself 40
For that which is not in me ?

Cassius. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear :
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself 45
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus :
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester ; if you know 50
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard,
And after scandal them ; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*A flourish of trumpets and a shout from the crowd
at the games are heard.*]

Brutus. What means this shouting ? I do fear the
people 55
Choose Caesar for their king.

Cassius. Aye, do you fear it ?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Brutus. I would not, Cassius ; yet I love him well.

But wherefore do you hold me here so long ?
 What is it that you would impart to me ? 60
 If it be aught toward the general good,
 Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,
 And I will look on both indifferently ;
 For let the gods so speed me as I love
 The name of honour more than I fear death. 65
Cassius. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
 As well as I do know your outward favour.
 Well, honour is the subject of my story.
 I cannot tell what you and other men
 Think of this life ; but, for my single self, 70
 I had as lief not be as live to be
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.
 I was born free as Caesar ; so were you :
 We both have fed as well, and we can both
 Endure the winter's cold as well as he : 75
 For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
 The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
 Caesar said to me, ' Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,
 And swim to yonder point ? ' Upon the word 80
 Accoutred as I was, I plunged in
 And bade him follow : so indeed he did.
 The torrent roared ; and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy : 85
 But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
 Caesar cried, ' Help me, Cassius, or I sink ! '
 I, as Aeneas, our great ancestor,
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
 The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber 90
 Did I the tired Caesar : and this man
 Is now become a god, and Cassius is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
 If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain, 95
 And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake : ' tis true, this god did shake :
 His coward lips did from their colour fly,
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
 Did lose his lustre : I did hear him groan : 100
 Aye, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans

Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas, it cried, 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'
 As a sick girl. Ye gods! it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should 105
 So get the start of the majestic world,
 And bear the palm alone.

[A shout and flourish are heard again.]

Brutus.

Another general shout!

I do believe that these applauses are
 For some new honours that are heaped on Caesar.

Cassius. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
 Like a Colossus; and we petty men 111
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

Men at some time are masters of their fates:
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, 115
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus and Caesar: what should be in that 'Caesar'?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well; 120
 Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
 'Brutus' will start a spirit as soon as 'Caesar'.

Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods! 126

When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was famed with more than with one man?
 When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,
 That her wide walls encompassed but one man? 130

Now is it Rome indeed, and Room enough,
 When there is in it but one only man.
 Oh, you and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a Brutus once that would have brooked
 The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome 135
 As easily as a king.

Brutus. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
 What you would work me to, I have some aim:
 How I have thought of this, and of these times,
 I shall recount hereafter; for this present, 140
 I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
 Be any further moved. What you have said

I will consider ; what you have to say
 I will with patience hear ; and find a time
 Both meet to hear and answer such high things. 145
 Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this :
 Brutus had rather be a villager
 Than to repute himself a son of Rome
 Under these hard conditions as this time
 Is like to lay upon us.

Cassius. I am glad that my weak words 150
 Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

SCENE II. THE TURN OF THE BALANCE.

Brutus, after anxious thought, decides to join the movement against Caesar. The night has been stormy and he cannot sleep. He walks in his garden before daybreak. The darkness is broken by occasional flashes of lightning as the storm begins to die away.

Enter Brutus.

Brutus. What, Lucius, ho !
 I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
 Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say !
 I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
 When, Lucius, when ! Awake, I say ! what, Lucius ! 5

Enter Lucius, the page.

Lucius. Called you, my lord ?

Brutus. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius :
 When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Lucius. I will, my lord. [Exit.

Brutus. It must be by his death : and, for my part, 10
 I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
 But for the general. He would be crowned :
 How that might change his nature, there 's the question :
 It is the bright day that brings forth the adder ;
 And that craves wary walking. Crown him ?—that ;—
 And then, I grant, we put a sting in him, 16
 That at his will he may do danger with.
 The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
 Remorse from power : and, to speak truth of Caesar,
 I have not known when his affections swayed 20
 More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,

That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face ;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back, 25
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend : so Caesar may ;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus ; that what he is, augmented, 30
Would run to these and these extremities :
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatched, would, as his kind, grow mischievous ;
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter Lucius.

Lucius. The taper burneth in your closet, sir. 35
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus sealed up, and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

[Gives him the letter.]

Brutus. Get you to bed again ; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March ? 40

Lucius. I know not, sir.

Brutus. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Lucius. I will, sir.

[Exit.]

Brutus. The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light, that I may read by them. 45

[Opens the letter, and reads—]

'Brutus, thou sleep'st : awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress !'—*[A pause.]*

'Brutus, thou sleep'st : awake !'

Such instigations have been often dropped

Where I have took them up. 50

'Shall Rome, &c.' Thus must I piece it out ;

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe ? What, Rome ?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was called a king.

'Speak, strike, redress !' Am I entreated 55

To speak and strike ? O Rome, I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus !

SCENE III. THE MURDER OF CAESAR.

The scene is at first a street before the Capitol, or great national temple of Rome ; then it changes to the Capitol itself. The date is the 'ides', or 15th of March, 44 B.C.

Enter Caesar in state, attended by Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius, Publius, and Senators. A crowd comes in ; among them a Soothsayer, who has already prophesied danger to Caesar on the ides, and Artemidorus, who knows of the plot and hopes to warn Caesar. The procession advances to the front of the stage.

Caesar [*noticing the Soothsayer*]. The ides of March are come.

Soothsayer. Aye, Caesar ; but not gone.

Artemidorus [*coming forward with a paper*]. Hail, Caesar ! read this schedule.

Decius [*pushing him aside, and presenting another paper which he snatches from Trebonius*]. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,

At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
Artemidorus. O Caesar ! read mine first ; for mine's
a suit

That touches Caesar nearer : read it, great Caesar.

Caesar [*taking the paper from Decius*]. What touches us ourself shall be last served.

Artemidorus [*excitedly, while Trebonius, Decius, and Publius stand in his way*]. Delay not, Caesar ; read it instantly.

Caesar. What, is the fellow mad ?

Publius. Sirrah, give place. [*They thrust him aside.* 10

Caesar. What, urge you your petitions in the street ? Come to the Capitol.

Caesar passes to the Capitol (that is, to the 'Shadow' at the back of the stage) ; the Senators go with him.

Popilius [*following with the Senators, and passing Cassius*]. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cassius. What enterprise, Popilius ?

Popilius. Fare you well.

[*He advances to Caesar, Cassius looks confused.*

Brutus [*noticing Cassius' look*]. What said *Popilius Lena* ?

Cassius. He wished to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discoverèd.

Brutus. Look, how he makes to Caesar : mark him.

Cassius. Casca,

Be sudden, for we fear prevention.

[*Popilius kisses Caesar's hand.*]

Brutus, what shall be done ? If this be known, 20

Cassius or *Caesar* never shall turn back,

For I will slay myself.

Brutus. Cassius, be constant :

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes ;

For, look, he smiles, and *Caesar* doth not change.

Cassius. *Trebonius* knows his time ; for, look you,

Brutus, 25

He draws *Mark Antony* out of the way.

[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.*]

Decius. Where is *Metellus Cimber* ? Let him go,

And presently prefer his suit to *Caesar*.

[*Metellus advances to Caesar.*]

Brutus. He is addressed : press near and second him.

Cinna. *Casca*, you are the first that rear your hand.

Casca. Are we all ready ?

[*He takes his place by Caesar's chair.*]

Caesar. What is now amiss, 31

That *Caesar* and his senate must redress ?

Metellus. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant

Caesar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

A humble heart,—

[*Kneeling.*]

Caesar. I must prevent thee, *Cimber.* 35

These couchings and these lowly courtesies

Might fire the blood of ordinary men,

And turn pre-ordinance and first decree

Into the law of children. Be not fond

To think that *Caesar* bears such rebel blood, 40

That will be thawed from the true quality

With that which melteth fools ; I mean, sweet words,

Low-crookèd court'sies, and base spaniel-fawning.

Thy brother by decree is banishèd :

If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him, 45

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

[Metellus rises and turns towards the Conspirators.]

Metellus. Is there no voice more worthy than my
own,

To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear, 50
For the repealing of my banished brother?

[The Conspirators come forward in turn, and kneel close to Caesar.]

Brutus [kneeling]. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery,
Caesar,

Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal. 54

Caesar. What, Brutus! *[Brutus rises.]*

Cassius [kneeling]. Pardon, Caesar; Caesar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Caesar. I could be well moved, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me: 60

[Cassius rises.]

But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine; 65
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So in the world; 'tis furnished well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank, 70
Unshaked of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this,
That I was constant Cimber should be banished,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cinna [kneeling]. Oh, Caesar,—

Caesar. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus! 75

Decius [kneeling]. Great Caesar,—

Caesar. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me!

[Casca stabs Caesar in the neck. Caesar catches at the dagger and struggles with him. Several other conspirators stab him, and he defends himself until Brutus strikes.]

Caesar. Et tu, Brute? Then fall, Caesar!

[He muffles up his face in his mantle, falls at the foot of Pompey's statue, and dies. The Senators and Citizens fly in confusion.]

Cinna. Liberty! freedom! Tyranny is dead!
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Casca. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out, 80
'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement.'

Brutus. People, and senators, be not affrighted.
Fly not; stand still: ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Decius. And Cassius too.

Brutus. Where's Publius? 85

Cinna. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Metellus. Stand fast together, lest some friend of
Caesar's

Should chance—

Brutus. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer:
There is no harm intended to your person, 90
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cassius. And leave us, Publius: lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Brutus. Do so: and let no man abide this deed, 94
But we, the doers. *[Exit Publius.]*

Re-enter Trebonius. A confused sound is heard within.

Cassius. Where's Antony?

Trebonius. Fled to his house amazed.
Men, wives and children stare, cry out, and run
As it were doomsday.

Brutus. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time, 100
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Casca. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Brutus. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridged 105
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads, 110
Let's all cry, 'Peace, freedom, and liberty!'

Cassius. Stoop then, and wash. [*They gather round the body, and redden their hands with the blood.*] How many ages hence

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over

In states unborn and accents yet unknown ! 114

Brutus. How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust !

Cassius. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be called
The men that gave their country liberty.

Decius. What, shall we forth ? 120

Cassius. Aye, every man away :
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Brutus. Soft ! who comes here ? A friend of Antony's.

Servant. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel ;
[*Kneeling.*]

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down ; 125

And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say :

'Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest ;

Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving :

Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him ; 129

Say, I feared Caesar, honoured him, and loved him.

If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony

May safely come to him and be resolved

How Caesar hath deserved to lie in death,

Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead

So well as Brutus living, but will follow 135

The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus

Thorough the hazards of this untrod state

With all true faith.' So says my master Antony.

Brutus. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman ;

I never thought him worse. [*The Servant rises.*]

Tell him, so please him come unto this place, 141

He shall be satisfied and, by my honour,

Depart untouched.

Servant. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*]

Brutus. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cassius. I wish we may : but yet I have a mind 145

That fears him much, and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter Antony.

Brutus. But here comes Antony.

[Advances to meet him ; the body lies between them.]

Welcome, Mark Antony.

Antony [pausing before the body, and kneeling]. O mighty

Caesar ! dost thou lie so low ?

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils, 150

Shrunk to this little measure ? Fare thee well. *[He rises.]*

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,

Who else must be let blood, who else is rank :

If I myself, there is no hour so fit

As Caesar's death's hour, nor no instrument 155

Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich

With the most noble blood of all this world.

I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,

Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,

Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years, 160

I shall not find myself so apt to die :

No place will please me so, no mean of death,

As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,

The choice and master spirits of this age.

Brutus. O Antony, beg not your death of us. 165

Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,

As, by our hands and this our present act,

You see we do ; yet see you but our hands,

And this the bleeding business they have done :

Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful ; 170

And pity to the general wrong of Rome

Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,

To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony,

Our arms no strength of malice ; and our hearts,

Of brothers' temper, do receive you in 175

With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cassius. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's

In the disposing of new dignities.

Brutus. Only be patient till we have appeased

The multitude, beside themselves with fear, 180

And then we will deliver you the cause,

Why I, that did love Caesar when I struck him,

Have thus proceeded.

Antony. I doubt not of your wisdom.
 Let each man render me his bloody hand :
 First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you ; 185
 Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand ;
 Now, Decius Brutus, yours ; now yours, Metellus ;
 Yours, Cinna ; and, my valiant Casca, yours ;
 Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
 Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say ? 190
 My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
 That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
 Either a coward or a flatterer.
 That I did love thee, Caesar, oh, 'tis true :

[*He turns from them to the body.*]
 If, then, thy spirit look upon us now, 195
 Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
 To see thy Antony making his peace,
 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
 Most noble ! in the presence of thy corse ?
 Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds, 200
 Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
 It would become me better, than to close
 In terms of friendship with thine enemies
 Pardon me, Julius ! Here wast thou bayed, brave hart ;
 Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand, 205
 Signed in thy spoil, and crimsoned in thy lethe.

Cassius. Mark Antony !

Antony. Pardon me, Caius Cassius :
 The enemies of Caesar shall say this ;
 Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cassius. I blame you not for praising Caesar so ;
 But what compact mean you to have with us ? 211
 Will you be pricked in number of our friends ;
 Or shall we on, and not depend on you ?

Antony. Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
 Swayed from the point by looking down on Caesar.
 Friends am I with you all and love you all, 216
 Upon this hope that you shall give me reasons
 Why and wherein Caesar was dangerous.

Brutus. Or else were this a savage spectacle.
 Our reasons are so full of good regard 220
 That were you, Antony, the son of Caesar,
 You should be satisfied.

Antony. That's all I seek :

And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place,
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend, 225
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Brutus. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cassius. Brutus, a word with you.

[*He takes Brutus aside while Antony turns sadly to the body.*]

You know not what you do : do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral :
Know you how much the people may be moved 230
By that which he will utter ?

Brutus. By your pardon :

I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Caesar's death :
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission ; 235
And that we are contented Caesar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cassius. I know not what may fall ; I like it not.

Brutus. Mark Antony, here take you Caesar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us, 241
But speak all good you can devise of Caesar,
And say you do't by our permission ;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral : and you shall speak 245
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Antony. Be it so ;

I do desire no more.

Brutus. Prepare the body, then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all except Antony.*]

Antony. Oh, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers ! 251
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy 255
(Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue),
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy ; 260

Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful objects so familiär,
 That mothers shall but smile when they behold
 Their infants quarterèd with the hands of war :
 All pity choked with custom of fell deeds ; 265
 And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
 With Até by his side come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
 Cry 'Havoc!' and let slip the dogs of war ;
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth 270
 With carrion men, groaning for burial.

SCENE IV. CAESAR'S FUNERAL.

*Brutus and Cassius enter the Forum, followed by a throng
 of excited Citizens.*

Citizens. We will be satisfied ; let us be satisfied.

Brutus. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
 Cassius, go you into the other street,
 And part the numbers.
 Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here ;
 Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;
 And public reasons shall be renderèd
 Of Caesar's death.

First Citizen. I will hear Brutus speak.

Second Citizen. I will hear Cassius ; and compare their
 reasons,

When severally we hear them renderèd.

*[Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens ; Brutus goes
 into the pulpit amid a confused noise from the crowd.]* 10

Third Citizen. The noble Brutus is ascended : silence !

Brutus. Be patient till the last.

[The crowd gradually grow quiet.]

Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my cause,
 and be silent, that you may hear : believe me for mine
 honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may 15
 believe : censure me in your wisdom and awake your
 senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any
 in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, *[cries from
 the crowd]* to him I say that Brutus' love to Caesar was
 no less than his. If then that friend demand why 20
 Brutus rose against Caesar, *[murmurs]* this is my answer :
 not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more,

[*Faint approval.*] Had you rather Caesar were living, and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free-men ? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant, I honour him : but as he was ambitious, I slew him. [*Approval.*] There is tears for his love ; joy for his fortune ; honour for his valour ; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman ? [*A pause.*] If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply. 35

All. None, Brutus, none.

Brutus. Then none have I offended. [*Cheers.*] I have done no more to Caesar, than you shall do to Brutus.

Enter Antony and others, with Caesar's body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony : who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the 40 benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth ; as which of you shall not ? [*Cheers.*] With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death. 45

Citizens [in great excitement]. Live, Brutus ! live, live !

First Citizen. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Second Citizen. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Citizen. Let him be Caesar.

Fourth Citizen. Caesar's better parts

Shall be crowned in Brutus. 50

First Citizen. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Brutus. My countrymen,—

Second Citizen. Peace, silence ! Brutus speaks.

First Citizen. Peace, ho !

Brutus. Good countrymen, let me depart alone, And, for my sake, stay here with Antony : 55

[*Some murmurs.*]

Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech Tending to Caesar's glories, which Mark Antony— By our permission—is allowed to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. 60

[*Exit. The Citizens are in great confusion, and some prepare to leave.*]

First Citizen. Stay, ho ! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Third Citizen. Let him go up into the public chair ;
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Antony. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.
[*Goes up into the pulpit.*]

Fourth Citizen [*at the back of the crowd*]. What does he
say of Brutus ? 65

Third Citizen [*raising his voice*]. He says, for Brutus'
sake,

He finds himself beholding to us all.

Fourth Citizen. 'Twere best he speak no harm of
Brutus here. [*Cheers.*]

First Citizen. This Caesar was a tyrant.

Third Citizen. Nay, that's certain :

We are blest that Rome is rid of him. [*Cheers.*]

Second Citizen. Peace ! let us hear what Antony can
say. 71

Antony. You gentle Romans,—

Citizens. Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

Antony. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your
ears :

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them ; 75

The good is oft interrèd with their bones ;

So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Caesar was ambitious :

If it were so, it was a grievous fault ; [*Cries of approval.*]

And grievously hath Caesar answered it. [*Faint murmurs.*]

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest 81

(For Brutus is an honourable man ; [*Cheers.*]

So are they all, all honourable men),

Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me : 85

But Brutus says he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill : 89

Did this in Caesar seem ambitious ? [*Confused murmurs.*]

When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept :

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal 95
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse ; was this ambition ?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And, sure, he is an honourable man. [*Fainter approval.*
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke, 100
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause :
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?
O judgement, thou art fled to brutish beasts.
And men have lost their reason. [*Cries of dissent.*] Bear
with me ; 105
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Citizen. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Second Citizen. If thou consider rightly of the matter, Caesar has had great wrong.

Third Citizen. Has he, masters ? 110
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Citizen. Marked ye his words ? He would not take the crown ;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Citizen. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Second Citizen [*pointing to Antony*]. Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire with weeping. 115

Third Citizen. There 's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony. [*Cheers.*

Fourth Citizen. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Antony. But yesterday, the word of Caesar might Have stood against the world : now, lies he there, And none so poor to do him reverence. 120

O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men :
I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose 125
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar,
 I found it in his closet; 'tis his will: [*Half-shows it.*
 Let but the commons hear this testament

130

(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read), [*Hides it.*
 And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,

135

Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
 Unto their issue.

Fourth Citizen. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will! we will hear Caesar's will.

Antony [*interrupted by cries of 'The will'*]. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;

140

It is not meet you know how Caesar loved you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;

And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad:

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;

145

For if you should, oh, what would come of it!

[*The crowd get beyond control.*]

Fourth Citizen. Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;

You shall read us the will, Caesar's will.

Antony. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?

I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:

150

I fear I wrong the honourable men,

Whose daggers have stabbed Caesar; I do fear it.

Fourth Citizen. They were traitors: honourable men!

All. The will! the testament!

Second Citizen. They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will.

155

Antony. You will compel me, then, to read the will?

[*A great shout from the crowd.*]

Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,

And let me show you him that made the will.

Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

160

Second Citizen. Descend. [*Antony comes down.*]

Third Citizen. You shall have leave.

Fourth Citizen. A ring; stand round.

First Citizen. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

164.

Second Citizen. Room for Antony, most noble Antony !

Antony. Nay, press not so upon me ; stand far off.

Citizens. Stand back. Room ! Bear back.

Antony. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

[He takes away the pall, and shows the body wrapped in the military cloak.]

You all do know this mantle : I remember

The first time ever Caesar put it on ;

170

'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent

That day he overcame the Nervii :

Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through :

[Murmurs from the crowd as he points out the rents.]

See what a rent the envious Casca made :

Through this, the well-belovèd Brutus stabbed ;

175

And, as he plucked his cursèd steel away,

Mark how the blood of Caesar followed it,

As rushing out of doors, to be resolved

If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no ;

For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel :

180

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him !

This was the most unkindest cut of all ;

For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

184

Quite vanquished him : then burst his mighty heart ;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statuë,

Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.

Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen !

Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,

190

Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.

Oh, now you weep, and I perceive, you feel

The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.

Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold

Our Caesar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,

195

[He uncovers the face and breast.]

Here is 'himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

First Citizen. O piteous spectacle !

Second Citizen. O noble Caesar !

Third Citizen. O woful day !

Fourth Citizen. O traitors, villains !

200

First Citizen. O most bloody sight !

Second Citizen. We will be revenged.

All. Revenge ! About ! Seek ! Burn ! Fire ! Kill !

Slay ! Let not a traitor live !

[Some rush off for torches and weapons.]

Antony. Stay, countrymen. 205

First Citizen. Peace there ! hear the noble Antony.

Second Citizen. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him. *[Wild cheers.]*

Antony. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny. 210

They that have done this deed are honourable ;

[Uproar.]

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it ; they are wise and honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you. *[Jeers.]*

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts : 215

I am no orator, as Brutus is ;

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend ; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him :

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth, 220

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;

I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;

[A murmur of assent.]

Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me : but were I Brutus, 225

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Caesar, that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny. *[General uproar.]* 230

First Citizen. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Citizen. Away, then ! come, seek the conspirators. *[As they rush off, Antony recalls them with difficulty.]*

Antony. Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho ! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Antony. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what :
Wherein hath Caesar thus deserved your loves ? 236

Alas, you know not ; I must tell you then :

You have forgot the will I told you of.

Citizens. Most true ; the will ! Let's stay and hear the will 239

Antony. Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal :
[He reads very deliberately.]

To every Roman citizen he gives,
 To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Second Citizen. Most noble Caesar ! we'll revenge his death.

Third Citizen. O royal Caesar !

Antony *[making himself heard with difficulty]*. Hear me with patience. 245

Citizens. Peace, ho !

Antony *[speaking with constant interruptions]*. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks—

His private arbours—and new-planted orchards—

On this side Tiber—he hath left them you,—

And to your heirs for ever—common pleasures— 250

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.—

Here was a Caesar ! when comes such another ?

First Citizen. Never, never ! Come, away, away !

We'll burn his body in the holy place,

And with the brands fire the traitors' houses. 255

Take up the body.

Second Citizen. Go fetch fire.

Third Citizen. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Citizen. Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[The Citizens seize the body, break up the benches, and rush off.]

Antony. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
 Take thou what course thou wilt ! 261

SCENE V. A QUARREL.

Brutus and Cassius are forced by Antony's speech to fly from Rome. They gather an army in the East, where they are met by Octavius Caesar, the heir of Julius Caesar, and by Antony. The powerful scene here given shows a momentary change in the relations between the two chief conspirators. The place is Brutus' tent. Brutus remains quietly seated, while Cassius in his passion walks up and down the tent.

Enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cassius. That you have wronged me doth appear in this :

You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
 For taking bribes here of the Sardians :
 Wherein my letters, praying on his side
 Because I knew the man, were slighted off. 5

Brutus. You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

Cassius. In such a time as this it is not meet
 That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Brutus. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
 Are much condemned to have an itching palm ; 10
 To sell and mart your offices for gold
 To undeservers.

Cassius [*half-drawing his sword*]. I an itching palm !
 You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
 Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Brutus. The name of Cassius honours this corrup-
 tion, 15
 And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cassius. Chastisement !

Brutus. Remember March, the ides of March remember :
 Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?
 What villain touched his body, that did stab, 20
 And not for justice ? What, shall one of us,
 That struck the foremost man of all this world
 But for supporting robbers, shall we now
 Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
 And sell the mighty space of our large honours 25
 For so much trash as may be graspèd thus ?
 I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
 Than such a Roman.

Cassius. Brutus, bait not me,
 I'll not endure it : you forget yourself,
 To hedge me in ; I am a soldier, aye, 30
 Older in practice, abler than yourself
 To make conditions.

Brutus. Go to ; you are not, Cassius.

Cassius. I am.

Brutus. I say, you are not.

Cassius. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself ; 35
 Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Brutus. Away, slight man !

Cassius. Is 't possible ? [*Advances to Brutus.*

Brutus. Hear me, for I will speak,
 Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?

Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares ? 40

Cassius [*walking up and down the tent*]. O ye gods, ye gods ! Must I endure all this ?

Brutus. All this ! aye, more : fret till your proud heart break ;

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?

Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch 45

Under your testy humour ? By the gods,

You shall digest the venom of your spleen,

Though it do split you ; for, from this day forth,

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,

When you are waspish.

Cassius. Is it come to this ? 50

Brutus. You say you are a better soldier :

Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,

And it shall please me well : for mine own part,

I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cassius [*trying to control himself*]. You wrong me every

way ; you wrong me, Brutus ; 55

I said an elder soldier, not a better :

Did I say, better ?

Brutus. If you did, I care not.

Cassius. When Caesar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

Brutus. Peace, peace ! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cassius. I durst not ! 60

Brutus. No.

Cassius. What, durst not tempt him ?

Brutus. For your life you durst not.

Cassius. Do not presume too much upon my love ;

I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Brutus. You have done that you should be sorry for. 65

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;

For I am armed so strong in honesty,

That they pass by me as the idle wind

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, which you denied me ; 70

For I can raise no money by vile means :

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash

By any indirection. I did send 75
 To you for gold to pay my legions,
 Which you denied me : was that done like Cassius ?
 Should I have answered Caius Cassius so ?
 When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
 To lock such rascal counters from his friends, 80
 Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
 Dash him to pieces !

Cassius. I denied you not.

Brutus. You did.

Cassius. I did not ; he was but a fool
 That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my
 heart :

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities, 85
 But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Brutus. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cassius. You love me not.

Brutus. I do not like your faults.

Cassius. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Brutus. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
 As huge as high Olympus. 91

Cassius. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
 Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
 For Cassius is aweary of the world ;
 Hated by one he loves ; braved by his brother ; 95
 Checked like a bondman ; all his faults observed,
 Set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote,
 To cast into my teeth. Oh, I could weep
 My spirit from mine eyes ! [*He unsheathes his dagger*
and offers it to Brutus.] There is my dagger,

And here my naked breast ; within, a heart 100
 Dearer than Pluto's mine, richer than gold :
 If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;
 I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :
 Strike, as thou didst at Caesar ; for, I know
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
 Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Brutus [rising]. Sheath your dagger : 106
 Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
 Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
 Oh, Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb
 That carries anger as the flint bears fire ; 110
 Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark

And straight is cold again.

Cassius. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him?

Brutus. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too. 115
Cassius. Do you confess so much? Give me your
hand.

Brutus. And my heart too. [*They embrace.*]

Cassius. O Brutus,—

Brutus. What's the matter?

Cassius. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Brutus. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth, 120
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

SCENE VI. THE DEATH OF BRUTUS.

In the battle which took place at Philippi, Brutus gave the word to charge too soon. Following up a slight success against Octavius' troops, he left Cassius' wing unguarded, and Antony at once surrounded this, and took the camp. Cassius killed himself in despair. In a second fight Brutus was utterly defeated. With a remnant of his followers he seeks shelter in some rocky ground; and as night comes on, he sends one of his soldiers named Statilius to find out the number of the slain. Statilius passes through the ranks of the enemy and signals by torch-light that all is well, but on attempting to return is killed.

Enter Brutus, attended by Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

Brutus. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock. [*He sits down: Strato is worn out, and sleeps.*]

Clitus. Statilius showed the torch-light, but, my lord,
He came not back: he is or ta'en, or slain.

Brutus. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. 5

[*Whispering.*]

Clitus. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Brutus. Peace, then, no words.

Clitus. I'll rather kill myself.

Brutus [*rising*]. Hark thee, Dardanius. [*Whispers.*

Dardanius. Shall I do such a deed ?

Clitus [*moving to Dardanius*]. O Dardanius !

Dardanius. O Clitus ! 10

Clitus. What ill request did Brutus make to thee ?

Dardanius. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Clitus. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,

That it runs over even at his eyes.

Brutus. Come hither, good Volumnius ; list a word. 15

Volumnius. What says my lord ?

Brutus. Why this, Volumnius :

The ghost of Caesar hath appeared to me

Two several times by night : at Sardis once,

And this last night here in Philippi fields.

I know my hour is come.

Volumnius. Not so, my lord. 20

Brutus. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes ;

Our enemies have beat us to the pit : [*Low alarums.*

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,

Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius, 25

Thou know'st that we two went to school together :

Even for that our love of old, I prithee,

Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Volumnius. That 's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum still.*

Clitus. Fly, fly, my lord ; there is no tarrying here 30

Brutus. Farewell to you ; and you ; and you,

Volumnius. [*He shakes hands with each of them.*

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep ;

Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,

My heart doth joy, that yet in all my life

I found no man but he was true to me. 35

I shall have glory by this losing day,

More than Octavius and Mark Antony

By this vile conquest shall attain unto.

So, fare you well at once ; for Brutus' tongue

Hath almost ended his life's history ; 40

Night hangs upon mine eyes ; my bones would rest,

That have but laboured to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. A cry is heard, ' Fly, fly, fly ! '*

Clitus. Fly, my lord, fly.

Brutus.

Hence, I will follow.

[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*]

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord :

Thou art a fellow of a good respect ;

45

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it :

Hold then my sword—and turn away thy face—

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato ?

Strato. Give me your hand first : [*they clasp hands*]
fare you well, my lord. [*Strato holds the sword.*]

Brutus. Farewell, good Strato. [*He runs on his sword.*]

Caesar, now be still ;

50

I killed not thee with half so good a will. [*Dies.*]

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Octavius, Antony, and their army, with Messala and Lucilius, two friends of Brutus, prisoners.

Octavius. What man is that ?

Messala. My master's man. Strato, where is thy master ?

Strato. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala :
The conquerors can but make a fire of him ; 55
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Lucilius. So Brutus should be found.

Messala [to Strato]. How died my master ?

Strato. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Antony. This was the noblest Roman of them all : 60

All the conspirators, save only he,

Did that they did in envy of great Caesar ;

He only, in a general honest thought

And common good to all, made one of them

His life was gentle, and the elements

65

So mixed in him that Nature might stand up

And say to all the world 'This was a man !'

Octavius. According to his virtue let us use him,

With all respect and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,

70

Most like a soldier, orderèd honourably.

So, call the field to rest, and let 's away,

To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt, the soldiers setting their spears beneath the body and carrying it off.*]

XIV. A NOBLE REVENGE

BY PHILIP MASSINGER

Rutilio, an Italian, flying from his native land, reaches Lisbon, and is forced into a street fight with a young Portuguese nobleman whom he runs through and leaves for dead. To escape capture, he rushes through an open door into a house hard by. It belongs to Guiomar, sister of Manuel du Sosa, the governor of Lisbon, and mother of Duarte, a gifted and high-spirited young man, but overbearing and quarrelsome. The feuds which he wantonly provokes cause his mother great anxiety.

The scene is a bedroom in the house of Guiomar.

Enter Guiomar and her Servants.

Guiomar. He 's not i' the house?

Servants.

No, madam.

Guiomar.

Haste and seek him,

Go all, and everywhere; I'll not to bed

Till you return him. Take away the lights too;

The moon lends me too much to find my fears,

And those devotions I am to pay

5

Are written in my heart, not in this book,

And I shall read them there without a taper.

[She kneels in prayer. Exeunt Servants with lights.]

Enter Rutilio. He moves cautiously, feeling his way, and speaks in a low voice.

Rutilio. I am pursued; all the ports are stopped too;

Not any hope to escape; behind, before me,

On either side, I am beset—cursed fortune!—

10

Redeemed from one affliction to another.

Would I had made the greedy waves my tomb

And died obscure and innocent! not, as Nero,

Smeared o'er with blood. Whither have my fears brought me?

I am got into a house; the doors all open;

15

This, by the largeness of the room, the hangings,

And other rich adornments glistening through

The sable mask of night, says it belongs

To one of means and rank. No servant stirring?

Murmur nor whisper ?

Guiomar.

Who 's that ?

Rutilio [*aside*].

By the voice 20

This is a woman.

Guiomar.

Stephano, Jasper, Julia !

Who waits there ?

Rutilio [*aside*]. 'Tis the lady of the house ;

I'll fly to her protection.

Guiomar [*rising*].

Speak, what are you ?

Rutilio. Of all that ever breathed, a man most wretched.

Guiomar. I am sure you are a man of most ill manners ;

You could not with so little reverence else 26

Press to my private chamber. Whither would you ?

Or what do you seek for ?

Rutilio.

Gracious woman, hear me :

I am a stranger, and in that I answer

All your demands ; a most unfortunate stranger 30

That, called unto it by my enemy's pride,

Have left him dead i' the streets. Justice pursues me,

And for that life I took unwillingly

And in a fair defence, I must lose mine,

Unless you in your charity protect me. 35

Your house is now my sanctuary ; and the altar

I gladly would take hold of, your sweet mercy.

By all that 's dear unto you, by your virtues

And by your innocence that needs no forgiveness,

Take pity on me.

Guiomar.

Are you a Castilian ?

40

Rutilio. No, madam ; Italy claims my birth.

Guiomar.

I ask not

With purpose to betray you ; if you were

Ten thousand times a Spaniard, the nation

We Portugals most hate, I yet would save you,

If it lay in my power. Lift up these hangings ; 45

Behind my bed's head there 's a hollow place,

Into which enter. [*Rutilio conceals himself.*] So ; but from

this stir not :

If the officers come, as you expect they will do,

I know they owe such reverence to my lodgings

That they will easily give credit to me 50

And search no further.

Rutilio.

The blest saints pay for me :

The infinite debt I owe you !

Guiomar [*aside*]. How he quakes !
 Thus far I feel his heart beat. [*Aloud.*] Be of comfort ;
 Once more I give my promise for your safety.
 All men are subject to such accidents, 55
 Especially the valiant : [*aside*] and who knows not
 But that the charity I afford this stranger
 My only son elsewhere may stand in need of ?

*Enter Page, Officers, and Servants, with the body of
 Guiomar's son Duarte. Lights are brought in.*

First Servant. Now, madam, if your wisdom ever could
 Raise up defences against floods of sorrow 60
 That haste to overwhelm you, make true use of
 Your great discretion.

Second Servant. Your only son
 My Lord Duarte's slain.

First Officer. His murderer,
 Pursued by us, was by a boy discovered
 Entering your house, and that induced us 65
 To press into it for his apprehension.

Guiomar [*sinking into a chair*]. Oh !

First Servant. Sure her heart is broke.

Officer Madam !

Guiomar. Stand off ;

My sorrow is so dear and precious to me
 That you must not partake it ; suffer it,
 Like wounds that do bleed inward, to dispatch me. 70
 [*Aside.*] O my Duarte, such an end as this
 Thy pride long since did prophesy. Thou art dead ;
 And, to increase my misery, thy sad mother
 Must make a wilful shipwreck of her vow,
 Or thou fall unavenged. My soul's divided ; 75
 And piety to a son and true performance
 Of hospitable duties to my guest,
 That are to others angels, are my Furies :
 Vengeance knocks at my heart, but my word given
 Denies the entrance. Is no medium left 80
 But that I must protect the murderer
 Or suffer in that faith he made his altar ?
 Motherly love, give place ; the fault, made this way,
 To keep a vow to which high heaven is witness,
 Heaven may be pleased to pardon.

Enter Manuel du Sosa, Doctors, and Surgeons.

Manuel. 'Tis too late. 85

He's gone, past all recovery : now my reproof
Were but unseasonable when I should give comfort ;
And yet remember, sister—

Guomar. Oh, forbear !
Search for the murderer, and remove the body
And, as you think fit, give it burial. 90

Wretch that I am, uncapable of all comfort !
And therefore I entreat my friends and kinsfolk
And you, my lord, for some space to forbear
Your courteous visitations.

Manuel. We obey you
[*They all leave her and take away the body.*

Rutilio [aside]. My spirits come back and now despair
resigns 95

Her place again to hope.

Guomar. Whate'er thou art
To whom I have given means of life, to witness
With what religion I have kept my promise,
Come fearless forth : but let thy face be covered
That I hereafter be not forced to know thee ; 100
For motherly affection may return,
My vow once paid to heaven. [*Rutilio comes forth with
his face covered.*] Thou hast taken from me

The respiration of my heart, the light
Of my swoln eyes, in his life that sustained me :
Yet my word given to save you I make good, 105
Because what you did was not done with malice.
You are not known ; there is no mark about you
That can discover you ; let not fear betray you :
With all convenient speed you can, fly from me,
That I may never see you ; and that want 110
Of means may be no let unto your journey,
There are a hundred crowns. [*She gives him a purse.*] You
are at the door now,
And so, farewell for ever.

Rutilio [kneeling]. Let me first fall
Before your feet and on them pay the duty
I owe your goodness : next, all blessings to you, 115
And heaven restore the joys I have bereft you
With full increase hereafter ! [*He rises*] Living, be
The goddess stiled of hospitality ! [*Exeunt severally.*

XV. ANTONIO AND SHYLOCK

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

SCENE I. THE SECOND ARROW.

Antonio is a rich merchant in the city of Venice, which was once one of the great trading cities of the world. He is one of the most generous of men, never weary of doing his friends a kindness, lending without interest to those who are in difficulty, and spending large sums in relieving poor debtors.

His greatest friend is Bassanio, a soldier and scholar, frank and open, but careless of his money and heavily in debt.

The scene is a street in Venice.

Enter Antonio and Bassanio.

Bassanio. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate ;
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged
From such a noble rate ; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts, 5
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money and in love ;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes 10
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Antonio. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it ;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assured,
My purse, my person, my extremest means, 15
Lie all unlocked to your occasions.

Bassanio. In my schooldays, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The selfsame way with more advised watch,
To find the other forth ; and by adventuring both, 20

I oft found both : I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much ; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost : but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way 25
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt
(As I will watch the aim) or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Antonio. You know me well ; and herein spend but
time 30

To wind about my love with circumstance ;
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have :
Then do but say to me what I should do, 35
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it : therefore speak.

Bassanio. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues : sometimes from her eyes 40
I did receive fair speechless messages :
Her name is Portia : nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia :
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth ;
For the four winds blow in from every coast 45
Renowned suitors : and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece ;
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means 50
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Antonio. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea ;
Neither have I money, nor commodity 55
To raise a present sum : therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do :
That shall be racked, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I, 60
Where money is ; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. THE MERRY BOND.

Bassanio, knowing nothing about the business world of Venice except where to borrow money, hears that a very rich Jew named Shylock is a likely person to lend him the sum he wants. So he sees Shylock at once, not knowing that this man is Antonio's deadliest enemy. Shylock is greatly astonished at such a request coming, as he supposes, from Antonio, and he is delighted to hear of Antonio's difficulties. He pretends to hesitate, as if the loan were one which he must consider very carefully. Bassanio, not understanding his reason, is greatly irritated.

Enter Bassanio and Shylock.

Shylock [slowly]. Three thousand ducats ; well.

Bassanio [sharply]. Aye, sir, for three months.

Shylock. For three months ; well.

Bassanio. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shylock. Antonio shall become bound ; well.

[He stops, and seems to consider.]

Bassanio [impatiently]. May you stead me ? Will you pleasure me ? Shall I know your answer ?

Shylock [in the same dilatory tone]. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bassanio. Your answer to that,

Shylock. Antonio is a good man.

Bassanio [turning quickly upon him]. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary ?

Shylock [with a slight laugh]. Ho, no, no, no, no : my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition : he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies ; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,—and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men : there be land-rats and water-rats, land-thieves and water-thieves, I mean pirates ; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. *[Very slowly.]* Three thousand ducats ; I think, I may take his bond.

Bassanio. Be assured you may.

Shylock. I will be assured I may ; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio ?

Bassanio. If it please you to dine with us. 30

Shylock [suddenly changing his quiet tone]. Yes, to smell pork ; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following ; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, 35 nor pray with you. [*Controlling himself again.*] What news on the Rialto ? Who is he comes here ?

Enter Antonio, who sees at a glance what Bassanio has done.

Bassanio. This is Signior Antonio.

[*Antonio takes him aside and explains while Shylock watches with eyes of hate.*]

Shylock [aside]. How like a fawning publican he looks !

I hate him for he is a Christian ; 40

But more, for that, in low simplicity,

He lends out money gratis, and brings down

The rate of usance here with us in Venice.

If I can catch him once upon the hip,

[*He turns away, muttering.*]

I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him. 45

He hates our sacred nation ; and he rails,

Even there where merchants most do congregate,

On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,

Which he calls interest. Cursèd be my tribe

If I forgive him !

Bassanio [coming forward]. Shylock, do you hear ? 50

Shylock. I am debating of my present store ;

And, by the near guess of my memory,

I cannot instantly raise up the gross

Of full three thousand ducats. [*Bassanio makes an im-*

patient gesture.] What of that ?

Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe, 55

Will furnish me. But soft ! how many months

Do you desire ? [*To Antonio, pretending to have just caught*

sight of him for the first time.] Rest you fair, good

signior ;

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Antonio [bluntly]. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor

borrow,

By taking, nor by giving of excess, 60

Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom. [*To Bassanio.*] Is he yet possessed,
How much you would ?

Shylock. Aye, aye, three thousand ducats.

Antonio. And for three months.

Shylock. I had forgot ; three months, [*glancing aside to Bassanio*] you told me so. 65

Well then, your bond ; and let me see—But hear you !
Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Antonio. I do never use it.

Shylock. Three thousand ducats ; 'tis a good round
sum. 69

Three months from twelve ; then, let me see ; the rate—

Antonio. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you ?

Shylock [*with a change of tone, looking him full in the face*]. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft

In the Rialto you have rated me

About my moneys and my usances :

Still have I borne it with a patient shrug ; 75

For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.

You called me 'misbeliever', 'cut-throat dog',

And spat upon my Jewish gaberdine,

And all for use of that which is mine own.

Well then, it now appears you need my help : 80

Go to, then ; you come to me, and you say

'Shylock, we would have moneys' : you say so ;

You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,

And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur

Over your threshold : moneys is your suit. 85

What should I say to you ? Should I not say

'Hath a dog money ? Is it possible,

A cur can lend three thousand ducats ?' or

Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key,

With bated breath and whispering humbleness, 90

Say this,— [*He speaks fawningly, with a low bow.*]

'Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last ;

You spurned me such a day ; another time

You called me—"dog" ; and for these courtesies

I'll lend you thus much monies ?' 95

Antonio [*in great irritation*]. I am as like to call thee so
again,

To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.

If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend? 100
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shylock [quietly]. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stained me with, 105
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

Antonio. This were kindness.

Shylock. This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there 110
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Expressed in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound 115
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Antonio. Content, in faith: I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bassanio. You shall not seal to such a bond for me:
I'll rather dwell in my necessity. 121

Antonio. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond. 125

Shylock [pityingly]. O father Abram! what these
Christians are,

Whose own hard dealing teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! [*To Bassanio*.] Pray you, tell me
this;

If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture? 130

A pound of man's flesh taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu; 135
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

Antonio, Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shylock [*eagerly*]. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's ;

Give him direction for this merry bond ;
And I will go and purse the ducats straight ; 140
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave ; and presently
I will be with you. [*Exit.*]

Antonio. Hie thee, gentle Jew.

This Hebrew will turn Christian : he grows kind.

Bassanio. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind. 145

Antonio. Come on : in this there can be no dismay ;
My ships come home a month before the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. LOSS UPON LOSS.

Shylock has had a terrible shock in his home life. His only child Jessica, falling in love with Lorenzo, a young Venetian, has run away with him and robbed her father of his gold and jewels. He feels with intense bitterness that this is a new and worse wrong which Christians have done to him. He can get no satisfaction, for the lovers have escaped beyond his reach ; and people only laugh at him, and the boys run after him in the streets, shouting after him the cry which broke from his lips in the first moments of his loss, ' O my ducats ! O my daughter ! Justice ! my ducats, and my daughter ! '

Enter Salanio and Salarino, two friends of Antonio and of Lorenzo.

Salanio. Now, what news on the Rialto !

Salarino. Why, yet it lives there unchecked, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas ; the Goodwins, I think they call the place ; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

Salanio. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapped ginger. But it is true that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O, that I had a title—
good enough to keep his name company !—

Salarino. Come, the full stop.

Salanio. Ha ! what say'st thou ? Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salarino. I would it might prove the end of his losses. 15

Salanio. Let me say 'amen' betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter Shylock. *He looks much older, and has a worn and hunted look.*

How now Shylock ? what news among the merchants ?

Shylock. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight. 20

Salarino. That's certain. I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no ?

Shylock. There I have another bad match : a bankrupt, 25 a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto ; a beggar, that used to come so smug upon the mart. Let him look to his bond : he was wont to call me usurer ; let him look to his bond : he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy ; let him look to his bond. 30

Salarino. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh : what's that good for ?

Shylock. To bait fish withal : if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million ; laughed at my losses, 35 mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies ; and what's his reason ? [*A pause.*] I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes ? hath not a Jew hands, organs, senses, affections, passions ? fed with the same food, hurt with the 40 same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is ? If you prick us, do we not bleed ? if you tickle us, do we not laugh ? if you poison us, do we not die ? and if you wrong us, shall we 45 not revenge ? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility ? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be, by Christian example ? Why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute ; 50 and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salarino. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter Tubal.

Salanio. Here comes another of the tribe : a third ⁵⁵ cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[Exeunt Salanio, Salarino, and servant.]

Shylock. How now, Tubal ! what news from Genoa ? Hast thou found my daughter ?

Tubal [shaking his head]. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her. ⁶⁰

Shylock [frantically]. Why there, there, there ! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort ! The curse never fell upon our nation till now ; I never felt it till now ; two thousand ducats in that ; and other precious, precious jewels. I would my ⁶⁵ daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear ! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin ! No news of them ? why so ? *[he breaks down, and speaks with a mournful wail]*—and I know not what's spent in the search : why then, loss upon loss ! ⁷⁰ the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief ; and no satisfaction, no revenge : nor no ill luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders ; no sighs but o' my breathing ; no tears but o' my shedding.

Tubal. Yes, other men have ill luck too, Antonio, as ⁷⁵ I heard in Genoa,—

Shylock [shrieking]. What, what, what ? ill luck, ill luck ?

Tubal. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shylock. I thank God ! I thank God ! *[Eagerly.]* Is it ⁸⁰ true ? is it true ?

Tubal [quickly]. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shylock. I thank thee, good Tubal : good news, good news ! *[Laughing.]* Ha, ha, where ? in Genoa ? ⁸⁵

Tubal. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night fourscore ducats.

Shylock. Thou stick'st a dagger into me : I shall never see my gold again : fourscore ducats at a sitting ! four-
score ducats ! ⁹⁰

Tubal. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shylock. I am very glad of it : I'll plague him ; I'll torture him : I am glad of it.

Tubal. One of them showed me a ring, that he had of⁹⁵ your daughter for a monkey.

Shylock. Out upon her ! Thou torturest me, Tubal : it was my turquoise ; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor : I would not have given it for a wilderness of¹⁰⁰ monkeys.

Tubal [*cheerfully*]. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shylock. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer ; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit : for, were he¹⁰⁵ out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue ; go, good Tubal ; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. BASSANIO'S TRIUMPH.

The scene changes to Belmont on the mainland where Portia, the rich heiress, lives. By her father's will she is not free to choose her husband, but is the prize of a lottery, depending on the right choice of one of three caskets, gold, silver, and lead. On the gold casket is inscribed 'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire' : the Prince of Morocco, opening this, finds a death's head, and is warned that all is not gold that glitters. On the silver casket is inscribed 'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves', which proves to be a fool's head when the Prince of Arragon unlocks it. On the leaden casket is 'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath'. Bassanio, not choosing by the outward appearance, takes this and, risking everything, finds within Portia's likeness, which is the winner's prize. Portia, who is in love with him, welcomes this ending to the lottery.

Bassanio has been accompanied to Belmont by his friend Gratiano. Portia is attended by her waiting-maid Nerissa.

Portia. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am : though for myself alone

I would not be ambitious in my wish,
 To wish myself much better ; yet, for you,
 I would be trebled twenty times myself ; 5
 A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more
 rich ;

That only to stand high in your account,
 I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
 Exceed account : but the full sum of me
 Is an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpractised : 10
 Happy in this, she is not yet so old
 But she may learn ; happier then in this,
 She is not bred so dull but she can learn ;
 Happiest of all in that her gentle spirit
 Commits itself to yours to be directed, 15
 As from her lord, her governor, her king.
 Myself and what is mine, to you and yours
 Is now converted : but now, I was the lord
 Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
 Queen o'er myself : and even now, but now, 20
 This house, these servants, and this same myself,
 Are yours, my lord : I give them with this ring ;

[She puts the ring on his finger. He kisses her hand.]

Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
 Let it presage the ruin of your love,
 And be my vantage to exclaim on you. 25

Bassanio. Madam, you have bereft me of all words ;
 Only my blood speaks to you in my veins :
 And there is such confusion in my powers,
 As, after some oration fairly spoke
 By a belovèd prince, there doth appear 30
 Among the buzzing pleasèd multitude ;
 Where every something, being blent together,
 Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
 Expressed, and not expressed. But when this ring
 Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence ; 35
 Oh, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead !

Nerissa. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
 That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
 To cry, good joy. Good joy, my lord and lady !

Gratiano. My Lord Bassanio and my gentle lady, 40
 I wish you all the joy that you can wish ;
 For I am sure you can wish none from me :
 And, when your honours mean to solemnize

The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too. 45

Bassanio. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gratiano. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours ;
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid ;
You loved, I loved ; for intermission 50

No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there
And so did mine too, as the matter falls ;
For wooing here until I sweat again,
And swearing till my very roof was dry 55
With oaths of love, at last,—if promise last,—
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achieved her mistress.

Portia. Is this true, Nerissa ?

Nerissa. Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal. 60

Bassanio. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith ?

Gratiano. Yes, 'faith, my lord.

Bassanio. Our feast shall be much honoured in your
marriage.

But who comes here ? Lorenzo and his infidel ?
What, and my old Venetian friend, Salanio ? 65

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salanio.

Bassanio. Lorenzo and Salanio, welcome hither ;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. [*To Portia.*] By your
leave.

I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Portia. So do I, my lord : 70
They are entirely welcome.

Lorenzo. I thank your honour. For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here ;
But meeting with Salanio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay, 75
To come with him along.

Salanio. I did, my lord ;
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives Bassanio a letter.*

Bassanio. Ere I ope his letter,

I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

Salanio. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind ; 80
Nor well, unless in mind : his letter there
Will show you his estate.

Gratiano. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger ; bid her welcome.

[Nerissa moves to Jessica, while Bassanio opens the letter. Portia notices him start and turn pale at the opening words.]

Your hand, *Salanio* : what's the news from Venice ?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio ? 85
I know he will be glad of our success ;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

Salanio. I would you had won the fleece that he
hath lost !

Portia. There are some shrewd contents in yon same
paper,

That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek : 90
Some dear friend dead ; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse !

[She goes to Bassanio.]

With leave, Bassanio ; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of anything 95
That this same paper brings you.

Bassanio [deeply moved]. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper ! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had 100
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman ;
And then I told you true : and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you 105
That I was worse than nothing ; for, indeed,
I have engaged myself to a dear friend,
Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady ;
The paper as the body of my friend, 110
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, *Salanio* ?
Have all his ventures failed ? What, not one hit ?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,

From Lisbon, Barbary, and India ? 115
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks ?

Salanio. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know 120
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man :
He plies the Duke at morning and at night ;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice : twenty merchants, 125
The Duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him ;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jessica. When I was with him, I have heard him swear,
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen, 131
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him : and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not, 135
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Portia. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble ?
Bassanio. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best-conditioned and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies ; and one in whom 140
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Portia. What sum owes he the Jew ?
Bassanio. For me, three thousand ducats.
Portia. What, no more ?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond ; 145
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First, go with me to church and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend ; 150
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over :
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.
My maid Nerissa and myself, meantime, 155

Will live as maids and widows. Come, away ;
 For you shall hence upon your wedding-day :
 Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer :
 Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
 But let me hear the letter of your friend.

160

[Bassanio, unable to speak, silently puts the letter in her hand, and she reads it aloud.]

'Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit ; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, 165
 use your pleasure : if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.'

O love, dispatch all business and be gone.

Bassanio returns to Venice at once with Salanio. When he is gone, Portia leaves Lorenzo and Jessica in charge of her house at Belmont, and then unfolds a new plan to Nerissa.

Come on, Nerissa ; I have work in hand
 That you yet know not of : we'll see our husbands 170
 Before they think of us.

Nerissa. Shall they see us ?

Portia. They shall, Nerissa ; but in such a habit,
 That they shall think we are accomplished
 With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
 When we are both accoutred like young men, 175
 I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
 And wear my dagger with the braver grace,
 And speak between the change of man and boy,
 With a reed voice, and turn two mincing steps
 Into a manly stride, and speak of frays 180
 Like a fine bragging youth ; and tell quaint lies,
 How honourable ladies sought my love,
 Which I denying, they fell sick and died,
 I could not do withal ; then I'll repent,
 And wish, for all that, that I had not killed them : 185
 And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
 That men shall swear I have discontinued school
 About a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
 A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
 Which I will practise.

Nerissa. Why, shall we turn to men ? 190

Portia. But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate ; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. FORFEIT.

Enter Shylock, Salarino, Antonio, and Gaoler.

Shylock. Gaoler, look to him ; tell not me of mercy ;
This is the fool that lends out money gratis :
Gaoler, look to him.

Antonio. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shylock. I'll have my bond ; speak not against my
bond !

I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond. 5
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause ;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs :
The Duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request. 10

Antonio. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shylock. I'll have my bond ; I will not hear thee speak :
I'll have my bond ; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield 15
To Christian intercessors. Follow not ;
I'll have no speaking : I will have my bond. [*Exit.*]

Salarino. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.

Antonio. Let him alone ;
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers. 20
He seeks my life ; his reason well I know :
I oft delivered from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me ;
Therefore he hates me.

Salarino. I am sure the Duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold. 25

Antonio. The Duke cannot deny the course of law :
Well, gaoler, on. Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. THE TRIAL.

The Duke of Venice enters in state, attended by the Magnificoes or Noblemen, to preside at the trial in the Court of Venice. Antonio is brought in, guarded; his friends, Bassanio, Gratiano, Salarino, and Salario come with him. The Court is crowded. The Duke and the Magnificoes take their seats.

Duke. What, is Antonio here ?

Antonio. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee : thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Antonio. I have heard, 5
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course ; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury ; and am armed 10
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Salanio. He is ready at the door : he comes, my lord.

Enter Shylock with a knife and a pair of scales. The crowd hiss him.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.

[*Shylock steps forward, and bows to the Duke.*
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too, 16
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act ; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty ; 20
And where thou now exact'st the penalty
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh),
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touched with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal ; 25
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state

From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint, 30
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never trained
To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shylock. I have possessed your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn 35

To have the due and forfeit of my bond:

If you deny it, let the danger light

Upon your charter and your city's freedom.

You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have

A weight of carrion flesh than to receive 40

Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that;

But say it is my humour: is it answered?

What if my house be troubled with a rat,

And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats

To have it baned? What, are you answered yet? 45

Some men there are love not a gaping pig;

Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;

Some, when they hear the bagpipe: for affection,

Master of passion, sways it to the mood

Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer: 50

As there is no firm reason to be rendered,

Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;

Why he, a harmless necessary cat;

Why he, a wawling bagpipe;

So can I give no reason, nor I will not, 55

More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing

I bear Antonio, that I follow thus

A losing suit against him. Are you answered?

Bassanio. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,

To excuse the current of thy cruelty. 60

Shylock. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bassanio. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shylock. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bassanio. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shylock. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee
twice? 65

Antonio. I pray you, think you question with the Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach,

And bid the main flood bate his usual height;

You may as well use question with the wolf,

Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb; 70

You may as well forbid the mountain pines

To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
 When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven ;
 You may as well do anything most hard,
 As seek to soften that (than which what's harder ?) 75
 His Jewish heart : therefore, I do beseech you,
 Make no more offers, use no farther means,
 But with all brief and plain conveniency
 Let me have judgement, and the Jew his will.

Bassanio. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

[He holds out the coins in a bowl.

Shylock [stepping up to him, speaking very slowly, and emphasizing his words by tapping the coins with his knife]. If every ducat in six thousand ducats 81
 Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
 I would not draw them ; I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

Shylock. What judgement shall I dread, doing no
 wrong ? 85

You have among you many a purchased slave,
 Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
 You use in abject and in slavish parts,
 Because you bought them : shall I say to you,
 ' Let them be free, marry them to your heirs ?' 90
 Why sweat they under burdens ? let their beds
 Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
 Be seasoned with such viands ?' You will answer,
 ' The slaves are ours ' : so do I answer you :
 The pound of flesh, which I demand of him, 95
 Is dearly bought ; ' tis mine, and I will have it.
 If you deny me, fie upon your law !
 There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
 I stand for judgement : answer ; shall I have it ?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court, 100
 Unless Bellario, a learnèd doctor,
 Whom I have sent for to determine this,
 Come here to-day.

Salarino. My lord, here stays without
 A messenger with letters from the doctor,
 New come from Padua. 105

Duke. Bring us the letters ; call the messenger.

Bassanio. Good cheer, Antonio ! What, man, courage
 yet !
 The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,

Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

[*Shylock begins to sharpen his knife slowly on the sole of his shoe.*]

Antonio. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death : the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground ; and so let me :
You cannot better be employed, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph. 110

Enter Nerissa, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario ? 115

Nerissa. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your
grace. [*She presents a letter ; the Duke opens it.*]

Bassanio. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly ?

Shylock. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt
there.

Gratiano. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen ; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee ? 120

Shylock. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gratiano. Oh, be thou damned, inexorable dog !

And for thy life let justice be accused. 125

Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,

To hold opinion with Pythagoras,

That souls of animals infuse themselves

Into the trunks of men : thy currish spirit

Governed a wolf, who hanged for human slaughter, 130

Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,

And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallowed dam,

Infused itself in thee ; for thy desires

Are wolfish, bloody, starved, and ravenous.

Shylock [with quiet scorn]. Till thou canst rail the seal
from off my bond, 135

Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud :

Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall

To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learnèd doctor to our court. 140
Where is he ?

Nerissa. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four of you,

Go give him courteous conduct to this place.

[*Exeunt several Officers.*]

Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter. 145

[*The Clerk of the Court reads.*] 'Your grace shall understand, that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick : but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome ; his name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause in 150 controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant : we turned o'er many books together : he is furnished with my opinion ; which, bettered with his own learning (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend), comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's 155 request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation ; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.' 160

Duke. You hear the learned Bellario, what he writes : And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

The Officers usher in Portia, dressed like a doctor of laws.

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario ?

Portia. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome ; take your place.

[*Portia takes her place on the dais below the Duke's throne.*]

Are you acquainted with the difference 165

That holds this present question in the court ?

Portia. I am informèd thoroughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew ?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

[*Antonio and Shylock come forward, and bow to the Duke.*]

Portia. Is your name Shylock ?

Shylock. Shylock is my name. 170

Portia. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow ;

Yet in such rule that the Venetian law

Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.

[*To Antonio.*] You stand within his danger, do you not ?

Antonio. Aye, so he says.

Portia. Do you confess the bond ? 175

Antonio. I do.

Portia. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shylock [*contemptuously*]. On what compulsion must I?
tell me that.

Portia [*stepping down from her seat*]. The quality of
mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice blest, 180
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest : it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown ;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty, 185
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings ;
It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's, 190
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render 195
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea ;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shylock. My deeds upon my head ! I crave the law :
The penalty and forfeit of my bond. 201

Portia. Is he not able to discharge the money ?

Bassanio. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court ;
Yea, twice the sum : if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er, 205
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart :
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority :
To do a great right, do a little wrong ; 210
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Portia. It must not be ; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree establishèd :
'Twill be recorded for a precedent ;
And many an error, by the same example, 215
Will rush into the state : it cannot be.

Shylock. A Daniel come to judgement ! yea, a Daniel !

O wise young judge, how do I honour thee !

Portia. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shylock [*handing the bond to her*]. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is. 220

Portia. Shylock, there 's thrice thy money offered thee.

Shylock. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven : Shall I lay perjury upon my soul ?

No, not for Venice.

Portia. Why, this bond is forfeit ;

And lawfully by this the Jew may claim 225

A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off

Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful :

Take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond.

[*She takes it in the middle to tear it.*

Shylock [*hastily*]. When it is paid according to the tenor. [*Portia takes it up again and re-reads it.*

It doth appear you are a worthy judge ; 230

You know the law, your exposition

Hath been most sound : I charge you by the law,

Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,

Proceed to judgement : by my soul I swear

There is no power in the tongue of man 235

To alter me : I stay here on my bond.

Antonio. Most heartily I do beseech the court To give the judgement.

Portia. Why then, thus it is :

You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shylock. O noble judge ! O excellent young man !

Portia. For, the intent and purpose of the law 241

Hath full relation to the penalty,

Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shylock. 'Tis very true : O wise and upright judge !

How much more elder art thou than thy looks ! 245

Portia. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

Shylock. Aye, his breast ;

So says the bond :—doth it not, noble judge ?—

[*He goes to Portia, looks at the bond in her hands, and points to the words with his knife.*

'Nearest his heart' : those are the very words.

Portia. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh

The flesh ? 250

Shylock. I have them ready.

Portia. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shylock. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Portia. It is not so expressed; but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity. 256

Shylock. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

Portia. Come, merchant, have you anything to say?

Antonio. But little: I am armed and well prepared.
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well! 260

Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;

For herein Fortune shows herself more kind

Than is her custom: it is still her use

To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,

To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow 265

An age of poverty; from which lingering penance

Of such a misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife:

Tell her the process of Antonio's end;

Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death; 270

And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,

Whether Bassanio had not once a love.

Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,

And he repents not that he pays your debt;

For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough, 275

[*Shylock smiles.*]

I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bassanio. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;

But life itself, my wife, and all the world,

Are not with me esteemed above thy life: 280

I would lose all, aye, sacrifice them all

Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Portia. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

Gratiano. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:

I would she were in heaven, so she could 286

Entreat some power to change this curish Jew.

Nerissa. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;

The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shylock [*speaking bitterly to himself in a low voice*].

These be the Christian husbands! I have a daughter;

Would any of the stock of Barrabas 291

Had been her husband, rather than a Christian !

[*Aloud.*] We trifle time : I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Portia. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine :
The court awards it, and the law doth give it. 295

Shylock. Most rightful judge !

Portia. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast :
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shylock. Most learned judge ! A sentence ! Come,
prepare !

[*He steps up to Antonio. The crowd give a cry of horror.*

Portia [*interposing*]. Tarry a little ; there is something
else. [*Shylock stops, puzzled.* 300

This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ;

The words expressly are ' a pound of flesh ' :

Then take thy bond, take thou thy ' pound of flesh ' ;

[*Shylock nods in agreement.*

But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed

One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods 305

Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate

Unto the state of Venice.

[*He starts back, dropping the knife.*

Gratiano. O upright judge ! Mark, Jew : O learned
judge ! [*Laughter.*

Shylock [*choking*]. Is that the law ?

Portia. Thyself shalt see the Act :

For, as thou urgest justice, be assured 310

Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gratiano. O learned judge ! Mark, Jew : a learned
judge. [*The crowd laugh and cheer.*

Shylock [*gasping out the words with a great effort*]. I take
this offer, then—pay the bond thrice,—

And let the Christian go.

Bassanio [*hurrying forward*]. Here is the money.

Portia [*laying her hand on his arm, and stopping him*].

Soft ! 315

The Jew shall have all justice ; soft ! no haste :

He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gratiano. O Jew ! an upright judge, a learned judge !

Portia. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.

Shed thou no blood ; nor cut thou less, nor more, 320

But just a pound of flesh : if thou tak'st more,

Or less, than a just pound—be it so much

As makes it light or heavy in the substance

Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple,—nay, if the scale do turn 325
But in the estimation of a hair—

Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gratiano. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

[*Shylock stands dazed.*]

Portia. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture. 330

Shylock. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bassanio. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

[*Shylock snatches at the bag.*]

Portia. He hath refused it in the open court;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

[*She gives him the bond again; he lets it fall.*]

Gratiano [seizing the bag again]. A Daniel, still say I;
a second Daniel! 335

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shylock. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Portia. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shylock. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question. [*He turns to go.*]

Portia. Tarry, Jew: 341
The law hath yet another hold on you.

[*The Officers stop him.*]

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,

If it be proved against an alien

[*Opening a law-book, and quoting.*]

That by direct or indirect attempts 345

He seek the life of any citizen,

The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive

Shall seize one half his goods; [*a loud cry from Shylock*]
the other half

Comes to the privy coffer of the state;

And the offender's life lies in the mercy 350

Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.

[*She lays down the book.*]

In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;

For it appears, by manifest proceeding,

That indirectly, and directly too,

Thou hast contrived against the very life 355

Of the defendant; and thou hast incurred

The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

[*Shylock kneels, speechless.*]

Gratiano. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself :

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state, 360
Thou hast not left the value of a cord ;
Therefore thou must be hanged at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it :

For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's ; 365
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Portia. Aye, for the state—not for Antonio.

Shylock [in a low moan]. Nay, take my life and all ;
pardon not that :

You take my house, when you do take the prop 370
That doth sustain my house : you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Portia. What mercy can you render him, Antonio ?
[*Shylock staggers to his feet.*]

Gratiano. A halter gratis ; nothing else, for God's sake.

Antonio. So please my lord the Duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods, 376
I am content ; so he will let me have

The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter : 380

Two things provided more, that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian ;

[*Shylock's face works convulsively, and he lifts his hands appealingly to the Duke.*]

The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possessed,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter. 385

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Portia. Art thou contented, Jew ? what dost thou say ?

Shylock [after a long pause]. I am content.

Portia. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shylock. I pray you give me leave to go from hence ;
I am not well ; send the deed after me, 391
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

[*Shylock totters out of court, feeling his way along the wall, Gratiano following him as far as the door.*]

Gratiano. In christening thou shalt have two god-fathers :

Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. 395

Duke [to Portia]. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Portia. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon :
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman ; 401
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt the Duke, with the Magnificoes and his train.*]

Bassanio. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties ; in lieu whereof, 405
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Antonio. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Portia. He is well paid that is well satisfied ; 410
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid :
My mind was never yet more mercenary.

I pray you, [*with a slight laugh, which she checks at once*]
know me when we meet again :

I wish you well, and so I take my leave. 415

Bassanio. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you farther :
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee : grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Portia. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
[*To Antonio.*] Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for
your sake ; 421

[*To Bassanio.*] And, for your love, I'll take this ring from
you :

Do not draw back your hand : I'll take no more ;
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bassanio. This ring, good sir—alas, it is a trifle ! 425
I will not shame myself to give you this ;

Portia. I will have nothing else but only this ;
And now methinks I have a mind to it.

Bassanio. There 's more depends on this than on the
value.

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you, 430

And find it out by proclamation :

Only for this, I pray you pardon me.

Portia. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers :

You taught me first to beg ; and now methinks

You teach me how a beggar should be answered. 435

Bassanio. Good sir, this ring was given me by my
wife ;

And, when she put it on, she made me vow

That I should never sell nor give nor lose it.

Portia. That 'scuse serves many men to save their
gifts.

An if your wife be not a mad-woman, 440

And know how well I have deserved this ring,

She would not hold out enemy for ever,

For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you !

[*Exeunt Portia and Nerissa.*]

Antonio. My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring :

Let his deservings, and my love withal,

Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment. 445

Bassanio. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him ;

Give him the ring ; and bring him, if thou canst,

Unto Antonio's house : away ! make haste.

[*Exit Gratiano with the ring.*]

Come, you and I will thither presently ; 450

And in the morning early will we both

Fly toward Belmont : come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. THE COMEDY OF THE RINGS.

Portia and Nerissa, with their disguises laid aside, return to Belmont and find Lorenzo and Jessica in the garden and music playing to welcome them. It is a bright moonlight night, but passing clouds have just covered the moon.

Nerissa had succeeded in begging her husband's ring as he showed the supposed clerk the way to Shylock's house

after the trial when she went to deliver the deed for signature.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Portia. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams !
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Nerissa. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

Portia. So doth the greater glory dim the less : 5
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by ; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music ! hark !

Nerissa. It is your music, madam, of the house. 10

Portia. Nothing is good, I see, without respect :
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Nerissa. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Portia. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark, 15
When neither is attended ; and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
Peace, ho ! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awaked. [*The music ceases.*]

Lorenzo [*advancing to meet them*]. That is the voice, 20
Or I am much deceived, of Portia.

Portia. He knows me, as the blind man knows the
cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

Lorenzo. Dear lady, welcome home.

Portia. We have been praying for our husbands' wel-
fare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words. 25
Are they returned ?

Lorenzo. Madam, they are not yet ;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Portia. Go in, Nerissa ;
Give order to my servants that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence ; 30
Nor you, Lorenzo ; Jessica, nor you.

[*A tucket sounds, and at this moment the moon shines
out again.*]

Lorenzo. Your husband is at hand ; I hear his trumpet :
We are no tell-tales, madam ; fear you not.

Portia. This night methinks is but the daylight sick ;
It looks a little paler : 'tis a day, 35
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and their followers.
Bassanio and Gratiano greet their wives.

Bassanio. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Portia. Let me give light, but let me not be light ;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband, 40
And never be Bassanio so for me :
But God sort all ! You are welcome home, my lord.

Bassanio. I thank you, madam : give welcome to my
friend ;

This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound. 45

Portia. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Antonio. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Portia. Sir, you are very welcome to our house :
It must appear in other ways than words, 50
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

Gratiano [excitedly to Nerissa]. By yonder moon I
swear you do me wrong ;

In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk.

Portia. A quarrel, ho, already ! what 's the matter ?

Gratiano. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring 55
That she did give me ; whose posy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, ' Love me, and leave me not.'

Nerissa. What talk you of the posy or the value ?
You swore to me, when I did give it you, 60

That you would wear it till your hour of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave ;
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk ! no, God 's my judge, 65
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on 's face that had it.

Gratiano. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Nerissa. Aye, if a woman live to be a man.

Gratiano. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,

A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy, 70
 No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk,
 A prating boy, that begged it as a fee :
 I could not for my heart deny it him.

Portia. You were to blame—I must be plain with you—
 To part so slightly with your wife's first gift ; 75
 A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
 And riveted with faith unto your flesh.
 I gave my love a ring, and made him swear

[*Bassanio walks aside in great confusion.*
 Never to part with it ; and here he stands ;
 I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it 80
 Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
 That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
 You give your wife too unkind a cause for grief :
 An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bassanio [aside]. Why, I were best to cut my left
 hand off, 85
 And swear I lost the ring defending it.

Gratiano. My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away
 Unto the judge that begged it, and indeed
 Deserved it too ; and then the boy, his clerk,
 That took some pains in writing, he begged mine : 90
 And neither man nor master would take aught
 But the two rings.

Portia. What ring gave you, my lord ?
 Not that, I hope, which you received of me.

Bassanio [holding up his hand]. If I could add a lie
 unto a fault,
 I would deny it ; but you see my finger 95
 Hath not the ring upon it—it is gone.

Portia. Even so void is your false heart of truth.

[*She walks away as if in anger, Bassanio following her.*

Bassanio. If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
 If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
 And would conceive for what I gave the ring, 100
 And how unwillingly I left the ring,
 When nought would be accepted but the ring,
 You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Portia. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
 Or half her worthiness that gave the ring, 105
 Or your own honour to contain the ring,
 You would not then have parted with the ring.

What man is there so much unreasonable,
 If you had pleased to have defended it
 With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty 110
 To urge the thing held as a ceremony ?

[She stops suddenly and faces him.]

Nerissa teaches me what to believe :

I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

Bassanio. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
 No woman had it, but a civil doctor, 115

Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
 And begged the ring : the which I did deny him,
 And suffered him to go displeased away ;
 Even he that had held up the very life
 Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady ?
 I was enforced to send it after him : 121

I was beset with shame and courtesy ;
 My honour would not let ingratitude
 So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady ;
 For, by these blessed candles of the night, 125
 Had you been there, I think you would have begged
 The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Portia. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house :
 Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
 And that which you did swear to keep for me, 130
 I will become as liberal as you ;
 I'll not deny him anything I have.

Antonio. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Portia. Sir, grieve not you ; you are welcome not-
 withstanding.

Bassanio. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong ; 135
 And, in the hearing of these many friends,
 I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
 Wherein I see myself,—

Portia. Mark you but that !
 In both my eyes he doubly sees himself ;
 In each eye, one : swear by your double self, 140
 And there's an oath of credit.

Bassanio. Nay, but hear me :
 Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
 I never more will break an oath with thee.

Antonio. I once did lend my body for his wealth ;
 Which, but for him that had your husband's ring, 145
 Had quite miscarried : I dare be bound again,

My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Portia. Then you shall be his surety. [*She puts the ring
into his hand.*] Give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other. 150

Antonio [*giving it*]. Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep
this ring.

Bassanio. By heaven! it is the same I gave the doctor!

Portia. I had it of him. [*Nerissa restores Gratiano's
ring.*] You are all amazed:

Here is a letter; read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario: 155

There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
Nerissa there her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
And, but even now returned, I have not yet
Entered my house. Antonio, you are welcome; 160
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon.

[*Antonio opens the letter.*]

Bassanio. Were you the doctor and I knew you not?

Antonio. Sweet lady, you have given me life and
living;

For here I read that certain of my ships 165
Are safely come to road.

Portia. How now, Lorenzo!

My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Nerissa. Aye, and I'll give them him without a fee.
[*She puts the deed into his hands.*]

There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift, 170
After his death, of all he dies possessed of.

Lorenzo. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

Portia. It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in. 175

Gratiano. Well, while I live I'll fear no other thing
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

[*They all go merrily into the house.*]

XVI. TANNER AND KING

By THOMAS HEYWOOD

SCENE I. A ROYAL GUEST.

King Edward IV, in disguise, has met John Hobs, the honest tanner of Tamworth, and for a jest has promised to sup with him as Ned, the King's butler.

Enter Hobs and his daughter Nell.

Hobs. Come, Nell! come, daughter. Is your hands and your face washed?

Nell. Aye, forsooth, father.

Hobs. Ye must be cleanly, I tell ye; for there comes a court-nol hither to-night, the King's mastership's 5 butler, Ned, a spruce youth; but beware ye be not in love nor overtaken by him, for courtiers be slippery lads.

Nell. No, forsooth, father.

Hobs. God's blessing on thee! That half-year's schooling at Lichfield was better to thee than house and 10 land. It has put such manners into thee—Aye, forsooth, and No, forsooth, at every word. You have a clean smock on. I like your apparel well. Is supper ready?

Nell. Aye, forsooth, father.

Hobs. Have we a good barley bag-pudding, a piece of 15 fat bacon, a god cow-heel, a hard cheese, and a brown loaf?

Nell. All this, forsooth, and more. Ye shall have a posset; but indeed the rats have spoiled your hard 20 cheese.

Hobs. Now, the devil choke them! So they have eat me a farthing candle the other night.

Dudgeon [within]. What, master, master!

Hobs. How now, knave? what say'st thou, Dudgeon?

Dudgeon. Here's guests come. Where's Helen? 25

Hobs. What guests be they?

Dudgeon. A court-nol; one Ned, the King's butcher, he says, and his friend too.

Hobs. Ned, the King's butcher? Ha, ha! the King's 30 butler. Take their horses and walk them, and bid them

come near house. Nell, lay the cloth and clap supper o' the board.

[*Exit Nell.*]

Enter King Edward and Sellenger.

Mass, here's Ned, indeed, and another misproud ruffian. Welcome, Ned! I like thy honesty; thou keepest promise.

35

King. I' faith, honest tanner, I'll ever keep promise with thee. Prithee, bid my friend welcome.

Hobs. By my troth, ye are both welcome to Tamworth. Friend, I know not your name.

Sellenger. My name is Tom Twist.

40

Hobs. Believe, ye that list.

But ye are welcome both; and I like you both well but for one thing.

Sellenger. What's that?

Hobs. Nay, that I keep to myself; for I sigh to see 45 and think that pride brings many one to extruction.

King. Prithee, tell us thy meaning.

Hobs. Troth, I doubt ye ne'er came truly by all these gay rags. 'Tis not your bare wages and thin fees ye have of the King can keep ye thus fine; but either ye 50 must rob the King privily, or his subjects openly, to maintain your prodigality.

Sellenger. Think'st thou so, tanner?

Hobs. 'Tis no matter what I think. Come, let's go to supper. What Nell! What Dudgeon! Where be 55 these folks?

Enter Nell and Dudgeon, with a table covered.

Daughter, bid my friends welcome.

Nell. Ye are welcome, gentlemen, as I may say.

Sellenger. I thank ye, fair maid.

[*They both kiss her.*]

King. A pretty wench, by my fay!

60

Hobs. How likest her, Ned?

King. I like her so well, I would you would make me your son-in-law.

Hobs. And I like thee so well, Ned, that, hadst thou an occupation (for service is no heritage: a young courtier 65 and an old beggar), I could find in my heart to cast her away upon thee; and if thou wilt forsake the court and turn tanner, or bind thyself to a shoemaker in

Lichfield, I'll give thee twenty nobles ready money with my Nell, and trust thee with a dicker of leather to set up thy trade.

Sellenger. Ned, he offers you fair, if you have the grace to take it.

King. He does, indeed, Tom ; and hereafter I'll tell him more. 75

Hobs. Come, sit down to supper : [*aside*] go to, Nell ; no more sheep's eyes ; ye may be caught, I tell you.

Nell [*aside*]. I warrant you, father ; yet in truth Ned is a very proper man, and tother may serve ; but Ned's a pearl in my eye. 80

Hobs. Daughter, call Dudgeon and his fellows. We'll have a three-man's song, to make our guests merry.

[*Exit Nell.*]

Nails, what courtnols are ye ? ye'll neither talk nor eat. What news at court ? Do somewhat for your meat. 85

King. Heavy news there : King Henry is dead.

Hobs. That's light news and merry for your master, King Edward.

King. But how will the commons take it ?

Hobs. Well, God be with good King Henry ! 90

Faith, the commons will take it as a common thing.

Death's an honest man ; for he spares not the King.

For as one comes, another's ta'en away ;

And seldom comes the better, that's all we say.

Sellenger. Shrewdly spoken, tanner, by my fay ! 95

Hobs. Come, fill me a cup of mother Whetstone's ale ;

I may drink to my friends and drive down my tale.

Here, Ned and Tom, I drink to ye ; and yet if I come to the court, I doubt ye'll not know me.

King. Yes, Tom shall be my surety, tanner ; I will 100
know thee.

Sellenger. If thou dost not, Ned, by my troth, I be-
shrew thee.

King. I drink to my wife that may be.

Sellenger. Faith, Ned, thou mayest live to make her 105
a lady.

King. Tush, her father offers nothing, having no
more children but her.

Hobs. I would I had not, condition she had all. But
I have a knave to my son ; I remember him by you ; even 110

such an unthrift as one of you two, that spends all on gay clothes and new fashions ; and no work will down with him, that I fear he'll be hanged. God bless you from a better fortune, yet you wear such filthy breeks. Lord, were not this a good fashion ? [*Pointing to his own leather breeches.*] 115
Aye, and would save many a fair penny.

King. Let that pass, and let us hear your song.

Hobs. Agreed, agreed ! [*Re-enter Nell with Dudgeon.*]
Come, sol, sol, sol, fa, fa, fa ! Say, Dudgeon.

Here they sing the three-man's song.

Agincourt, Agincourt ! know ye not Agincourt ? 120

Where the English slew and hurt

All the French foemen ?

With our guns and bills brown,

Oh, the French were beaten down,

Morris-pikes and bowmen. 125

Sellenger. Well sung, good fellows ! I would the King heard ye.

Hobs. So would I, faith ; I should strain a note for him. Come, take away, and let's to bed. [*Nell and Dudgeon take away the table.*] Ye shall have clean sheets, Ned ; 130
but they be coarse, good strong hemp, of my daughter's own spinning.

King. No matter, Hobs ; we will not go to bed.

Hobs. What then ?

King. Even what thou wilt ; for it is near day. 135
Tanner, gramercies for our hearty cheer !
If e'er it be thy chance to come to court,
Inquire for me, Ned, the King's butler,
Or Tom, of the King's chamber, my companion,
And see what welcome we will give thee there. 140

Hobs. I have heard of courtiers have said as much as you, and when they have been tried, would not bid their friends drink.

Sellenger. We are none such. Let our horses be brought out ; for we must away ; and so, with thanks, 145
farewell !

Hobs. Farewell to ye both ! Commend me to the King ; and tell him I would have been glad to have seen his worship here. [*Exit.*]

King. Come, Tom, for London ! horse, and hence, 150
away ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. THE RETURN VISIT.

Hobs' forebodings about his son are realized ; the boy is in prison for highway robbery. Hobs, who has just made a liberal contribution as a 'benevolence' for the French war, saddles his mare and comes to court to see if Ned the Butler can save his son's life.

Enter King Edward, the Lord Mayor of London in his robes and chain, Howard, Sellenger, and a train of Courtiers.

King. Awhile we will give truce unto our care ;
 There is a merry tanner near at hand
 With whom we mean to be right merry.
 Therefore, Lord Mayor, and you my other friends,
 I must intreat you not to knowledge me : 5
 No man stand bare ; all as companions.
 Give me a cloak that I may be disguised ;
 Tom Sellenger, go thou and take another.
 So, tanner, now come when you please ; we are provided,
 And in good time : see where he comes already. 10

Enter Hobs, looking about uneasily.

Tom Sellenger, go thou and meet him.

Sellenger. What, John Hobs ? welcome, i' faith, to court.

Hobs [brightening up]. Gramercies, honest Tom. Where is the hangman Ned ? Where is that mad rascal ? shall I not see him ? 15

Sellenger. See, here he stands ; that same is he.

Hobs. What, Ned ? a plague 'found thee ! how dost thou for a villain ? how dost thou, mad rogue ? and how ? and how ? *[He thumps the King on the back.]*

King. In health, John Hobs, and very glad to see thee ; 20

But say, what wind drove thee to London ?

Hobs. Ah, Ned, I was brought hither by a whirlwind, man,—my son, my son ! Did I not tell thee I had a knave to my son ?

King. Yes, tanner ; what of him ? 25

Hobs. Faith, he's in Caperdochie, Ned ; in Stafford gaol for a robbery ; and is like to be hanged, except thou get the King to be more miserable unto him.

King. If that be all, tanner, I'll warrant him ;

I will procure his pardon of the King. 30

Hobs. Wilt thou, Ned ? For those good words, see what my daughter Nell hath sent thee ; a handkercher wrought with as good Coventry silk, blue thread, as ever thou sawest. [*He spreads the handkerchief out.*]

King. And I perhaps may wear it for her sake 35
In better presence than thou art aware of.

Hobs. How, Ned ? a better present ? That canst thou not have for silk, cloth, and workmanship ; why, Nell made it, man. But, Ned, is not the King in this company ? [*He points to the Lord Mayor.*] What 's he in the 40
long beard and the red petticoat ? I misdoubt, Ned, that is the King ; I know it by my Lord What-ye-call's players.

King. How by them, tanner ?

Hobs. Ever when they play an enterlout or a com- 45
modity at Tamworth, the King always is in a long beard and a red gown like him ; therefore I 'spect him to be the King.

King. No, trust me, tanner, this is not the King ;
But thou shalt see the King before thou goest, 50
And have a pardon for thy son with thee.
This man is the Lord Mayor, Lord Mayor of London,
Here was the Recorder too, but he is gone.

Hobs. What nicknames these court-nols have ! ' Mare ' and ' Corder ' quotha ! We have no such at Lichfield, 55
there 's the honest Bailiff and his Brethren : such words 'gree best with us.

King. My Lord Mayor, I pray you for my sake
To bid this honest tanner welcome.

Lord Mayor. You are welcome, my honest friend ; 60
In sign whereof I pray you see my house
And sup with me this night.

Hobs. I thank you, good Goodman Mare, but I care not for no meat ; my stomach is like to a sick swine's, that will neither eat nor drink till she know what shall 65
become of her pig. Ned and Tom, you promised me a good turn when I came to court ; either do it now, or go hang yourselves.

King. No sooner comes the King, but I will do it,
Sellinger. I warrant thee, tanner, fear not thy son's 70
life.

Hobs. Nay, I fear not his life ; I fear his death.

Enter the Master of Saint Katherine's with five hundred pounds as his gift for the war ; he goes straight to the King and kneels.

Master. All health and happiness to my sovereign.

King. The Master of Saint Katherine's has marred all.

Hobs. Out, alas, that ever I was born !

[He falls in a swoon ; they labour to recover him.

75

Meanwhile the King puts on his royal robes.

King. Look to the tanner there, he takes no harm ;
I would not have him for my crown miscarry.

Hobs [*recovering consciousness*]. I am but a dead man.

Ah, my liege, that you should deal so with a poor, well-meaning man ; but it makes no matter, I can but die. 80

King. But when, tanner ? canst thou tell ?

Hobs. Nay, even when you please ; for I have so defended ye by calling ye plain 'Ned', 'mad rogue' and 'rascal', that I know you'll have me hanged : therefore make no more ado, but send me down to Stafford and 85
there a' God's name hang me with my son. [*Pointing to Sellenger.*] And here's another as honest as yourself. You made me call him plain 'Tom' : I warrant his name is Thomas, and some man of worship too. Therefore let's to it, when and where you will. 90

King. Tanner, attend : not only do we pardon thee,
But in all princely kindness welcome thee ;
And thy son's trespass do we pardon too.
One go and see that forthwith it be drawn
Under our seal of England as it ought. [*Exit a Courtier.* 95
And forty pounds we give thee to defray
Thy charges in thy coming up to London.
Now, tanner, what say'st thou to us ?

Hobs. Marry, you speak like an honest man, if you mean what you say. 100

King. We mean it, tanner, on our royal word.
Lord Mayor, we thank you and intreat withal
To recommend us to our citizens.

We must for France, we bid you all farewell.

Come, tanner, thou shalt go with us to court ;

105

To-morrow you shall dine with my Lord Mayor,

And afterward set homeward when you please.

God and our right, that only fights for us !

Adieu, pray that our toil prove prosperous. [*Exeunt.*

XVII. A CONSTABLE OF THE OLDEN TIME

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

SCENE I. CHARGING THE WATCH.

The old playwrights rather like making fun of the constable, with his pompous ways and his blundering use of long words in the effort to make himself important. Here we have a most delightful officer of this kind arranging the Watch, a body which walked the streets of a town after nightfall, kept order, and arrested vagrants. They were armed with the 'bill', an old-fashioned weapon consisting of an axe-blade with a spike at the back, fastened to a long wooden shaft ending in a spear-head. The scene is laid in Messina, but Shakespeare was thinking of London in this sketch.

Enter Dogberry, a head constable, carrying a lantern, Verges, a petty constable, and the Watch, armed with brown bills.

Dogberry. Are you good men and true ?

Verges. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogberry. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the Prince's watch.

Verges. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogberry. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable ? 10

First Watch. Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal ; for they can write and read.

Dogberry. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. God hath blessed you with a good name : to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune ; but to write and read comes by nature. 15

Second Watch. Both which, master constable,—

Dogberry. You have : I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it ; and for your writing and reading, 20 let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch ; therefore bear you the lantern. [*Gives him the lantern.*] This is your charge : you shall comprehend all vagrom men ; you are to bid 25 any man stand, in the Prince's name.

Second Watch. How, if a' will not stand ?

Dogberry. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go ; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave. 30

Verges. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the Prince's subjects.

Dogberry. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Prince's subjects. [*To the Watch.*] You shall also make no noise in the streets ; for, for the watch to babble 35 and talk is most tolerable and not to be endured.

Second Watch. We will rather sleep than talk : we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogberry. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman ; for I cannot see how sleeping should 40 offend : only have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

Watch. How if they will not ?

Dogberry. Why, then, let them alone till they are sober : 45 if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

Watch. Well, sir.

Dogberry. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man ; and, for such 50 kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

Second Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him ?

Dogberry. Truly, by your office, you may ; but I think 55 they that touch pitch will be defiled : the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verges. You have been always called a merciful man, partner. 60

Dogberry. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will ; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verges. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

Second Watch. How if the nurse be asleep and will 65 not hear us ?

Dogberry. Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying ; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats. 70

Verges. 'Tis very true.

Dogberry. This is the end of the charge :—you, constable, are to present the Prince's own person : if you meet the Prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verges. Nay, by 'r lady, that, I think, a' cannot. 75

Dogberry. Five shillings to one on 't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him : marry, not without the Prince be willing ; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man ; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will. 80

Verges. By 'r lady, I think it be so.

Dogberry. Ha, ha, ha ! Well, masters, good night : an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me : keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night. [To *Verges.*] Come, neighbour. 85

Second Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge : let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogberry. One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door ; for the wedding 90 being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu, be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.* *The Watch patrol the street.*]

SCENE II. AN OFFICIAL REPORT.

Perhaps Dogberry rather confused the Watch by the length and solemnity of his instructions ; at any rate they did something practical. They arrested two followers of Don John, a treacherous brother of the Prince of Messina, who had slandered the Lady Hero, a daughter of Leonato, the Governor of Messina, and broken off her

marriage. These followers were named Borachio and Conrade, and Borachio, while telling all the villany to Conrade, was overheard by the Watch. The constable and petty constable call on Leonato, the Governor, to make their report and receive instructions.

Enter Leonato, with Dogberry and Verges.

Leonato. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dogberry. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leonato. Brief, I pray you; for you see it is a busy time with me. 5

Dogberry. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verges. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leonato. What is it, my good friends?

Dogberry [confidentially]. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are 10 not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

Verges. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living that is an old man and no honestier than I.

Dogberry. Comparisons are odorous: palabras, neigh- 15 bour Verges.

Leonato. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogberry. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor Duke's officers; but truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my 20 heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leonato. All thy tediousness on me, ha?

Dogberry. Yea, an't were a thousand pound more than 'tis; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor 25 man, I am glad to hear it.

Verges. And so am I.

Leonato. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verges. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant 30 knaves as any in Messina.

Dogberry [aside to Leonato]. A good old man, sir, he will be talking; as they say, when the age is in, the wit is out. God help us! it is a world to see! [To Verges.] Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges: well, God's a good 35 man: an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind.

A CONSTABLE OF THE OLDEN TIME 195

[*To Leonato.*] An honest soul, i' faith, sir ; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread : but God is to be worshipped : all men are not alike ; alas, good neighbour !

Leonato. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you. 40

Dogberry. Gifts that God gives.

Leonato. I must leave you.

Dogberry. One word, sir : our watch, sir, have indeed comprehended two aspicuous persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship. 45

Leonato. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me : I am now in great haste, as may appear unto you.

Dogberry. It shall be suffigance.

Leonato. Drink some wine ere you go : fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. My lord, they stay for you to give your 50 daughter to her husband.

Leonato. I'll wait upon them : I am ready.

[*Exeunt Leonato and Messenger.*]

Dogberry. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacole ; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol : we are now to examination these men. 55

Verges. And we must do it wisely.

Dogberry. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you ; here 's that [*touching his forehead*] shall drive some of them to a *non com* : only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol. 60

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. THE EXAMINATION.

The examination takes place at the prison ; Dogberry, Verges, and Francis Seacole, who combines the office of town-clerk and sexton, appear in gowns. Seacole carries with him an old-fashioned inkhorn.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, the Sexton, and the Watch, with Conrade and Borachio as prisoners.

Dogberry. Is our whole dissembly appeared ?

Verges. Oh, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

[*A stool is placed for the Sexton.*]

Sexton. Which be the malefactors ?

Dogberry. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verges. Nay, that's certain: we have the exhibition ;
to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be
examined ? Let them come before master constable.

Dogberry. Yea, marry, let them come before me.
What is your name, friend ?

Borachio. Borachio.

Dogberry. Pray write down, Borachio. [*The Sexton
writes.*] Yours, sirrah ?

Conrade. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is
Conrade.

Dogberry. Write down, master gentleman Conrade.
Masters, do you serve God ?

Conrade, Borachio. Yea, sir, we hope.

Dogberry. Write down, that they hope they serve
God : and write God first ; for God defend but God
should go before such villains ! Masters, it is proved
already that you are little better than false knaves ; and
it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer
you for yourselves ?

Conrade. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dogberry. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you ;
but I will go about with him. [*He turns to Borachio.*]
Come you hither, sirrah ; a word in your ear, sir : [*sinking
his voice*] I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Borachio. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogberry. Well, stand aside. [*To Verges.*] 'Fore God,
they are both in a tale. [*To the Sexton.*] Have you writ
down, that they are none ?

Sexton. Master constable, you go not the way to exa-
mine : you must call forth the watch that are their
accusers.

Dogberry. Yea, marry, that's the eftest way. Let
the watch come forth. [*The First and Second Watchmen
come forward.*] Masters, I charge you in the Prince's name,
accuse these men.

First Watch [*pointing to Borachio*]. This man said,
sir, that Don John, the Prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogberry. Write down, Prince John a villain. Why,
this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

Borachio. Master constable,—

Dogberry. Pray thee, fellow, peace : I do not like thy
look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else ?

Second Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrong- 50 fully.

Dogberry. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

Verges. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow ?

First Watch. And that Count Claudio did mean, upon 55 his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dogberry. O villain ! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else ?

60

Second Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away : Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this suddenly died. Master constable, 65 let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's ; I will go before, and show him their examination. [*Exit.*

Dogberry. Come, let them be opinioned.

[*The Watch seize them.*

Conrade. Off, coxcomb !

Dogberry. God's my life ! where's the sexton ? let 70 him write down, the Prince's officer, coxcomb. Come, bind them. [*They are bound.*] Thou naughty varlet !

Conrade. Away ! you are an ass, you are an ass.

Dogberry. Dost thou not suspect my place ? Dost thou not suspect my years ? Oh, that he were here to write 75 me down an ass ! But, masters, remember that I am an ass ; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass. No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow ; and, which is more, an officer ; and, which 80 is more, a householder ; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina ; and one that knows the law, go to ; and a rich fellow enough, go to ; and a fellow that hath had losses ; and one that hath two gowns, and everything handsome about him. Bring him 85 away. Oh, that I had been writ down an ass ! [*Exeunt.*

XVIII. A VERY TRAGICAL COMEDY

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

SCENE I. THE COMPANY.

Peter Quince, a carpenter of Athens, proposes with the aid of some other workmen to act an interlude at court on the night of Duke Theseus' wedding with Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons. He calls his company together in his cottage, to assign the parts ; the other players are Nick Bottom, a weaver, Francis Flute, a bellows-mender, Robin Starveling, a tailor, Tom Snout, a tinker, and Snug, a joiner. Instead of playing something homely and comic which they could do very well, he chooses (as such people usually do) a sentimental piece with a dash of tragedy in it.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Quince. Is all our company here ?

Bottom. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

Quince. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude 5 before the Duke and the Duchess on his wedding-day at night.

Bottom. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on ; then read the names of the actors ; and so grow to a point. 10

Quince. Marry, our play is, The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bottom. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves. 15

[He arranges them in a line.]

Quince [unrolling the scrip, and ticking off their names as they answer]. Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bottom. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quince. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus. 20

Bottom. What is Pyramus ? a lover, or a tyrant ?

Quince. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bottom. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it : if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes ; I will 25 move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest :—yet my chief humour is for a tyrant : I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split. [*Strikes an attitude and declaims at the top of his voice.*]

‘ The raging rocks
And shivering shocks
Shall break the locks
Of prison-gates ;
And Phibbus’ car
Shall shine from far, 25
And make and mar
The foolish Fates.’

This was lofty ! [*Waving his hand magnificently.*]
Now, name the rest of the players. [*Confidentially, to Quince.*] This is Ercles’ vein, a tyrant’s vein : a lover is 40 more condoling.

Quince. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flute. Here, Peter Quince.

Quince. You must take Thisby on you.

Flute. What is Thisby ? a wandering knight ? 45

Quince. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flute. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman ; I have a beard coming.

Quince. That’s all one : you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will. 50

Bottom. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too : I’ll speak in a monstrous little voice, ‘ Thisne, Thisne ’ ; ‘ Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear ! thy Thisby dear, and lady dear ! ’

Quince [*irritated*]. No, no ; you must play Pyramus : 55 and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bottom [*with a look of resignation*]. Well, proceed.

Quince. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Starveling. Here, Peter Quince.

Quince. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby’s 60 mother. Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quince. You, Pyramus' father: myself, Thisby's father: Snug, the joiner, you the lion's part: and, I hope, here is a play fitted. 65

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quince. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bottom [*excitedly*]. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the Duke say, 'Let him roar again, let him roar again.' [*He roars.*]

Quince. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; 75 and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us, every mother's son.

Bottom. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice 80 so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale. [*Bleats like a lamb.*]

Quince. You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman- 85 like man: therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bottom. Well, I will undertake it. [*Stroking his chin.*] What beard were I best to play it in?

Quince. Why, what you will.

Bottom. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour 90 beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

Quince. Masters, here are your parts [*giving them papers*]: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, 95 to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the Palace Wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse: for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the mean time, I will draw a bill of properties, such as 100 our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bottom. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Quince. At the Duke's Oak we meet.

105

Bottom. Enough ; hold, or cut bow-strings.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. THE REHEARSAL.

The company meet in the Palace Wood, not knowing that they have intruded on a haunt of the Fairies : the Queen of the Fairies lies asleep hard by, and the Fairy Puck or Robin Goodfellow is keeping watch. The Fairies were supposed to punish any intrusion of this kind.

With Bottom's plan for getting over the difficulty of bringing in a lion amongst ladies, we may compare what really happened at Kenilworth Castle in 1575, when Queen Elizabeth was entertained there by the Earl of Leicester. In one of the performances a singer named Harry Goldingham had to perform the part of the Greek poet Arion, and go through the water on a dolphin's back, and sing in honour of the Queen ; ' but finding his voice to be very hoarse when he came to perform it, he tears off his disguise, and swears he was none of Arion, not he ! but e'en honest Harry Goldingham,—which blunt discovery pleased the Queen better than if it had gone through in the right way.'

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Bottom [*looking as if he were the manager*]. Are we all met ?

Quince. Pat, pat ; and here 's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring-house ; and we will do it in action as we will do it before the Duke.

Bottom. Peter Quince,—

Quince. What sayst thou, bully Bottom ?

Bottom. There are things in this comedy of ' Pyramus and Thisby ' that will never please. [*Quince looks annoyed.*] 10 First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself, which the ladies cannot abide. [*A pause. He looks solemnly at Quince.*] How answer you that ?

Snout. By 'r lakin, a parlous fear.

Starveling. I believe we must leave the killing out, 15 when all is done.

Bottom. Not a whit : [*holding up his finger*] I have a device to make all well. [*A sigh of relief from Quince.*]

Write me a prologue ; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus 10 is not killed indeed ; and, for the more better assurance, tell them that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver. This will put them out of fear.

Quince. Well, we will have such a prologue ; and it shall be written in eight and six. 25

Bottom. No, make it two more ; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeared of the lion ?

Starveling. I fear it, I promise you.

Bottom. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves : 30 to bring in—God shield us !—a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing ; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living ; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue must tell he is not a lion. 35

Bottom. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck ; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, to the same defect,—
'Ladies,'—or, 'Fair ladies,—I would wish you,'—or, 'I would request you,'—or, 'I would entreat you,—not to 40 fear, not to tremble : my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life : no, I am no such thing ; I am a man as other men are : '—and there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly, he is Snug, the joiner. 45

Quince. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things ; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber ; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moon-light.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play ? 50

Bottom. A calendar, a calendar ! look in the almanack ; [*Quince pulls out a calendar*] find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quince. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bottom. Why, then may you leave a casement of the 55 great chamber window, where we play, open ; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quince. Aye, or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine. Then, there is another 60 thing ; we must have a wall in the great chamber ; for

Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom ? 65

Bottom. Some man or other must present wall : and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall ; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper. 70

Quince. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin. When you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake ; and so every one according to his cue. 75

Enter Puck, invisible to them.

Puck [*aside*]. What hempen homespuns have we swag-gering here,

So near the cradle of the Fairy Queen ?

What, a play toward ! I'll be an auditor ;

An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quince. Speak, Pyramus. Thisby, stand forth. 80

Bottom. 'Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,—

Quince. Odours, odours.

Bottom. —'Odours savours sweet :

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.

But hark, a voice ! stay thou but here awhile, 85

And by and by I will to thee appear.' [*Exit.*

Puck [*aside*]. A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here ! [*Exit.*

Flute. Must I speak now ?

Quince. Aye, marry must you ; for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to 90 come again.

Flute. 'Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,

Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,

Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,

As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire, 95 I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.'

Quince. 'Ninus' tomb,' man. Why, you must not speak that yet ; that you answer to Pyramus ; you speak all your part at once, cues and all. Pyramus, enter ; your cue is past ; it is, 'never tire.' 100

Flute. Oh,—‘As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.’

Re-enter Puck, and Bottom with an ass's head on his shoulders instead of his own, as Puck has changed him.

Pyramus. ‘If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine :’—

Quince. O monstrous ! O strange ! we are haunted. Pray, masters ! fly, masters ! Help !

[The Clowns rush off in all directions.

Puck [darting among them, and tripping them up.]

I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round, 105
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier !

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire ;

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. 110

[Exit.

Bottom. Why do they run away ? this is a knavery of them, to make me afraid.

Re-enter Snout.

Snout. O Bottom ! thou art changed ! what do I see on thee ?

Bottom. What do you see ? you see an ass-head of your own, do you ? 114
[Exit Snout.

Re-enter Quince.

Quince. Bless thee, Bottom ! bless thee ! thou art translated.
[Exit, leaving Bottom bewildered.

SCENE III. THE COURT PERFORMANCE.

The enchantment which fixed the ass's head on Bottom has been removed, and he returns to Quince's cottage just as the actors were in despair over the play and were regretting that Bottom has missed a chance of obtaining a pension of sixpence a day for his brilliant acting. They go at once to the Palace where Theseus is keeping festival.

Enter Theseus and Hippolyta, attended by Philostrate, Master of the Revels, and by Lysander and Demetrius and many Lords and Ladies.

Theseus. Come now, what masques, what dances shall we have,

To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper and bed-time ?
Where is our usual manager of mirth ?
What revels are in hand ? Is there no play 5
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour ?
Call Philostrate.

Philostrate. Here, mighty Theseus.

Theseus. Say, what abridgement have you for this evening ?

What masque ? what music ? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight ? 10

Philostrate [*giving a paper*]. There is a brief how many
sports are ripe :

Make choice of which your highness will see first.

Theseus [*reads*]. 'The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.'
That is an old device ; and it was played 15
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

[*Reads.*] 'A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus
And his love Thisbe ; very tragical mirth.'

Merry and tragical ! tedious and brief !

How shall we find the concord of this discord ? 20

Philostrate. A play there is, my lord, some ten words
long,

Which is as brief as I have known a play ;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long ;
Which makes it tedious ; for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted ; 25
And tragical, my noble lord, it is ;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.

Which, when I saw rehearsed, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water ; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed. 30

Theseus. What are they that do play it ?

Philostrate. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens
here,

Which never laboured in their minds till now ;
And now have toiled their unbreathed memories
With this same play, against your nuptial. 35

Theseus. And we will hear it.

Philostrate. No, my noble lord ;
It is not for you ; I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world ;

Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretched and conned with cruel pain, 40
To do you service.

Theseus. I will hear that play ;
For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in : and take your places, ladies.
[*Exit Philostrate. Theseus and Hippolyta seat them-*
selves ; the Ladies and Courtiers take their places near.

Where I have come, great clerks have purposed 45
To greet me with premeditated welcomes ;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practised accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off, 50
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence yet I picked a welcome ;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence. 55
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least speak most, to my capacity.

Re-enter Philostrate.

Philostrate. So please your grace, the prologue is
addressed.

Theseus. Let him approach. [*Flourish of trumpets.*

Enter Quince for the Prologue in a black cloak.

Prologue. ' If we offend, it is with our good-will. 60
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good-will. To show our simple skill,

That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider, then, we come but in despite.
We do not come, as minding to content you, 65
Our true intent is. All for your delight,

We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand ; and, by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.'

Theseus. This fellow doth not stand upon points. 70

Lysander. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt ;
he knows not the stop.

Theseus. His speech was like a tangled chain ; nothing
impaired, but all disordered. Who is next ?

Enter Pyramus and Thisbe (who wears a mask), Wall, Moonshine, and Lion, as in dumb show : Wall carries in loam and rough-cast, Lion holds his head in his hand.

Prologue. 'Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;
But wonder on, till truth makes all things plain. 76
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;

[Bottom bows low.

This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.

[Thisbe takes off her mask, and curtsies.

This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present 79

Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder ;

And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content

To whisper ; *[makes Wall show the chink with his fingers]* at the which let no man wonder.

This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,

Presenteth Moonshine ; for, if you will know,

By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn 85

To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.

This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name,

The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,

Did scare away, or rather did affright ;

And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall, 90

Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.

Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,

And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain :

Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,

He bravely broached his boiling bloody breast ; 95

And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,

His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,

Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain,

At large discourse while here they do remain.'

[Exeunt Prologue, Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine.

Theseus. I wonder, if the lion be to speak. 100

Demetrius. No wonder, my lord : one lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. 'In this same interlude it doth befall,

That I, one Snout by name, present a wall ;

And such a wall, as I would have you think, 105

That had in it a crannied hole or chink,

Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,

Did whisper often, very secretly.

This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show

That I am that same wall ; the truth is so : 110
 And this the cranny is, [*holds up his fingers*] right and
 sinister,

Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.'

Theseus. Would you desire lime and hair to speak
 better ?

Demetrius. It is the wittiest partition that ever I
 heard discourse, my lord. 115

Theseus. Pyramus draws near the wall : silence !

Enter Pyramus.

Pyramus. 'O grim-looking night ! O night with hue so
 black !

O night, which ever art when day is not !

O night, O night ! alack, alack, alack !

I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot ! 120

And thou, O Wall, thou sweet and lovely Wall,

That stands between her father's ground and mine ;

Thou wall, O Wall, O sweet and lovely Wall,

Show me thy chink to blink through with mine eyne !

[*Wall holds up his fingers.*]

Thanks, courteous Wall : Jove shield thee well for this !

But what see I ? No Thisby do I see. 126

O wicked Wall, through whom I see no bliss !

Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me !'

Theseus. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should
 curse again. 130

Pyramus [*going up to Theseus*]. No, in truth, sir, he
 should not. 'Deceiving me,' is Thisby's cue : she is to
 enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You
 shall see, it will fall pat as I told you. Yonder she comes.

[*Hurries back to his place.*]

Enter Thisbe.

Thisbe. 'O Wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,

For parting my fair Pyramus and me ! 136

My cherry lips have often kissed thy stones,

Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.'

Pyramus. 'I see a voice : now will I to the chink,
 To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face. 140

Thisby !'

Thisbe. 'My love ! thou art my love, I think.'

Pyramus. 'Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's
 grace ;

And, like Limander, am I trusty still.'

Thisbe. 'And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill.'

Pyramus. 'Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.' 146

Thisbe. 'As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.'

Pyramus. 'Oh, kiss me through the hole of this vile Wall!'

Thisbe. 'I kiss the Wall's hole, not your lips at all.'

Pyramus. 'Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?' 150

Thisbe. 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.'

[*Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe.*]

Wall. 'Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so ;
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go.'

[*Picks up his mortar, &c., and exit.*]

Theseus. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours. 155

Demetrius. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.

Hippolyta. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

Theseus. The best in this kind are but shadows ; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Theseus. Here come two noble beasts in, a moon and a lion. 162

Enter Lion and Moonshine, the latter with a dog, thorn-bush, and lantern.

Lion. 'You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now perchance both quake and tremble here, 165
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
A lion-fell, [*pulls off his lion-skin, and shows it to them*]
nor else no lion's dam ;

For, if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity of my life.' 170

Theseus. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Demetrius. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lysander. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

Theseus. True ; and a goose for his discretion. It is well : let us listen to the moon. 176

Moonshine. 'This lanthorn doth the hornèd moon present ;'—

Demetrius. He should have worn the horns on his head.

Moonshine [*put out by the interruption*]. 'This lanthorn doth the horned moon present ; 180

Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.'

Theseus. This is the greatest error of all the rest ; the man should be put into the lanthorn. How is it else the man i' the moon ? [*Moonshine looks very angry.*

Demetrius. He dares not come there for the candle ; for, you see, it is already in snuff. 186

[*The candle in the lantern goes out.*

Hippolyta. I am aweary of this moon : would he would change !

Theseus. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane ; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time. 191

Lysander. Proceed, Moon.

Moonshine [*desperately, having forgotten his part*]. All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon ; I, the man in the moon ; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush ; and this dog, my dog. 196

Demetrius. Why, all these should be in the lanthorn ; for they are in the moon. But, silence ! here comes Thisbe. [*Moonshine signals to Quince for a flint.*

Enter Thisbe.

Thisbe. 'This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love ?' 200

Lion [*roaring*]. 'Oh—'

[*Thisbe runs off screaming and drops her mantle.*

Demetrius. Well roared, Lion.

Theseus. Well run, Thisbe.

Hippolyta [*to Moonshine, who is striking a light*]. Well shone, Moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

[*The Lion tears Thisbe's mantle, and exit.*

Theseus. Well moused, Lion. 206

Lysander. And so the lion vanished.

Demetrius. And then comes Pyramus.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyramus. 'Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams ;

I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright ; 210
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,
I trust to taste of truest Thisbe's sight.

But stay, O spite ! *[Seeing the torn mantle.*

But mark, poor knight,

What dreadful dole is here ! 215

Eyes, do you see ?

How can it be ?

O dainty duck ! O dear !

Thy mantle good,

What, stained with blood ? 220

Approach, ye Furies fell !

O Fates, come, come,

Cut thread and thrum ;

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell !'

Theseus. This passion, and the death of a dear friend,
would go near to make a man look sad. 226

Hippolyta. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyramus. 'Oh, wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions
frame ?

Since lion vile hath here devoured my dear :

Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame 230

That lived, that loved, that liked, that looked with cheer.

Come, tears, confound ;

Out, sword, and wound

The pap of Pyramus :

Aye, that left pap, 235

Where heart doth hop : *[He stabs himself three
times, and falls with the sword under him.*

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus !

Now am I dead,

Now am I fled ;

My soul is in the sky : 240

Tongue, lose thy light !

Moon, take thy flight ! *[Exit Moonshine.*

Now die, die, die, die, die.' *[Dies.*

Theseus. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet
recover, and prove an ass. 245

Hippolyta. How chance Moonshine is gone, before
Thisbe comes back and finds her lover ?

Theseus. She will find him by starlight. Here she
comes ; and her passion ends the play.

Re-enter Thisbe.

Hippolyta. Methinks she should not use a long one for
such a Pyramus : I hope she will be brief. 251

Demetrius. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better.

Lysander. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Demetrius. And thus she moans, *videlicet* :—

Thisbe. 'Asleep, my love? [*She starts wildly.*

What, dead, my dove?

O Pyramus, arise!

Speak, speak. Quite dumb?

Dead, dead? A tomb

Must cover thy sweet eyes.

These lily lips,

This cherry nose,

These yellow cowslip cheeks,

Are gone, are gone:

Lovers, make moan:

His eyes were green as leeks.

O, Sisters Three,

Come, come to me,

With hands as pale as milk:

Lay them in gore,

Since you have shore

With shears his thread of silk.

Tongue, not a word:

Come, trusty sword: [*She looks about for the sword.*

Come, blade, my breast imbrue:

And farewell, friends:

Thus Thisbe ends:

Adieu, adieu, adieu.'

[*She kills herself with the scabbard.*

Theseus. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Demetrius. Aye, and Wall too.

Bottom [*starting up, and going to the Duke*]. No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company?

Theseus. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had played Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and

so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But come,
 your Bergomask : let your epilogue alone. [A dance.
 The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve : 295
 Lovers, to bed ; 'tis almost fairy time.
 I fear we shall outsleep the coming morn,
 As much as we this night have overwatched.
 This palpable-gross play hath well beguiled
 The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed. 300
 A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
 In nightly revels, and new jollity. [Exeunt.

XIX. SIR JOHN FALSTAFF

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Falstaff, a very fat old knight, is one of the worthless companions of Prince Hal, afterwards King Henry V, in his young wild days. Others of the set are Poins, Gadshill, Peto, and Bardolph. Gadshill has found out that some rich people are travelling from Rochester to London early in the morning, and will pass by Gadshill, a place noted for highway robberies (so that he is himself very suitably named after it). Falstaff asks the Prince to join in the proposed robbery ; he refuses, but Poins promises to bring him, saying he will privately give him good reasons for coming.

SCENE I. THE START.

The scene is an inn-yard at Rochester, the time about four o'clock on a very dark morning.

Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand. He looks at the position of the stars, and yawns.

First Carrier. Heigh-ho ! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hanged : Charles's wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler !

[*He bangs at the stable-door.*

Ostler [drowsily, within]. Anon, anon. 4

First Carrier. I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point ; poor jade, is wrung in the withers out of all cess.

Enter another Carrier with a lantern, dragging in the saddle.

Second Carrier. Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots : this house is turned upside down since Robin 10 Ostler died.

First Carrier. Poor fellow, never joyed since the price of oats rose ; it was the death of him.

Second Carrier [*scratching himself*]. I think this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas : I am 15 stung like a tench.

First Carrier. Like a tench ! by the mass, there is ne'er a king christen could be better bit than I have been since the first cock. [*Banging at the door again.*] What, ostler ! come away and be hanged ! come away. 20

Second Carrier. I have a gammon of bacon and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-Cross.

[*Puts down the lantern and begins to beat the saddle.*]

First Carrier [*looking over his goods*]. The turkeys in my pannier are quite starved. What, ostler ! A plague on thee ! hast thou never an eye in thy head ? canst 25 not hear ? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate on thee, I am a very villain. Come and be hanged ! hast no faith in thee ?

Enter Gadshill.

Gadshill. Good morrow, carriers. What 's o'clock ?

First Carrier [*looking at him suspiciously and telling him the wrong time*]. I think it be two o'clock. 30

Gadshill. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable. [*Takes hold of the lantern.*]

First Carrier [*pulling it away*]. Nay, soft, I pray ye : I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

Gadshill. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

Second Carrier [*picking up his lantern*]. Aye, when ? canst tell ? Lend me the lantern, quoth he ? Marry, I'll see thee hanged first. 35

Gadshill. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London ? 40

Second Carrier. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen : they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt Carriers.*]

Gadshill. What, ho ! chamberlain. 45

Chamberlain [*within*]. At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gadshill. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain ; for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring ; thou layest the plot how. 50

Enter Chamberlain

Chamberlain. Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current, that I told you yesternight : there's a franklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold : I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper ; a kind of auditor ; one 55 that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter : they will away presently.

Gadshill. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck. 60

Chamberlain. No, I'll none of it : I pray thee, keep that for the hangman ; for I know thou worship'st Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gadshill. What talkest thou to me of the hangman ? If I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows ; for if I hang, 65 old Sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest he's no starveling. Tut ! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace ; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake make all 70 whole. I am joined with no foot-land-rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple-hued malt-worms ; but with nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great-oneyers, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak 75 sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure ; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Chamberlain. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking 80 invisible.

Gadshill. Give my thy hand : thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Chamberlain. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief. 85

Gadshill. Go to ; *homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. STAND AND DELIVER.

The company have ridden to Gadshill, and left their horses among the trees. The scene is a spot where the road narrows half-way down the hill. Falstaff got off his horse very reluctantly, and Poins slipped off quietly with it in the darkness.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins, Poins carrying a bundle under his arm.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter : I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

Prince. Stand close. [*They retire among the trees.*]

Enter Falstaff.

Falstaff. Poins ! Poins, and be hanged ! Poins !

Prince [*coming forward*]. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal ! 5
What a bawling dost thou keep !

Falstaff. Where 's Poins, Hal ?

Prince. He is walked up to the top of the hill : I'll go seek him. [*He pretends to go.*]

Falstaff [*trying at first to run after him*]. I am accursed 10
to rob in that thief's company ; the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the square farther afoot, I shall break my wind. [*He leans against a tree.*] Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing 15
that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty year, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. Poins ! Hal ! a plague upon you both ! Bardolph ! Peto ! I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot farther. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore 20
and ten miles afoot with me ; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough : a plague upon 't, when thieves cannot be true one to another ! [*They whistle.*] Whew ! A plague upon you all ! Give me my horse, you rogues ; give me my horse, and be hanged. 25

Prince [*coming forward*]. Peace, ye fat-guts ! lie down ; lay thine ear close to the ground and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Falstaff. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

Prince. Thou liest; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Falstaff [*coaxingly*]. I pr'ythee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

Prince. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Falstaff. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: when a jest is so forward, and afoot too! I hate it.

Enter Gadshill.

Gadshill. Stand.

Falstaff. So I do, against my will.

Poins. Oh, 'tis our setter: I know his voice. 45
[*Enter Bardolph and Peto.*]

Bardolph. What news?

Gadshill. Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards: there's money of the King's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the King's exchequer. [*They all mask themselves.*]

Falstaff. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the King's 50 tavern.

Gadshill. There's enough to make us all.

Falstaff. To be hanged.

Prince. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they 'scape 55 from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gadshill. Some eight, or ten.

Falstaff. Zounds, will they not rob us?

Prince. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch? 60

Falstaff. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

Prince. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. 65 Farewell, and stand fast.

Falstaff. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

Prince [*aside to Poins*]. Ned, where are our disguises ?

Poins. Here, hard by ; stand close.

70

[*Exeunt the Prince and Poins.*]

Falstaff. Now my masters, happy man be his dole, say I : every man to his business.

Enter four Travellers.

First Traveller. Come, neighbour : the boy shall lead our horses down the hill ; we'll walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

75

Thieves. Stand !

Travellers. God bless us !

Falstaff [*flourishing his sword wildly*]. Strike ; down with them ; cut the villains' throats :—ah, caterpillars ! bacon-fed knaves ! they hate us youth : down with 80 them ; fleece them.

[*The Thieves seize and bind the Travellers.*]

Travellers. Oh, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever !

Falstaff [*joining in*]. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye undone ? No, ye fat chuffs ; I would your store were 85 here ! On, bacons, on ! [*He beats them with the flat of his sword.*] What, ye knaves ! young men must live. You are grand-jurors, are ye ? We'll jure ye, i' faith.

[*Exeunt Thieves, driving the Travellers out. The noise dies away in the distance.*]

Re-enter Prince Henry and Poins, in buckram suits.

Prince. The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

[*Laughter heard near at hand.*]

Poins. Stand close ; I hear them coming.

[*They retire.*]

Enter the Thieves again.

Falstaff [*throwing down money-bags*]. Come, my masters, let us share, [*they all sit round*] and then to 95 horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring : there's no more valour in that Poins than in a wild-duck.

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins rush out and set upon them.*]

Prince. Your money !

Poins. Villains !

[*Gadshill, Bardolph, and Peto run away ; and Falstaff, after a blow or two, crawls out, leaving the booty behind. He roars for help as they prick him with their rapiers.*]

Prince [*laughing*]. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse :

The thieves are scattered and possessed with fear
So strongly that they dare not meet each other ;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along :
Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roared ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. A PLAGUE OF ALL COWARDS! AND THE POWER OF INSTINCT.

Falstaff, Gadshill, Bardolph, and Peto return to London, and go straight to the Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap, where they find the Prince and Poins waiting for them.

Enter Falstaff and the Thieves, who look reproachfully at the Prince and Poins.

Poins. Welcome, Jack : where hast thou been ?

Falstaff. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too ! marry, and amen ! [*Flings down his cap.*] Give me a cup of sack, boy. [*The boy enters and fills for him.*] Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards ! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. [*The boy gives him the cup.*] Is there no virtue extant ? [*He drinks a deep draught.*] You rogue, here's lime in this sack too : [*he throws the cup at the boy*] there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man : yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it,—a villainous coward. [*He wipes his lips.*] Go thy ways, old Jack ; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There lives not three good men unchanged in England ; and one of them is fat, and grows old : God help the while ! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver ; I could sing psalms, or—anything. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prince. How now, wool-sack ! what mutter you ? 20

Falstaff. A king's son ! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales !

Prince. Why, you villainous round man, what 's the 25 matter ?

Falstaff. Are you not a coward ? answer me to that : and Poins there ?

Poins. 'Zounds ! ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee. [*Walks up to him fingering his dagger.* 30

Falstaff [*retreating*]. I call thee coward ! I'll see thee hanged ere I call thee coward : but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. [*Poins laughs and turns his back upon him.*] You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back : call you 3' that backing of your friends ? A plague upon such backing ! give me them that will face me. Give me [*the Prince and Poins walk up to him*]—a cup of sack : I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

Prince. O villain ! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou 40 drunkest last.

Falstaff. All 's one for that. [*He drinks again.*] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

Prince. What 's the matter ?

Falstaff. What 's the matter ! there be four of us here 45 have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

Prince. Where is it, Jack ? where is it ?

Falstaff. Where is it ! taken from us it is ; [*groans*] a hundred upon poor four of us.

Prince. What, a hundred, man ? 50

Falstaff. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. [*He points to the cuts in his dress.*] I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose ; my buckler cut through and through ; my 55 sword hacked like a hand-saw,—*ecce signum* ! [*He unsheathes his hacked and battered sword.*] I never dealt better since I was a man : all would not do. A plague of all cowards ! [*He chokes with anger.*] Let them speak : [*beckoning to Gadshill, Peto, and Bardolph*] if they speak 60 more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

Prince. Speak, sirs ; how was it ?

Gadshill. We four set upon some dozen,—

Falstaff. Sixteen at least, my lord.

65

Gadshill. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Falstaff. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them ; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

[*Bardolph signs to Peto that they were bound.*]

Gadshill. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh 70 men set upon us—

Falstaff. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince. What, fought ye with them all ?

Falstaff. All ! I know not what ye call all ; but if 75 I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish : if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Prince. Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

80

Falstaff [*resignedly*]. Nay, that's past praying for : I have peppered two of them ; two, I am sure, I have paid ; two rogues in buckram suits. [*He sees the Prince's face twitching.*] I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward ; 85 here I lay, [*throws his shield in front of him*] and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

Prince. What, four ? thou saidst but two even now.

Falstaff. Four, Hal ; I told thee four.

90

Poins. Aye, aye, he said four.

Falstaff. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

Prince. Seven ? why, there were but four even now. 95

Falstaff. In buckram.

Poins. Aye, four, in buckram suits.

Falstaff. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

Prince [*to Poins*]. Prithee, let him alone ; we shall have more anon.

100

Falstaff. Dost thou hear me, Hal ?

Prince. Aye, and mark thee too, Jack.

Falstaff. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—

Prince. So, two more already.

105

Falstaff. Their points being broken, began to give me ground : but I followed me close, came in, foot and hand ; [*takes one step forward, and makes seven quick passes*] and with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

Prince. O monstrous ! eleven buckram men grown out of two ! 110

Falstaff. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal-green, came at my back, and let drive at me ; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

115

Prince. These lies are like the father that begets them,—gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou greasy tallow-keech,—

Falstaff. What, art thou mad ? art thou mad ? is not the truth the truth ?

120

Prince. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal-green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand ? come, tell us your reason : what sayest thou to this ? [*Falstaff hesitates for a moment.*]

Poins [*jeering*]. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason. 125

Falstaff. What, upon compulsion ? No ; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion ! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

130

Prince. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin ; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,—

Falstaff. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you stock-fish ! Oh, for breath to utter what is like thee ! you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case,— [*Gasps and wipes his face.*]

Prince. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again : and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

140

Poins. Mark, Jack.

Prince. We two saw you four set on four ; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth ! [*Falstaff starts.*] Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four ; and, with a word, outfaced you from your prize, and have it ; yea, and can show it you here in the house : and, Falstaff, you carried your

145

guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight ! [*A pause. Falstaff looks ashamed.*] What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame ?

[*Falstaff hides his face behind his shield.*]

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack ; what trick hast thou now ?

Falstaff [*recovering himself and throwing down his shield*]. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters : was it for me to kill the heir-apparent ? Should I turn upon the true prince ? [*He sheathes his sword.*] Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules : but beware instinct ; the lion will not touch the true prince. [*He speaks very solemnly.*] Instinct is a great matter ; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life ; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. [*Brightening up.*] But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.— [*To the Hostess within.*] Hostess, clap to the doors. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you ! What, shall we be merry ? shall we have a play extempore ?

Prince. Content ; and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Falstaff. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me !

XX. AN ELIZABETHAN GRAMMAR SCHOOL

By JOHN MARSTON

This scene gives a very lifelike picture of an English school-room in Shakespeare's day. The grammar learnt is Latin grammar only, from John Lilly's famous school-book. If you had not known your verbs (and you may be quite sure that you would not have known them), you will see what would have happened to you.

A Schoolroom; Battus, Nous, Slip, Nathaniel, and Holofernes Pippo are discovered sitting with books in their hands. Enter the Pedant, or Schoolmaster.

All. Salve, magister.

Pedant. Salvete, pueri, estote salvi, vos salvere exopto, exopto vobis salutem. Batte, mi fili, fili, mi Batte.

Battus. Quid vis?

Pedant. Stand forth, repeat your lesson without book. 5

[Battus gets up, and begins in a sing-song.]

Battus. A noun is the name of a thing that may be seen, felt, heard, or understood.

Pedant. Good boy; on, on!

Battus. Of nouns some be substantives and some be substantives. 10

Pedant [correcting him]. Adjectives.

Battus. Adjectives; a noun substantive either is proper to the thing that it betokeneth—

Pedant [stopping him]. Well, to numbers.

Battus. In nouns be two numbers, the singular and 15 the plural: the singular number speaketh of one, as lapis, 'a stone'; the plural speaketh of more than one as lapides, 'stones'.

Pedant. Good child, now thou art past lapides, 'stones', proceed to the cases. [Battus goes back to his place.] Nous, 20 say you next, Nous; where's your lesson, Nous?

Nous. I am in a verb forsooth.

Pedant. Say on forsooth, say, say.

Nous. A verb is a part of speech declined with mood and tense, and betokeneth doing, as amo, 'I love'. 25

Pedant. How many kinds of verbs are there?

Nous. Two: personal and impersonal.

Pedant. Of verbs personal, how many kinds?

Nous. Five: active, passive, neuter, deponent, and common. A verb active endeth in -o and betokeneth 30 'to do', as amo, 'I love'; and by putting to -r, it may be a passive, as amor, 'I am loved'.

Pedant. Very good, child; now learn to know the deponent and common. [Nous goes back to his place.] Say you, Slip. 35

[Slip comes forward.]

Slip. Cedant arma togae, concedat laurea linguae.

Pedant. What part of speech is lingua? inflecte, inflecte.

Slip. Singulariter, nominativo haec lingua.

Pedant. Why is *lingua* the feminine gender ? 40

Slip [puzzled]. Forsooth, because it is the feminine gender.

Pedant. Ha, thou ass, thou dolt ! *idem per idem*, mark it : *lingua* is declined with *haec* the feminine, because it is a household stuff particularly belonging and 45 most commonly resident under the roof of women's mouths. [*He waves to Slip to sit down.*] Come on you, Nathaniel, say you, say you next, not too fast, say tretably, say. [*Nathaniel comes forward.*]

Nathaniel [very slowly]. *Mascula dicuntur monosyllaba* 50 *nomina quaedam.*

Pedant. Faster, faster.

Nathaniel. *Ut sal, sol ; ren et splen ; Car, Ser, vir ; vas vadis, as, mas ; bes, Cres, praes et pes ; glis gliris habens genetivo ; mos, flos, ros et Tros ; mus, dens, mons, pons—* 55

Pedant. Rup, tup, snup, slup, bor, hor, cor, mor ! Holla, holla, holla. You, Holofernes Pippo, put him down—wipe your nose ; fie, on your sleeve ! Where's your muckinder your grandmother gave you ?—Well, say on, say on. 60

Holofernes [bringing up his book, in order to look at the work as long as possible]. Pree, master, what word's this ?

Pedant. Ass, ass ! [*Holofernes shuts his book.*]

Holofernes. *As in praesenti perfectum format in—in—* in— [*He stops short.*]

Pedant [sharply]. In what, sir ? 65

Holofernes [repeating without thinking]. *Perfectum format in* what, sir.

Pedant [angrily]. In what, sir ! in -avi.

Holofernes [catching at it]. In what, sir, in -avi, ut no, nas, navi ; vocito, vocitas,—[forgetting by this time what 70 he said at the beginning] *voci—voci—voci—*

Pedant. *Voci*—what's next ?

Holofernes [blandly]. *Voci* what's next ?

Pedant [getting out the birch]. Why, thou ungracious child, thou simple animal, thou barnacle ! Nous, snare 75 him, take him up ; an you were my father, you should up.

Holofernes [struggling with Nous, who is trying to get hold of him]. Hark you, master, my grandmother entreats you to come to dinner to-morrow morning.

Pedant. I say, untruss, take him up, Nous, dispatch ! What, not perfect in -as in praesenti ! 80

Holofernes. In truth I'll be as perfect an ass in presenty as any of this company—[*Nous gets the better of him*] law, this once, this once !—an I do so any more !

Pedant. I say, hold him up.

Holofernes. Ha, let me say my prayers first ! ha sweet, ⁸⁵
ha sweet, honey, barbary-sugar, sweet master !

Pedant. Sans tricks, trifles, delays, demurrers, procrastinations, or retardations mount him, mount him.

[*A violent struggle, after which Pippo is hoisted on the back of Nous, Battus untrusses him, and Slip and Nathaniel hang on his legs as he kicks.*]

Enter Quadratus, Laverdure, and Simplicius, three fashionable gentlemen. Laverdure is very richly dressed.

Quadratus. Be merciful, my gentle signior.

Laverdure. We'll sue his pardon out.

Pedant. He is reprieved—[*the boys let Holofernes go*], ⁹⁰
and now Apollo bless your brains. [*To Laverdure.*] Facundious and elaborate elegance make your presence gracious in the eyes of your mistress.

Laverdure [*to the Pedant*]. You must along with us, ⁹⁵
lend private ear. [*They walk aside.*]

Simplicius [*to Pippo*]. What is your name ?

Holofernes. Holofernes Pippo.

Simplicius. Truly, gallants, I am enamoured on the boy. [*To Pippo.*] Wilt thou serve me ? ¹⁰⁰

Holofernes. Yes, an't please my grandmother, when I come to years of discretion.

Pedant. An you have a propensitude to him, he shall be for you. I was solicited to grant him leave to play the lady in comedies presented by children, but I knew ¹⁰⁵
his voice was too small and his stature too low ; sing, sing a treble, Holofernes, sing. [*Pippo sings.*] A very small sweet voice, I'll assure you.

Quadratus. 'Tis smally sweet indeed.

Simplicius. A very pretty child ! hold up thy head, ¹¹⁰
there, buy thee some plums. [*He gives Pippo money.*]

Quadratus [*to the Pedant*]. Nay, they must play, you go along with us.

Pedant. *Ludendi venia est petita et concessa.*

All. *Gratias.* [*School ends, with much cheering.*] ¹¹⁵

A NOTE ON THE VERSE

Read over these lines to yourself :—

You all do know this mantle : I remember
The first time ever Caesar put it on ;
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent
That day he overcame the Nervii.

As you read, your voice will rest longer on some syllables than on others ; you will say, for instance—

The first time éver Caésar put it ón :!

Your voice will rest on the word ' first ' in a way that it does not on the word ' the '. This is called *stress*, and ' first ' is a stressed syllable.

Look at the lines again, and you will find :—

- (1) that they have five stresses ;
- (2) that the stress falls on every other syllable ;
- (3) that there is no rime.

This is what we call *blank verse*, and it has been the metre for plays since Marlowe used it. He writes it very regularly, and in trying to learn what blank verse is, you had better begin with him.

But if all blank verse lines were exactly like ' The first time ever Caesar put it on ', our ear would get tired of the sound as we went on reading or hearing them. And, if you and I feel that, a poet's fine ear feels it much more. So he varies the rhythm for us by *changing the stress* ; he does this after a pause or break in the line. The breaks are marked for us by the stops, and there is a slight pause at the end of the line. Thus we get lines like—

Só, I am sátsified. | Gíve me a bówl of wíne.

After the break at ' satisfied ', the verse seems to start off again, and the next word will bear a stress ;

so too at the beginning of the line after the pause from the line before. The effect is often very fine, as when Antony says over the dead Caesar—

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.

The word 'shrunk' falls on the ear with a mournful stress; the great man is so little now!

Six stresses are found sometimes where the line is broken by a pause :—

The old Anchises beár, | só from the wáves of
Tíber.

A thousand tímes more fáir, | ten thousand tímes
more rích.

Whát, is António hére ? | Reády, so pleáse your
gráce.

Sometimes there are less than five stresses, but then usually the line is meant to be startling :—

Is he so hasty that he doth suppose
My sleep my death?

Find him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him
hither,

Here the unfinished line reads like a broken cry; the speaker stops in anger. But at present you had better fix your attention on the five-stress lines.

One warning: some words in this old verse have an old-fashioned pronunciation. You may have to say 'pow-er' (two syllables), and 'fire' in the same way; and you will find 'ambit-i-ous', 'conven-i-ent' (four syllables); the ending '-ion' is often two syllables, as 'prevent-i-on'; and the '-ed' of the past participle fully sounded, as 'establishèd'.

GLOSSARY

Where a reference seemed desirable, the number of the page is inserted in brackets. An asterisk denotes an absurdity or misuse of a word by characters like Dogberry and Bottom.

'A, he.
'A comes (27), a hunting-cry like 'tally-ho'.
Abide (127, 135), to pay for, be punished for.
Abject, low and mean.
Abridge, to shorten, cut short.
Abridgement (205), something to make time pass quickly, an entertainment.
Absolve, to forgive a sin.
Accomplish (72), to give the finishing touches to.
Accord, to agree.
Accoutred, fully dressed.
Accumulate, to heap up.
Achieve, to make an end of, win altogether.
Addressed, ready.
Adieu, good-bye.
Adoration, worship.
Advantage (154), interest.
Advantages (79), additions.
Adventures, at all, at any risks.
Afraid, afraid.
Affiance, trust.
Afoot, on foot (meaning, has started off).
After-supper (205), dessert, &c., taken at the end of supper.
**Aggravate* (200), to make worse.
B. means 'make less'.
Alacrity, briskness.
Albeit, although.
Alley, to make quiet.
Allegiance, being true to the king, loyalty.
Allegiant, loyal.
All-watched (73), sleepless, awake all the time.
Ambitious, very keen to get power or honour.

An, if.
Antipodes, the people at the opposite side of the world.
Apace, quickly.
Apparelled, dressed, fitted out.
Apparent, which can be seen; so (1) clear, plain, (2) seeming.
Apparition (105), appearance.
Appertinents, belongings, things which go with some principal thing.
Apprehensive (126), having intelligence, able to understand.
Apt, ready.
Arbitrament, decision.
Argosy, a large merchant-ship.
Argument, something to consider: so (60, 218) a thing to discuss; (71) a piece of work to do; (58, 223) the plot of a play, the subject which it treats.
Arras, tapestry (see 'hangings').
Aspect, look.
**Aspicious*: D. means 'suspicious'.
Athwart, across.
Attach (87), to arrest.
Attaint (73), infection (meaning bad influences, such as fear, or the effect of a sleepless night).
Attaint (87), to find guilty of treason, and to condemn to loss of property and civil rights and title.
Attended (179), attended to.
Attribute (171), something that we think of as always belonging to a person. We say 'God is good'; so goodness is an attribute of God.
Audacious, bold.
Audacity, boldness.
Audit, having your business books examined.

Auditor (203), hearer.

Augment, to make greater.

Awkward winds (42), blowing the wrong way for you.

Ay, for, for ever.

Aye, yes.

Bagpudding (184), a pudding boiled in a bag.

Bait, to torment for sport (as in bear-baiting, bull-baiting).

Balm (57, 76), the oil with which a king is anointed at his coronation.

Banned (167), destroyed.

Barbary-sugar (226), sugar brought from Barbary; so, very sweet and rare.

Barnacle (225), goose. (Really a wild goose which breeds in the arctic seas.)

Basis (128), the lower part of a column or statue, the base.

Bated, lowered, made less.

Battalia (92), battalion.

Battle (72), army.

Bauble, cheap plaything.

Bay (140), to bark at; (130) to bring to bay, when the stag turns and faces the hounds.

Beadle, an officer who kept order in church and also punished small offences in the parish.

Bear me hard (129), suspect me, think me dangerous. (Literally, to keep a tight rein on a horse.)

Beaver, the faceguard of the helmet; so, the helmet itself.

Beguile (the time), to while away.

Beholding, obliged to anybody, beholden.

Benighted, overtaken by the night.

Bergomask dance (212), a clownish dance, originally that of the peasants of Bergamo.

Beshrew me. A playful cry, meaning 'Mischief to me'.

Besmirch, to soil, stain.

Best-conditioned, having the best temper.

Bestrew yourself (80), place yourself.

Bethink me (153), consider with myself, think over

Beloken, to mean.

Biggin, night-cap.

Bills, brown (187). See note, p. 191.

**Blunt* (194). D. means 'sharp'.

Boding (19), giving a warning of evil. The cry of the owl was a sign of bad luck.

Boisterous, rough.

Bolted (68), sifted like fine meal.

Bondman, slave.

Book (82), to register, make a list of.

Bootless, useless.

Botch, to patch clumsily.

Bots (214), worms in the stomach of a horse.

Bottom, a ship carrying cargo.

Braggart, one who brags.

Brake, a thicket.

Brand, a firebrand.

Brassy, made of brass, hard-hearted.

Brave (70, 101), *bravely* (80), making a fine show.

Braved, dared, defied.

Bravery (35), state of defiance.

Brawling, keep a (216), to make a noise.

Breathing courtesy (180), politeness expressed only in words.

Breech, to flog.

Breeks, breeches.

Brief (205), a short programme.

Brisk (203), brisk, smart.

Broach, to tap liquor.

Brood (26), to protect like a hen covering her chickens.

Buckler, a shield.

Buckram, coarse linen or cloth stiffened with gum.

Buffet, to cuff, hit out at.

Bulk (80), body.

Bully (201), a jolly fellow.

Burn their mention (20), destroy their honourable mention of us, just as if you were burning books or papers which contained it.

Buzzard, an inferior hawk, useless for sport; it could fly, not strike.

By and by, at once.

By 'r lakin (201), by our ladykin, or little lady (an old oath).

Calendar of Virtue (105), a list in which good deeds appear like the Saints' names in an almanac.

Canker, a caterpillar which destroys the buds and leaves of plants.

Capacity, to my (206), to my understanding, as far as I am able to take things in.

Capital, punished with death.

Carat, the proportion of pure metal in anything made of gold.

Carriage (97), the way a man carries himself or behaves.

Carriion, dead and rotting.

Case ye (217), put on your disguises.

Casement, the frame of a window.

Casket, a small ornamental box.

Casque, helmet.

Caterpillar (218), one who preys on society, an extortioner.

Celerity, speed.

Celestial, heavenly.

Censure (132), to judge.

Ceremony (76), grandeur, royal state; (131), an act of honour.

Certain, certainly.

Cess (213), reckoning, measure.

Chamberlain (215), the upper servant of an inn.

Chantry (77), a chapel or altar endowed for a priest to sing mass daily for the souls of the dead.

Charging-staff, a long weapon like the quarter-staff, used for attack and defence.

Chattels, property.

Cheerly, cheerfully.

Chide him hither (56). A short way of saying 'Talk to him severely and send him here'.

Choice-drawn (70), carefully picked.

Choler, anger.

Choleric, angry.

Christen (214), christened.

Christendom (37), baptism, or the faith of a Christian.

Chuff (218), a churl or miser.

Church-bench (193), the bench in the church-porch.

Churlish (73), stiff, hard.

Circumstance (151), a roundabout story.

Civil doctor (182), one who has taken at a university the degree of Doctor of Civil Law.

Clay-brained, thick-headed.

Clemency, mercy, kindness.

Closely, secretly.

Clouts, rags.

Cloy, to fill with too much of a thing.

Cockpit (63), a pit in which cock-fighting took place; here used for the theatre. As if Shakespeare's Agincourt, compared with the real battle, was no better than a cock-fight.

Cockshut time (93), when it grows dark. 'Cockshoots' were glades in which nets were stretched after dark to catch the birds that shot into them when they were driven by beaters.

Coffer, a money-chest.

Cogitation, thought.

Coil, a noise, bustle.

Colours (85), excuses. (Also referring to the red rose.)

Colt (217), to make a fool of.

Combustion, violent disorder.

Comeliness, beauty.

Commandement (178). We pronounce 'commandment' now.

Comment, bear a (140), to be criticized.

Commiseration, pity.

Commission, a warrant allowing people certain rights or ordering them to carry out certain duties.

Commissioner, one who has a commission.

Commodity (151), goods on which money could be raised.

**Commodity* (189). H. means 'comedy'.

Compact, agreement.

Compass (114), reach.

Compound (57), to mix.

Compound (80), to come to an agreement.

**Comprehend* (192, 195). D. means 'apprehend', take to jail.

Con by rote, learn by heart.

Conceit (130), to judge of.

Conception, an idea.

Concord, agreement.

Condition (186), on condition that.

**Condole* (199). B. seems to mean 'feel with, sympathize'.

**Confidence* (194). D. means 'confidence'.

Confines (57), the nearest countries.

Confound, to destroy.

Conjecture (72), a notion.

Conjoin, to join with.

Conjure (121), to call up a devil by magic, using some sacred name to do it.

Conscience, my (74), my real thought.

Considerance, consideration.

Consign (63), to agree.

Constancy, firmness, unshaken truth.

Constitution, state.

Construe, to explain to one's self.

Contain (181), to keep.

Contaminate, to stain, disgrace.

Contemplative, given up to quiet study.

Controversy, dispute.

Controversy, hearts of (120), hearts eager for a struggle.

Conveniency, promptness.

Convert, to change.

Convoy, conveyance, travelling.

Cope (177), to match, give as a fair return.

Cormorant, sea-raven, noted for the quantity of fish which it eats.

Corrupted (87). When a man was condemned by a bill of attainder, his family lost their rank and their estate: this was called 'corruption of blood'.

Couching, lying on the ground, grovelling.

Counterfeit, to make a false copy of.

Counterfeit, a sham.

Counters (142), round pieces of

metal used in reckoning; used scornfully of real money.

Courtinol, courtier.

Coward (67), to make a coward of.

Coxcomb, fool (because the jester's cap had a cock's crest).

Coz, cousin.

Crave, to ask.

Craven, coward.

Crestless, not having the 'crest' which in heraldry makes a gentleman.

Crown him?—that;— (122), if we crown him;—yes, if we only do that.

Crowns (64), crown-pieces.

Cry (27), hounds giving tongue.

Cue, the last words of an actor's speech, written out in another actor's copy to let him know when his turn comes to speak.

Cuirass, breastplate.

Culled, picked.

Cumber, to be a burden to.

Current, it holds (215), it holds good, is true.

Dalliance (64), trifling, light playfulness (here used of the gay dresses and behaviour of the courtiers who had passed their time in mere amusement).

Danger, within his (170), in his power (A lawyer's phrase: compare 'out of debt, out of danger').

Dare us with his cap like larks (113). Larks were caught with the help of a hawk called the 'hobby' which flew over them and 'dared' them or frightened them from rising; then the net was drawn over them by the fowler. Sometimes a piece of scarlet cloth was used for the 'daring'.

Daw, jackdaw.

**Decerns* (194). D. means 'concerns'.

Dedicate (72), to yield up.

Deface, to destroy.

Defend (196), to forbid.

**Defend* (190). H. means 'of-fend'.

Defray, to pay the cost of.

Degrees, base (123), lower steps.

Demean, to behave.

Demeanour, behaviour.

Demi-paradise, half paradise, a heaven upon earth.

**Demurrer* (226), objection. (Really a law word for trying to stop an action.)

Deputy, one who acts for another; (112) the king's representative.

**Desartless* (191), without desert. D. means 'deserving'.

Descry, to make out in the distance.

Destiny, fate.

Determine (56), to make an end of.

Device, a plan, invention; (205), a show.

Dexterity, doing a thing cleverly and quickly.

Diadem, an ornamental headband, crown.

Dialogue, a talk between two people.

Dicker, ten hides.

Dignity, rank, office.

Dint, impression.

Disable, to cripple.

Discord, disagreement.

Discourse, to speak.

Discretion, prudence, acting wisely.

**Disfigure* (202). Q. means 'figure'.

Disjoint, to separate.

Dispiteous, pitiless.

**Dissemble* (195). D. means 'assembly'.

Distemper (66), the mind thrown off the balance.

Distemper (48), to derange.

Distil out (73), to draw out, extract, find out the hidden meaning.

Distressful (77), won by hard and painful work.

Divers, several.

Divert, to turn aside.

Divorce, to part what has been joined by law.

Do withal, I could not (164), I could not help it.

Dogged, cruel, like a savage dog.

Dogs of war (132). Compare 63, Chorus, l. 7.

Doit (155), a Dutch coin worth half a farthing.

Dole (211), sorrow.

Dole, happy man be his (218), may happiness be his lot, good luck to him.

Domestic fury (131), the madness of civil war.

Doublet, a man's dress before coats and waistcoats were invented; a close-fitting jacket with short skirts.

Drachma, an old Greek silver coin, worth about 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

Dub, to make a knight.

Ducat, a gold coin of Venice worth about 9s.

Dukeling (101), poor duke (a sneer).

Dull (54), making dull, quieting.

Earn (43), to grieve.

Earnest (69), money paid in advance as a pledge of more to be paid when the work is done.

**Effiest* (196). D. means 'defest', or 'readiest'.

Eight and six (202), the ballad metre, alternate lines of eight and six syllables each.

Eke out, to piece out, fill up.

Elaborate, worked out carefully, perfect.

Elegance, neatness and grace.

Element (45), the sky.

Elements so mixed in him (145).

Man's body in old days was thought to be made up of the four elements, earth, air, fire, and water, showing themselves in the four humours, blood, phlegm, choler, and melancholy. Melancholy came from earth, blood from air, phlegm from water, choler from fire. If they were all mixed evenly in a man, he was perfect; if not, he showed what humour he had most. Too

much fire made him a choleric or angry man.

Elf-skin (222), a shrunk and shrivelled creature.

Eloquence, the gift of speaking well.

Embracement, an embrace.

Empery, empire.

Enamoured on, in love with.

Encompass, to surround, close in.

Enforce (49), to compel.

Enforced (82), thrown with great force; (142), struck strongly, greatly provoked.

Enfranchisement (126), giving public rights to a man who has lost them, (127) equal rights to all citizens.

Engage, to pledge, bind over.

Engirt, to surround.

Englut, to swallow up.

Enow, enough.

Enround, to surround.

**Enterlout* (189). He means 'interlude,' but he thinks the word means 'Enter Lout', or 'The Clown comes in' (as if it were a stage-note).

Enthronise, to enthrone.

Environ, to surround.

Epilogue, an actor's speech to the people at the end of a play.

Epitaph, the words on a grave or in memory of the dead.

Equity, justice.

Estimable, valuable.

Estimation (170), value, esteem; (175) value on the scales, weight.

Exaction, making people pay.

**Examination* (195). A verb made up by D.

Exchequer, the court which collected the king's money.

**Exclamation on* (194), crying out against. But D. means 'talk about'.

**Excommunication* (195). D. means 'examination'.

Exempt (87), cut off from.

Exhalation, meteor.

**Exhibition* (196). D. means 'commission'.

Expedience, speed.

Exposition, an explanation.

Extant, existing.

Extempore, without preparation, on the spur of the moment.

**Extruction* (185). H. means 'destruction'.

Extortion, wringing money out of people in the name of the law.

Eyne, eyes.

Faction, party, side.

Facundious (226), having a flow of words, eloquent.

Fair, speak me (173), speak kindly of me.

Falconer, a keeper or trainer of hawks for sport.

Fall (93), to let fall.

Farced (76), stuffed, full.

Favour, appearance, face.

Favourable (54), kindly.

Feign, to pretend.

Fell, cruel.

Fern-seed (215). Ferns seed themselves from the tiny, dust-like spores on the back of the fronds. Before people knew this, they thought the plant grew from invisible seed; if you had any, you would be invisible too.

Fet, fetched, derived.

Fetlock, the tuft of hair on a horse's leg behind the pastern-joint.

File (20), to place among public records.

File (110), to march in line, keep pace with.

Fine (82), to stake, agree to pay as a fine.

Firmament, sky.

Fix posterity (104), to make people of a later day firmly believe.

Flaw (52), a storm of rain or snow.

Fleece, to rob.

Fleeting (89), shifting, unfaithful.

Flight (150), power of flight, an arrow of equal size and weight.

Flight (19), an arrow for distant shots.

Flocks (213), tufts of wool or bits of cloth.

Flourish, a sound of trumpets to announce the coming of a great man.

Flourish (137), to show off as a winner.

Flux, flow.

Foils, blunt rapiers used in fencing.

Followed (19, l. 65), if it is kept up.

Fond, foolish.

Foot (154), to kick.

Foot-land-raker (215), foot-pad, highwayman.

For stirring (32), against his stirring.

Force, of (177), whether I wish or not.

Fore-hand, front position, advantage.

Forestall, to be beforehand with.

Form (57), state, orderly government.

Formal, stately, in full state.

Forsooth, truly.

'Found (188), confound.

Franchise (36), free use.

Franklin, one who farmed his own land.

French-crown-colour (200), bright yellow.

Fret, to disturb.

Frustrate, to disappoint, make useless.

Full-fraught (68), richly stored, highly gifted.

Function, action.

Furniture (99), outfit.

Gaberdine, a long coarse smock-frock.

Gait, walk.

Gall (66), the bile, and so, bitter feeling.

Galled (71), chafed, lashed by the spray.

Gamesome, fond of sports, gay.

Gammon, the lower end of a flitch.

Garland (58, 61), wreath, crown. Compare p. 3.

Gear (102), business.

General, for the (122), for the sake of the people.

Gentle his condition (79), to make him a gentleman.

Gentry, the rank of gentleman.

Giglot (36), false, changing.

Girded (70), hemmed in.

Glistening, shining.

God buy' you (78), God be with you!

Godfathers, twelve (177), a jury.

Good (152), well off (in a commercial sense).

Gorbellied, with a big belly.

Gossip (156), (1) a godmother, (2) an intimate, (3) a chattering woman.

Gramercies, many thanks.

Grand-jurors (218), citizens appointed by the sheriff to examine the charges against persons accused of crime and send them to trial if they think the charges true. F. uses the word as an insult: a thief would naturally think a grand-juror a kind of devil.

Gratify, to thank and reward.

Gratis, for nothing.

**Great-oneyers* (215). G. perhaps means 'those who have to do with great ones' (just as 'lawyer' is one who has to do with law); he has not the sense to keep quiet, and he dare not do more than throw out a hint.

'Gree, agree.

Gross (68), large and plain.

Gross (153), the full sum.

Grosser, coarser.

Gulled, deceived.

Gummed (216), stiffened with gum, and so liable to fret.

Habitation (153), dwelling-place. S. refers to the story of the Gadarene swine in the Bible.

Hale, to drag, haul.

Half-sword, at (220), at half a sword's length, at close quarters.

Hangings, the curtains or tapestry hung round the walls of a room instead of papering them.

Harbour (98), a shelter.

Harbour (41), to cover, hide.

Hard-favoured, stern-looking, grim.

Hatches, movable planks which made a kind of deck in old ships.

Hatchment, a mark of honour to the dead. (Properly, a lozenge-shaped shield with a coat of arms set up at the gate of a dead nobleman's house.)

Haunch, the end.

Havoc (132), 'No quarter!'

Head, in (65), in a regular army.

Hearse, a coffin or bier.

Hearsed, lying in a coffin.

Heart-strings, the nerves or tendons which were formerly supposed to hold and brace the heart.

Heart-whole, sound in heart.

Heir-apparent, one whose claim to be the heir is clearly seen and acknowledged.

Hempen, made of hemp, wearing hempen cloth.

Herb that closeth up the wounds (44), the Cretan dittany, believed to drive iron out of the body and to staunch wounds.

Hie, go quickly.

Hight (207), was called.

Hip, to have or catch upon the (153, 175), to get the hip under a man's body in wrestling, and throw him.

His, its (once the common use: see 40, l. 105; 53, l. 64; 120, l. 100; 167, l. 69).

Hoboy, the oboe.

Hold, or cut bow-strings (201), keep the appointment, or never try again (a penalty in old archery if a man failed to come to the butts).

Homespun, rustics, those who are dressed in coarse home-made cloth.

Honestly (30), honourably,

Hose (220), covering for the leg down to the ankle.

Hospitable, kind to strangers and guests.

Humorous (52), (1) damp, (2) full of humours, changeable.

Husband, ill (109), a bad manager.

Husbandry (73), thrift, saving of money.

Ides, March 15 in the old Roman calendar.

Imbrue, to dye in blood.

Immediate (55, 61), next.

Impaired, made less.

Impart, to share with, tell.

Impeach (163), to challenge, to accuse of treason; so, to prosecute for not carrying out the terms of the charter.

Impediment, hindrance.

Impenetrable, not to be pierced or moved (with pity).

Importing, including.

Importunity, a pressing request.

Impugn, to attack, contradict.

Imputation, bringing a charge against a man.

Incapable of (104), not able to feel.

Inconstant (70), restless.

Incredulous, distrustful, not ready to believe.

Incur, to run into, expose one's self to.

Indifferently (120), not making any difference between two things.

Indirection, dishonest acts, not straightforward.

Indued, best (68), most highly gifted.

Inestimable, not to be valued, beyond reckoning.

Inexorable, not to be won over, pitiless.

Infection (50), the taint of anything evil.

Infidel, an unbeliever.

Infinite, endless.

Inflame, to enrage.

Inform (23), to give life to.

Infringe, to trespass upon, violate.

Infuse, to pour in, introduce.

Inheritor, an heir.

Injurious (36), insolent, outrageous.

Inkhorn, an inkpot, originally

made of horn, in which writing-ink was carried about.

Innocence (151), childish simplicity.

Innumerable substance (114), wealth too great to count.

Insatiate, never having enough.

Insinuating, creeping into favour.

Install, to appoint.

Instance, a motive.

Instigation, that which stirs a man to do wrong.

Integrity, uprightness.

Intent, a purpose.

Inter, to bury.

Intercept, to seize a thing on the way before it gets to the end of its journey.

Intercessor, one who prays for another.

Interest (161), right or title to property.

Interlude, an old comedy, or farce.

Intermission, a pause, stopping for a time.

Interissued (76), interwoven (with gold and pearls).

Intolerable, unbearable.

Invective, a speech attacking somebody.

Inveigle, to lead astray, entice.

Inventories, a list of goods or valuables.

Invest, to clothe.

Investing (72). A difficult word; with 'cheeks' it means 'The serious look on their pinched faces', but it does not make sense with 'coats'. The line seems to mean, 'As you look at their faces and their dress.'

Invisible, not to be seen.

Itching palm (140), a hand greedy for money.

Jack (164), knave, scamp.

Jade, a worthless horse.

Jade (113), to make a fool of.

Jealous on, suspicious of.

Jealousy, suspicion.

Jollity, merry-making.

Jure ye, I'll (218), I'll teach you

what serving on a jury and condemning a thief means.

Jurisdiction (114), the powers, legal rights.

Jutty, to jut over, overhang.

Juvenal, young man.

Key (154), tone.

Killcow, bully and butcher.

Knap, to bite sharply, snap.

Knave (31), boy.

Knowledge (188), to acknowledge, show that you know.

Lackey, footman, servant.

Lading, cargo.

Landloper (103), one who runs up and down the land, a vagabond.

Lank-lean, pinched and thin.

Lard (219), to fatten.

Large, at (53), in full.

Lay (221), took up my position, stood thus.

Leashed in (63), held like dogs in a leash or thong.

Legatine, belonging to the legate or Pope's representative.

Legion, the chief division of the old Roman army.

Let blood, be (129), made to bleed, be killed.

Lethe (130), death.

Letters-patent, an open letter for the king, giving a command or a right.

Levy, to collect.

Liberty (100), special right or privilege.

Lief, I had as (120), I would as soon.

Liege, lord.

Lieu of, in place of, in return for.

Lineal, from father to son, in the direct line of the family.

Linstock, the stick that held the gunner's match.

Lion-fell (209), a lion-skin.

List (47), to listen.

List (185), to like.

Living's (160), estates.

Lodged (167), fixed, deeply rooted.

Longstaff (215), having a long cudgel.

Low, threaten, look black at.
Lover (132, 133), friend.
Low alarms (144), a trumpet-call heard in the distance.
Low-crooked court-sies (125), low bendings of the knee.
Lustre, brightness.

Magnifico, a nobleman of Venice.
Main of waters (179), the open sea.

Malefactor, a wrong-doer.

Mali-worm, a tippler.

Manifest, clear.

Manna (183). See Exodus xvi. 15.

Mannerly, polite.

Mark (215), a coin worth 13s. 4d.

Marry, truly, indeed.

Mart, to offer in the market, sell to the highest bidder.

Masque (204), an amateur performance at court with dances and acting. At first the performers wore masks.

Mat, man of (26), man of straw (as if he were made of plaited rushes).

May-game, a holiday show and dance, such as was usual on May 1.

Mead, a meadow.

Mean (129), a means.

Mediation, coming in between two enemies to make them friends.

Meditation, deep thought.

Medium (148), a middle way.

Mercenary, greedy for pay.

Merchant-marring, ruining a merchant.

Mercy-lacking, having no pity.

Mere (162), real, unmixed; and so, thorough, deadly.

Mersly (118), entirely.

Meridian, the highest point of splendour.

Mete, to measure.

Mettle of your pasture (71), the spirit of the land that reared you.

Mew, shut up as in a cage.

Mickle, much.

Mincing, walking with short steps.

Mind, I have a (128, 151), I have an inward feeling.

Mirror of all kings (64), one in whom the virtues of all kings are seen to be reflected.

Misbegotten, base-born, low.

Miscarry, to go wrong.

* *Miserable*. H. means 'pitiful'.

Misgiving, a feeling that things are wrong.

Misproud (185), proud without any reason for it.

Mitigate, soften, tone down.

Mock-made, made in fun (as you might make a scare-crow).

Moe, more.

Moiety, a half, or a part.

Morris-pike, an old weapon supposed to be Moorish.

Mote, a speck, atom.

Mouse (210), to tear as a cat tears a mouse.

Muckinder, handkerchief.

Mural, a wall.

Mure, a wall.

Mustachio, having a big moustache.

Narrow seas (65, 156), the English Channel.

Nest (64), a set, gang.

Netherstocks, the lower part of the hose, stockings.

Nice (140), finely calculated, and so, trifling.

Noble (186), an old English coin worth 6s. 8d.

Nominated, specially mentioned.

* *Non com.* (195). D. means 'a non-plus'; but he has mixed it up with the lawyer's phrase 'non compos'.

'*Non nobis*,' 'Not unto us,' Psalm cxv.

Nor . . . not (66, 85, 167). Two negatives in older English make one strong negative.

Notably discharged (213), remarkably performed.

Note (72), a mark, sign.

Note (140), to mark with disgrace.

Notorious, well known, talked about (in a bad sense).

Now, this (104, l. 85), till this moment when. 'Now' in this phrase is a noun.

Nuptial, wedding.

Nursery of arts (41), a university.

Obdurate, hard, unyielding.

**Obscenely*. B. means 'obscurely'.

Observed, treated with respect.

Observingly, attentively.

Occasions (150), times of need.

**Odorous* (194). D. means 'odious'.

Overshot myself (136), defeated my own object. (A man beaten in a shooting-match was said to be 'overshot'.)

Offend (40), to harm.

Offices (52), kind acts, services.

Officious, interfering, meddlesome.

**Opinioned* (197). D. means 'pinioned'.

Orchard, a garden.

Order of the course (118), the way in which the race is run.

Order of the funeral (131), course of the funeral ceremony.

Ordnance, cannons.

Orisons, prayers, petitions.

Ostent (83), glorious display.

Outface (222), to force from any one by standing up to him boldly.

Outspeak, to express more than.

Outvoice, to make more noise than.

Overbear, to overcome.

Over-lusty, too cheerful, too confident.

Overpass, to pass over, not to mention.

Overtaken (184), caught.

Overwatched, worn out by being kept awake.

Owe (40), to own.

Pageantry, your antic (101), your ridiculous play-acting, making an exhibition of yourself.

Palabras (194), few words, cut it short!

Pale (99), boundary.

Pale in (35, 83), to fence off, enclose.

Palm (121), prize. (Boughs or wreaths of palm were a prize with the ancients.)

Palpable, which can be felt, easily seen.

Palpable-gross, easily seen to be coarse and rough.

Paly, pale.

Parcels, parts.

Parlous, perilous, dangerous.

Particular (53), item, detail; (110) special feature.

Pass not for (45), not to care for.

Passion, deep feeling, emotion.

Passionate (97), deeply moved.

Passions of some difference (118), strong feelings which pull in opposite directions.

Passport, a pass or paper giving leave to travel.

Pavilion, a tent.

Pedigree, a family tree, descent.

Peer (82), to peep out, come into sight.

Pelting, mean, paltry.

Penance, suffering, or a punishment which a person submits to to make up for doing wrong.

Pent, penned, shut up.

Peppered (221), as we say, 'potted'.

Peradventure, perhaps.

Peremptory, positive, decided.

Perfect (36), quite certain.

Perforce, of necessity, there being no help for it.

Periods (206), full stops.

Perjury, false swearing.

Perturbation, a cause of grief and care.

Phalanx, troops in close formation.

Piety (148), love and duty.

**Piety* (197). D. means 'impiety'.

Pilcher, one who wears a leather jerkin, a common soldier.

Pile (30), a funeral pyre, on which a dead body was burnt.

Pit, beat us to the (144). A metaphor from driving wild game.

Pitch, the height to which a falcon soars.

Plain me (44), complain.

Play the English (72), gamble for the English.

Pleasures (139), pleasure-grounds.

- Plebeian*, one of the ordinary people.
- Plot* (201), a small piece of ground.
- Pluck the coats o'er the heads* (81), to turn them out of service. When a bad servant was dismissed without a warning, his livery-coat was pulled over his ears.
- Ply*, to keep working upon.
- Point*, to appoint, arrange.
- Point, grow to a* (198), come by and by to the point, to the chief business.
- Points, stand upon* (206), (1) to be very particular, (2) to mind the stops in a sentence. (Both meanings are used here for a joke.)
- Policy*, cunning plan.
- Poring* (72), brooding over the earth.
- Port* (55), gate.
- Port* (63), bearing, style; (163) establishment, retinue.
- Portage*, port-hole, opening.
- Posset*, a drink of hot milk curdled with wine.
- Posy*, the motto on a ring, generally in verse.
- Potable* (57), drinkable. (Gold was formerly used as a cordial, and still is in India.)
- Practises*, plots.
- Praemunire*, the offence of acknowledging in England the authority of a foreign ruler, especially the Pope.
- Precedent* (107, 171), example, especially a case which makes a rule for dealing with similar cases afterwards.
- Predecessor*, one who goes before another, is earlier in time.
- Predicament*, a dangerous or trying situation.
- Pre*, I pray you, please.
- Prefer* (125), to present, offer.
- Premeditated*, carefully thought out beforehand.
- Preordinance*, that which has once for all been decided on.
- Preposterously*, the wrong way round, perversely.
- Presage*, to foretell, feel beforehand.
- Present* (202, 72), to act the part of, represent.
- Present* (45), immediate.
- Presently*, at once.
- Prest*, ready.
- Prevent* (99, 123, 125), to be beforehand, act before the other party.
- Prevention* (69, 125), being stopped in time (by being discovered).
- Pricked* (130), ticked-off, specially marked. (In calling over lists of names it was common to prick them off with a pin.)
- Privates*, private men.
- Privily*, secretly.
- Privy coffer* (175), what we now call the King's 'privy purse', the money set apart for his own use.
- Process* (173), manner, course.
- Proclamation* (178), sending the crier round.
- Procrastination*, delay, putting off till to-morrow.
- Procure*, to get.
- Prodigal*, wasting money.
- Prodigality*, extravagance.
- Profane*, to make a holy thing common.
- Profess myself to all the rout* (119), take everybody into my confidence, unbosom myself to all.
- Prologue*, an actor's speech to the people at the beginning of a play.
- Proof* (122, 151), experience.
- Proof* (94), armour which is proof against weapons.
- Propensitude*, taking a fancy to.
- Proper* (186, 200), handsome.
- Proper to myself* (118), concerning myself only.
- Properties*, stage furniture. See p. 12.
- Propose* (62), to put before your eyes, suppose.
- Prostrate*, bowed down.
- Protested* (101), declared, open.
- Protester*, one who solemnly assures you, 'I am your friend.'
- Publican* (153). Shylock is a Jew

and—we see from this word—a Pharisee.

Puissance, power.

Puissant, powerful.

Purblind, dim-sighted, nearly blind.

Purchase (215), prize, capture.

Purchased (58), captured.

Purge you, clear yourselves, get rid of.

Purple-in-grain, scarlet dye.

Pursue sentence (174), to go on to the sentence.

Pursuivant at arms, a messenger or attendant upon a herald.

Quaff, to drink.

Quaint (164), ingenious, neatly turned.

Qualify, to tone down, lessen the strength of.

Quality (126, 171), nature, character, special feature.

Quarter (132), to cut in pieces.

Quell (211), to destroy.

Questionless, without doubt.

Quick (67), alive.

Quillets (84), very fine distinctions, hair-splitting.

Rack (19), clouds flying before the wind.

Racked (151), strained.

Radiant, bright.

Ragged (73), beggarly, wretched.

Rancour, intense spite.

Ranging, (132) roaming like a wild beast in search of prey.

Rank (129), suffering from overgrowth, overfull and diseased.

Rate, to scold.

Rawly (75), hurriedly, unprovided for.

Raze (214), root.

Reave, to take away by violence.

Recant, to take back openly, retract.

**Redemption* (197). D. means 'damnation'.

Redress, (verb) to set right; (noun) a setting right.

Reed voice (164), a squeaking voice.

Reek (129), (1) to smoke or steam,

(2) be smeared with fresh blood.

Refrain from, to abstain from.

Regiment (44), rule.

Relation, have (172), to refer to, apply to.

Remorse, pity.

Repeal, recall from exile.

Reprieve (103, 226), to let off.

Requite, to pay back.

Resolved, be (128), be thoroughly satisfied.

Respect, of the best (119), most esteemed, thought most of.

Respect, there's no (49), no one cares.

Respect, without (179), unless you consider other things with it.

Respective (180), careful of your duty, conscientious.

Respiration (149), breathing, and so, life.

Retardations, hindrances.

Return (96), to send in an official report.

Revels, dances at a court masque.

Rheum, (38) tears; (154) spittle.

Ribbed (35), rock-bound. The rocks are ribs (1) because they enclose, (2) because of their ridged lines.

Rigol, circle; hence crown.

Rigorous, hard, unbending.

Ripe (205), quite ready.

Rivage, bank, shore.

Rive, to tear asunder.

Road (183), roadstead, where ships may ride at anchor some distance from the shore.

Roof (161), the roof of the mouth.

Rough-cast, gravel and lime made into plaster for an outer wall.

Round (123), the rung of a ladder.

Rout, mob, rabble.

Rude (133), uncivilized.

Ruffle up, to stir up.

Ruminate, to chew over; and so, think over.

Rumagate (103), fugitive, one who runs away from justice.

Sack, sherry.

Sad (72, l. 25), solemn, serious.

Salutation, greeting, saying 'good day'.

**Salvation* (191). D. means 'damnation'.

Sanctuary (96), a church or sacred spot to which people could fly for refuge in danger.

Sand, sandbank.

Sanguine (222), red-faced.

Scabbed (26), worthless.

Scandal (119), to speak evil of.

Scant (180), to cut short.

Schedule, paper.

Script, written document.

Scrivener, a writer, especially of legal documents.

Scrubbed, scrubby.

Scur, fly, scurry.

**Scuse*, excuse.

Sealed up (56), fully settled, confirmed.

Secure, securely, free from care.

Security, carelessness.

Seduce, to mislead, draw away from the right path.

Self (151), same.

Self-glorious, boastful.

Semblance, likeness, resemblance.

Senator, a member of the chief council.

Senses (132), powers of the mind.

Sensible (208), having feeling.

Sensibly (107), in a way that touches the feelings.

Servile, slavish.

Servitude, slavery.

Setter (217), a cross between a spaniel and a pointer, trained to mark the position of a bird; comically said of Bardolph, who has marked the movements of the travellers.

Several (139), separate.

Shadow (119), reflection.

Shaft, arrow.

Shotten, that has shed its roe, worthless.

Shrewd, spiteful.

Shrewdly, sharply.

Signed, marked.

Significants, signs, tokens.

Signior, Mr.

Singular, standing alone, rare.

Sinister, on the left hand.

Sirrah, you there!

Skirr, scurry.

Sledge, sledge-hammer.

Slighted off, ignored, thrown aside with contempt.

Slips, nooses in which the dogs were held until started for the game.

Slovenry, slovenliness.

Smatch, smack, taste.

Snuff, to be in (210), to be annoyed (because snuff tickles the nose; there is also a joke about the candle).

Soft, gently, stop, no hurry!

Soil (58, 118), stain, blemish.

Solemnise, to carry out in a legal or religious manner.

Solicit, to ask.

Sort (180), to put straight, arrange for the best.

Sparkling of the body (23), scattering, breaking up the main body of the troops.

**Spect*, to suspect.

Spectacle, sight.

Spleen, spite.

Split, a part to make all (199), a raging and roaring part. (A metaphor for a ship going to pieces in a storm.)

Spruce, dashing.

Squander, to make money fly.

Squandered (152), scattered.

Stars, O my (42). In old days people thought that the stars acted on their lives and fortunes. We still talk of a 'lucky star', and say that an unlucky man is 'ill-starred'.

Starting-pole, a loophole, way of escape.

Statue, a statue.

**Statues* (193). D. means 'statutes', the laws of the land.

Staves (92), shafts of spears.

Stead, to help.

Sternage of, to, astern of. (Follow the ships in their course.)

Stock-fish, dried cod.

Stomach (79), appetite.

Straightway, at once.

Strappado, a military torture: a man was hauled to the top of a beam by a rope fastened under his arms, and then let go the length of the rope, so as to put his shoulder out of joint.

Striker (215), a petty thief.

Subscribe, to agree.

Subtle, sly, cunning.

Successively, following in proper order.

Succour, help.

**Sucking-dove* (200). B. is thinking of a 'sucking lamb'. Perhaps the noise he makes is something between a coo and a bleat.

Sue out (105, 226), to apply for and get. (A law term.)

Sufferance (154), patience, endurance.

Sufferance, by his (66), by your allowing him to go unpunished.

**Suffigance* (195). D. means 'suffisance', or enough.

Supposition, in (152), not actually in hand, only supposed. All right, if they come home safe.

Surety, one who is bound for a debtor, and has to pay if the debtor cannot.

Suspect (49), suspicion.

**Suspect* (197). D. means 'respect'.

Suspire, to breathe.

Sustenance, food.

Swayed, moved.

Swelling (63), growing greater, rising.

Taint (19, 21), to dishonour.

Tale, in a (196), to agree.

Tallow-keech, a mass of tallow rolled into a lump for the chandler.

Tardy-gaited, moving slowly.

Target, small round shield.

Tarry, wait.

Tedious, tiresome.

Teeming, fruitful.

Temporal (171), earthly (the opposite of 'spiritual' or heavenly).

Tench, stung like a (214). A nonsense phrase: a 'tench' is a freshwater fish.

Tendance, attention.

Tending to (135), referring to, aiming at.

Tenement, land or a house held of a superior.

Testament, a will.

Testy, fretful, irritable.

That (73, 132), so that.

Theme, a thing to talk about.

Thorough (128), through.

Thread and thrum (211), good and bad together, all alike.

Thrum is the loose end of a weaver's warp, and so any coarse yarn.

Threaden, made of thread.

Three-man's song, a song for three voices.

Thrds (26), threads his way through.

Thrift, thriving, gain.

Thrifty (106), thriving, successful.

Throng, a packed crowd.

'Tide, betide, happen.

Tide of times (131), the ebb and flow of time, the changing course of history.

Tiring-house, actors' dressing-room.

To (19, l. 75), compared with.

Tod, bush, clump.

**Tolerable*, bearable. D. means 'intolerable'.

Tongue-tied, not able to speak freely.

Topless, so high that you cannot see the top.

Toward (203), ready to begin.

Tragedy, a play dealing with the ruin of a great man; (48) a king's death.

Train, snare, lure.

**Tranquillity* (215), quietness. G. means people who live at ease, and do not go in for the excitement of highway robbery; he is trying to talk grandly and mysteriously.

Transgress (25), to disobey.

Transitory, lasting only for a time, passing away.

Translated (204), changed into another creature.

Trash (19), to handicap. When a hound was too quick and got ahead of the pack, the huntsman tied on its neck a long strap which dragged along the ground and checked the hound's pace.

Tretably (225), moderately, not too fast.

Tribute (177), something due and given as a token of friendship or gratitude.

Triumphant, victorious and rejoicing. With G.'s use (50), compare p. 35, ll. 15-26. B.'s use (203) is nonsensical; he means 'flaring', 'flaunting its red colour'.

Trivial, slight, unimportant.

Trophy, the honour of victory.

Troth, truth.

Trunk (169), the body without the head, arms, and legs.

Tucket, a slight flourish on a trumpet.

Turmoil, uproar and worry.

Umbered (72), dusky yellow in the firelight.

Unblown (33), still in the bud, like a flower which has not opened.

Unbreathed, unpractised.

Unburthen, to unload, make no secret of.

Uncapable of (149, 166), not able to receive or feel.

Unchecked (156), not contradicted.

Uncolled (217), without a horse.

Undeaf (49), to free from deafness, make him hear.

Underling, an inferior, a slave.

Undervalued, nothing (151), not a bit less worthy than.

Unguided (52), with no king worthy of the name to lead the people.

Unraised (63), dull, not rising to the subject as the 'Muse of fire' would do.

Unseasonable, coming at the wrong time.

Unstaid, unsteady.

Untendered, unpaid.

Untruss, to untie the breeches.

Unvalued (89), that cannot be valued, invaluable.

Upbraid, to reproach.

Upcreased, raised up.

Usance, interest on money.

Usher forth (116), to lead out in state, like a court official introducing visitors to the king.

Utterance, at (36), to the death.

Vagrom, homeless, vagrant.

Vanity, worthless pleasure.

Varlet, scoundrel.

Vasty, vast.

Vaunt, vaunting, boast.

Vehement, strong, furious.

Vesture, dress.

Videlicet, namely, 'viz.'

Vigil, the eve of a saint's day.

Vigilant, wide awake.

**Vigilant* (193). B. means 'vigilant'.

Visitation, visit, especially to the sick.

Vizard, mask.

Void, empty.

Void (82), to leave empty; (154) to empty, spit out.

Voluntarily, willingly.

Vouchsafe, to allow graciously.

Wait ye (107), wait upon you, attend you.

Wanton, playful, sportive.

Wantonness for (37), for no real reason, just to humour their fancy.

Ward, guard.

War-proof, of, proved in war, tried soldiers.

Warranty, guarantee, security.

Watch (92), a guard. Compare p. 191.

Wawling, squalling, caterwauling.

Weeds, clothes.

Weigh (45), to consider.

Well-appointed, well equipped, fitted out.

Well-favoured, good-looking.

Welsh hook (42), an old weapon,

with a cutting blade, and a hook at the back.

What (39, l. 75), why?

Whenas, while all the time, while on the contrary.

Where (166, l. 21), whereas, where on the contrary, although.

Whiffler, an officer who headed a procession to clear the way.

While, time.

While, God help the (219), God help us meanwhile.

Whilom, formerly.

Withal, (1) with this, (2) also.

Wit's regard (50), what the mind knows to be right.

Wooden O (63), the wooden theatre, circular inside.

World to see, it is a (194), a wonder to see.

Worship (190), honour, good position.

Wot, to know.

Would thee do (64), wishes you to do.

Wrack, wreck.

Wrest, to twist aside, pervert.

Yearn (78), to vex.

Yellow-tressed, with yellow hair.

Yeoman, a freeholder, next in rank to a gentleman.

Yerk out, to jerk out, lash out.

Yoke (109), to join, couple.

Yoke-devils (68), two devils that pull together.

INDEX OF NAMES

Aeneas, a mythic warrior who survived the fall of Troy, escaping from the ruined and burning city, and carrying his aged father Anchises out of it on his shoulders. For seven years he sailed the Mediterranean, then landed in Italy, founded a city, and became the ancestor of Romulus, the founder of Rome.

Alexander the Great, king of Macedon (born 356 B.C., died 323 B.C.), conquered the Persian empire and pushed on as far as India.

Amurath IV, Sultan of Turkey, succeeded his father Amurath III in 1596, invited all his brothers to a feast in honour of his accession, and had them all strangled at it.

Aristotle, a famous Greek philosopher.

Atë, the goddess in old Greek mythology who punishes men for rash and wild deeds. Spenser in *The Faëry Queen* places her dwelling 'hard by the gates of hell', and describes her as 'born of hellish brood', and being herself the 'mother of debate'.

Bacchanals: see *Thracian singer*.

Barbary, the Saracen countries along the North coast of Africa.

Barabbas, Barabbas. This form is used by Shakespeare and Marlowe.

Brutus (121, l. 134; 123, l. 58). The royal family of the Tarquins were driven from Rome, and Rome itself was made a republic, because Sextus Tarquinius dishonoured a noble Roman lady named Lucretia. The man who headed the rising against the Tar-

quins was Lucius Junius Brutus, an ancestor of the Brutus in Shakespeare's play. See Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*.

Caesar's brag (35, l. 20). In the summer of 47 B.C. Julius Caesar by rapid movements mastered Asia Minor. After striking down King Pharnaces of Pontus and storming his camp at Zela, he summed up the success in three words *Veni, vidi, vici*, 'I came, I saw, I conquered.'

Caperdochie, a high-sounding name for the stocks.

Cassibelan, a British chieftain whose tribe lived in Middlesex. He was entrusted with the chief command against Julius Caesar in 54 B.C., the second Roman invasion of Britain, and he was conquered.

Cato, a famous Roman who fought on the republican side against Julius Caesar. He is often spoken of as a type of 'the ancient Roman honour'. He killed himself at Utica in North Africa, 46 B.C., to avoid falling into Caesar's hands after the republican defeat. His daughter Portia married Brutus, the murderer of Caesar.

Charles's Wain, the Great Bear.

Colchos. See *Jason*.

Colossus, a gigantic figure of Apollo, 70 cubits high, standing over the entrance to the harbour of Rhodes; anciently one of the 'seven wonders of the world'.

Crispian, *Crispin*, two brothers, shoemakers, martyred at Soissons in France about the year 287 A.D. Their day is October 25.

Ebrew, Hebrew.

Elysium, the Paradise of the Greeks and Romans, where the spirits of the good resided after death.

Endymion, a beautiful shepherd loved by Diana, the Goddess of the Moon. He lived in a grotto on Mount Latmos, and received the gift of eternal youth and eternal slumber; every night the Moon came down from heaven and kissed him as he lay asleep.

**Eracles*. B. means 'Hercules'.

Fates. The three goddesses of Fate are mentioned rather absurdly in this book (199, 211), though Brutus has a serious reference to them (127). In the old myths they are three sisters, the daughters of Night, who watched over man's life; they were Clotho ('the Spinner') who spun the thread of life, Lachesis ('the Disposer of Lots') who decided how long the thread should be, and Atropos ('the Unavoidable') who cut it off.

Ferryman (89). To pass from this world to the next, according to the old Greek and Roman idea, your spirit had to cross the river Styx ('Loathing'), over which it was ferried by Charon, a dark and grim old man dressed in a black sailor's cloak. A small coin to pay the fare was put in the mouth of the dead.

Furies, the goddesses of vengeance in the old mythology. They punished any great sin in home life, such as the murder of a mother. They were pictured as maidens with snakes twined in their hair and with torches in their hands. One of them was named Tisiphone ('the Avenger of Blood').

Hymen, the Greek god of Marriage.
Hyperion, an old Greek name for the Sungod.

Jason, the captain of the Argonauts, who sailed in the Argo, the first of ships, to the land of Colchis (or 'Colchos', as Shakespeare calls it) and captured there the golden fleece hung up in the grove of the Wargod. See Kingsley's *Heroes*.

Jove, or Jupiter, the chief god of the Romans. It seems funny to us that Henry V in his great speech at Agincourt should swear by him (78, l. 24), but these heathen oaths are often found in old plays, because in 1606 an Act of Parliament was passed to stop the free use of the word 'God' on the stage.

Katherine's, Saint, a royal hospital and college founded by Queen Matilda, wife of King Stephen, in 1148. The buildings were near the Tower, but have been removed to make way for St. Katherine's Docks.

Lethe, the 'River of Forgetfulness', one of the rivers in the other world according to the Greeks and Romans. The spirits of the dead drank of the water, and thus forgot their old life on earth.

**Limander* (209). B. means Leander who swam the Hellespont every night to visit his love Hero, and at last was drowned in crossing.

Lucifer. See Isaiah xiv. 12.

Lud's town (36), London. Lud was a mythical king who was believed to have built Ludgate in 66 B.C.

Lupercal, on the (135), a primitive shepherd-feast at Rome, held on February 15, at the foot of the Aventine hill where Romulus and Remus were believed to have been suckled by the she-wolf.

Mars, the Roman god of war.

Mercury, the messenger of the gods in the old mythology, and represented as wearing a winged cap and winged sandals which made him swift as the wind.

Muse, one of the nine goddesses of poetry in the old mythology.

Nazarite (153), Nazarene, or native of Nazareth. This form of the name is found in all translations of the Bible before 1611.

Neptune, the Roman god of the sea.

Nero, emperor of Rome, 54-68 A.D. His most brutal crime was the murder of his mother Agrippina.

Nervii, a Gallic tribe living in modern Belgium, conquered by Caesar in 57 B.C. after a stubborn battle in which Caesar himself showed great bravery. Sir Thomas North (whom Shakespeare used) describes the Nervii as 'the stoutest warriors of all the Belgae'.

Nicholas, Saint, popularly looked upon as the patron saint of thieves (his 'clerks' as they are called, 215). It is supposed that his name got mixed up with that of 'old Nick'.

Olympus, the famous mountain of Thessaly which the Greeks believed to be the home of their gods.

Pannonians, a tribe who lived in modern Hungary.

**Phibbus* (199). B. means 'Phoebus'.

Phoebus, Apollo, the Sungod, and the god of song.

Plato, a famous Greek philosopher.

Pluto, the Greek god of the underworld, or region of the dead; and so lord of the gold and mineral treasure lying underground.

Pompey, a Roman general and statesman, born 106 B.C. He became the rival of Julius Caesar,

and was defeated by him at the battle of Pharsalus, 48 B.C. Flying from the battle he was killed in Egypt.

Pythagoras, a Greek philosopher, born about 580 B.C. He is said to have believed that when any creature died, its soul passed into another living body, human or animal, and so went on from life to life, being itself immortal.

Rialto, the money-market or Exchange of Venice.

Rome, and Room (121). A pun: 'Rome' in Shakespeare's day was pronounced 'Room'.

Shafalus and Procrus (209). Properly, Cephalus and Procris, two lovers in the old mythology. Procris, jealous of Cephalus, followed him in his hunting; and he mistook her for an animal as he heard her move through the covert, and killed her.

Sisters, Three (212). See *Fates*.

Tarquin (123). See *Brutus*.

Tartar (68), Tartarus, a name for hell in the Greek and Roman mythology.

Thisne (199). A silly pronunciation of 'Thisbe'.

Thracian singer (205), Orpheus, who, when his wife Eurydice was killed by a snake, won his way into the other world by his divine skill as a harper, and was allowed to take her back to life if he did not look back at her until she reached the earth; on the very brink of the light he looked back and saw her fade away. In his grief he wandered harping through the wild places of the earth, and was torn in pieces by a band of Bacchanals, or women worshippers of Bacchus, upon whose secret rites he had intruded.

Tisiphon, Tisiphone. See *Furies*.
Trojan (215), a slang name for a thief.

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